POST

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST NOVEMBER 14 · 1964 25c

Journey to the heart of Red China and a rare visit with Mao Tse-tung

The unbelievable Mae West

$250,000 bonanza for a N.Y. fireman

Don't send Johnny to college / Cassius fights for Allah / The r

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POST

NOVEMBER 14, 1964 • 237th YEAR, ISSUE NO. 40

Articles

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The one great question (*Affairs of State*) . . . . . *Stewart Alsop* 18

Red China face to face . . . . . *Edward Behr* 21

The sprawling, crowded, mysterious People's Republic of China has long been a cause of concern and curiosity throughout the rest of the world. In an effort to learn more about the woefully backward country that has somehow managed to become one of the five world powers possessing the atomic bomb, contributing writer Edward Behr spent six months traveling 3,000 miles through Red China by plane, train, jeep and horse. He talked with hundreds of people and took color photographs whenever his "guides" did not stop him. He even managed to attend a small dinner with Mao Tse-tung. This week *The Post* presents his report.

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The authors. British writer **Nina Warner Hooke** is author of the novels *Darkness I Leave You* and *Deadly Record*, both of which have been made into motion pictures. She has also written many plays, the latest of which is *The Striplings*. Her short stories have appeared in major British and American periodicals. . . . Magazine writer and former newspaperman **Thomas Martin**, who with **Patrick O'Bryan** reports on the top Texas criminal lawyer, Percy Foreman, lives in Amarillo, Tex. He recently won a Sigma Delta Chi award for television editorials. O'Bryan, formerly a Houston newspaper reporter, is a public-relations man in Beaumont, Tex. . . . *Post* senior editor **Charles N. Barnard**, a long-time editor-writer in the automotive field, reports this week on a new type of game that has developed into a nationwide scholarship contest for youthful mechanics. . . . Contributing writer **Richard Lemon**, a former motion-picture and television editor of *Newsweek* magazine, discovered that he had a lot in common with the New York City fireman who inherited $250,000 from an old friend: Both are 34 years old, drive Volkswagens, have two sons, and were married within three months of each other. Another thing Lemon wishes they had in common: the $250,000. . . . At the time Mae West made her stage debut, contributing writer **Lewis H. Lapham's** grandfather was 16 years old.

The cover photograph, taken by **Edward Behr**, shows Communist China's female "militiamen" drilling in Peking's Tien An Men Square. Behr, who doubled as writer and photographer on his journey to Red China, joined a group of French diplomats and industrialists for a dinner with Mao Tse-tung and attracted Mao's direct attention twice. Once Mao told him, "Sit down and stop taking pictures." Later Mao observed, "You work very hard." Behr, who was directing a French television film crew as well as gathering material for *The Post*, agreed.

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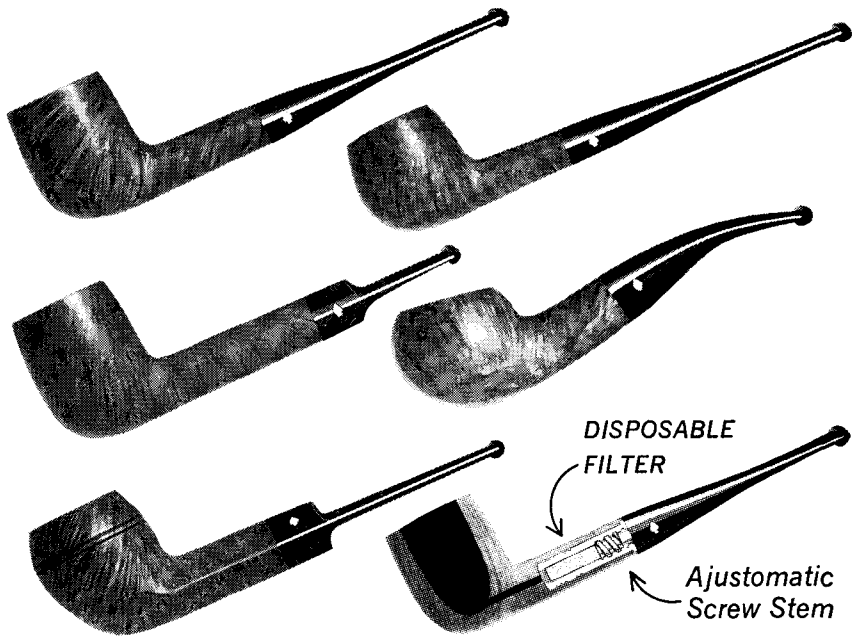

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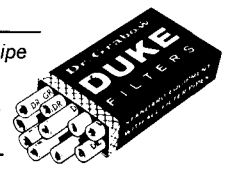

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Letters

Triumph and tragedy

Thank you so much for JOSEPH P. KENNEDY: A PROFILE IN POWER and TRIUMPH AND TRAGEDY by Richard J. Whalen [October 10 and 17]. The Kennedy family's example of loyalty, through extremes of good fortune and sorrows, is one which many, many more American families should follow.

MRS. KARL P. MUNZLINGER
Wichita, Kans.

• Mr. Whalen writes that Joseph P. Kennedy's grandfather, Patrick, emigrated during the potato famine "in which at least one million Irish peasants died." There are no Irish peasants. All Irish are descended from kings.

LOUISE BLAKENEY ROBERTSON
San Antonio, Tex.

• I have just finished reading how Joseph P. Kennedy helped his son gain the White House. I feel that John F. Kennedy, the man, was underrated. Money, power and influence can certainly have an overwhelming influence, but personal merits in the 1960 election carried, as they still do, a great deal more weight.

CAROLYN A. PAULSON
Santa Paula, Calif.

• It may be that the Kennedy boys have been groomed to fulfill their father's ambitions—but the American people benefit. We are fortunate to have as public servants the members of a family raised with such high ideals and dedication.

BETTY GORMAN
Chapel Hill, N.C.

Christian unity

A big hearty "Amen" to the most honest, true and well-written protest I have ever read [THE ECUMENICAL MOVEMENT THREATENS PROTESTANTISM by Henry A. Buchanan and Bob W. Brown, October 24]. It is very encouraging to know that at least two ministers outside my particular organization share our awareness of a threat that in the spiritual sense is just as dangerous as Communism is in the physical sense.

REV. EUGENE REYNOLDS
United Pentecostal Church
Canton, Ohio

• Once a month a group of evangelical Protestant women gather for Bible study with the nuns of St. Paul's Priory [Order of St. Benedict]. The good sisters had never participated in a discussion-type Bible study before our first meeting. They are thrilled with our emphasis on Christian witness, and they have challenged us to a deeper life of prayer. We agree to disagree in love where there are points of difference—the Baptists remain as Baptistic as ever, the Lutherans are intransigently so, and I quite as stiff-necked a Presbyterian!

I voice appreciation for the emphasis in Rome which has freed my sisters in Christ to share in this type of spiritual fellowship.

CATHERINE KROEGER
St. Paul, Minn.

• Buchanan and Brown neglect God's role in an undertaking of the enormous magnitude of ecumenism. A unified church can only come about through a miracle of faith and belief and prayer.

KATHLEEN OETTINGER
Ridgewood, N.Y.

• The ecumenical movement is indeed threatening historic Protestantism and, as the authors say, it poses somewhat of a threat to religious liberty itself.

One further point that the authors did not fully bring out is that there are many Protestants in this country who are not a part of and do not want to be a part of the ecumenical movement. The National Council of Churches is the major spokesman for Protestant ecumenism, but there are many churches in the country not related to the council—its membership is just about 61 percent of the adult Protestant-church membership in the U.S. . . . .

REV. R. LAIRD HARRIS
Dean of the Faculty
Covenant Theological Seminary
St. Louis, Mo.

• The arguments presented by clergymen Buchanan and Brown are important and deserve to be heard. It is well known, however, that the Southern Baptist churches to which they belong have declined to participate in the ecumenical movement, rejecting membership in both the National Council of Churches and the World Council. As one who has served in the ecumenical movement for 25 years, I wish to present a more responsible and informed statement of the issues.

Leaders in the ecumenical movement are not seeking to establish a "superchurch." They are not judging as unChristian those who differ from them. They certainly do not intend to abandon Reformation doctrine or to submit abjectly to Roman Catholic authority, thereby denying conscience and conviction. . . . The ecumenical movement is, in fact, striving to accomplish precisely the goal advocated by the writers of your article: "Not to annul the Reformation but to complete it." It is our conviction that the Christian Church must always be "re-formed" to become the church established by its Lord, who prayed that his disciples might "All be one . . . that the world may believe . . ." (St. John 17:21).

REV. RALPH DOUGLAS HYSLOP
Professor of Ecumenical Studies
Union Theological Seminary
New York, N.Y.

Goldwater coverage

Thank you very much for your beautiful cover portrait of Barry Goldwater [October 24], which I have cut out for framing. It was surprising to find it on the cover of your ultraliberal rag, but, as we say out here in Coyote Gulch, "Never look a gift horse in the mouth."

ELIZABETH GARLAND
Winona, Wash.

• May I congratulate you on another fine, unbiased, objective treatment of Senator Goldwater in your October 24 issue [Special Goldwater Section]. Once again your opinions were excellently executed, while the facts remained hidden.

ERIC CORBYN
Canyon, Tex.

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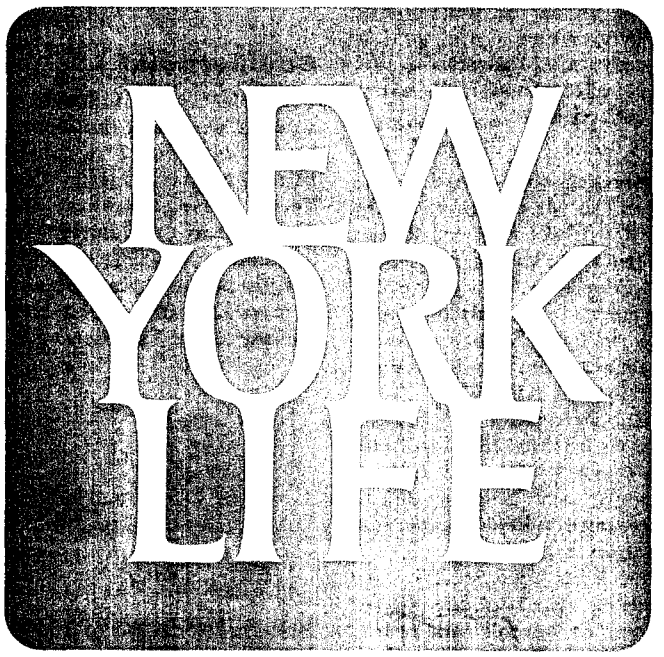

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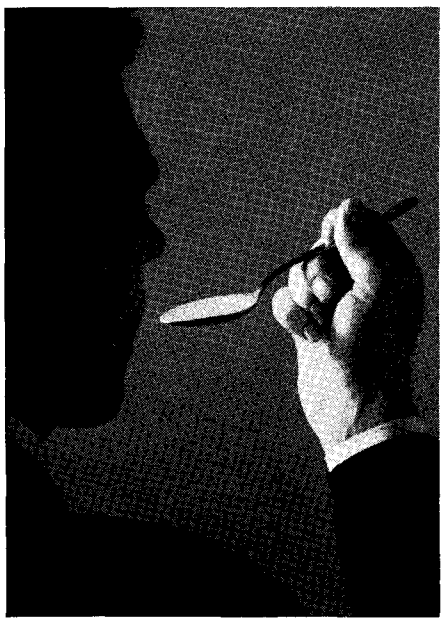

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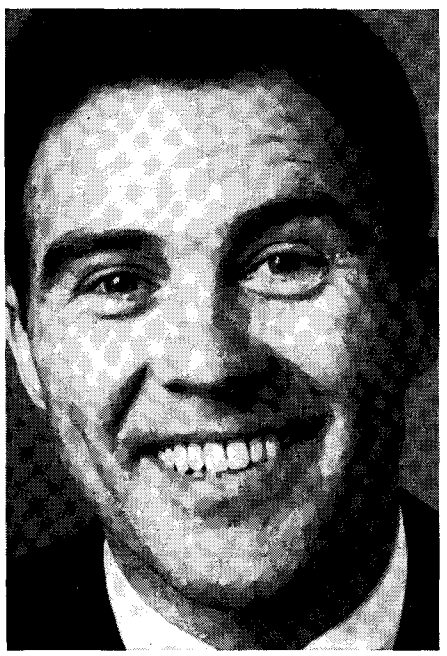

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Letters

• Just what right has Roger Kahn to take such a patronizing attitude toward Arizona and the West in general [Goldwater's Desperate Battle]? He is of the same ilk as the tourists who come out here and ask if it's "safe" to drive through the Indian reservations. Really! As the Democrats keep saying, this *is* the 20th century. NANCY ROGERS
Flagstaff, Ariz.

• I wish especially to take issue with a statement in THE MEN AROUND GOLDWATER by Rowland Evans and Robert Novak. They write of "nightmares in which battalions of militant young conservatives march inexorably on Washington, in lockstep with still more ominous figures from the John Birch Society or the Ku Klux Klan." I am young and, believe me, a very hot Republican conservative. If I am "militant," only in this respect: I am militant when the need arises to defend and preserve our country's freedom and our rights as individuals.

As for the John Birch Society, I am not a member *yet*. They are against Communism, or haven't you heard? What is so "ominous" about that? Condemning Communism was, at one time, considered the right and proper thing to do in our Democracy.

MRS. R. D. HORVATH
Moreland Hills, Ohio

• Without meaning to, Senator Goldwater gave the strongest possible argument for government "handouts" when he cited the case of the Navaho Indians ['THE COUNTRY I LOVE' by Thomas Martin]. What do those poor Indians do between Barry's rare handouts of vitamin pills? Sure there might be "thousands of people willing to do the same thing," but few of us are able to visit the Indians and distribute our magnificent bounty; many of us would say, "Yes, we ought to do something for those poor Indians. Maybe someday we will." MRS. ROYAL T. WALES
Cambridge, Ohio

Counterpoint

You featured a full-page picture of a model wearing a dress with a slit up to the waist in DESIGNS ON YOUR FUTURE by Evelyn Jablow [October 17]. The first thing I noticed was not the dress. It was the flute—she is holding the flute backward. I've played the flute for about 10 years, and never, even in my wildest dreams, have I ever held the instrument like that. JANE BELZER
Fargo, N. Dak.

• *Wrong (top photo) and right grasp of the situation.* The Post *apologizes to flouted flautists everywhere.—Ed.*

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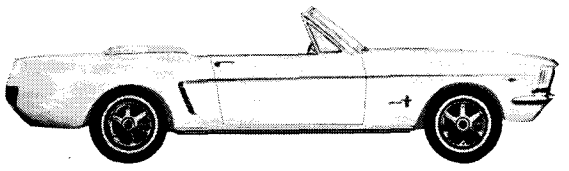

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Lo How A Rose	O Holy Night
Dance Of The Sugar Plum Fairies	March From Babes In Toyland
O, Little Town of Bethlehem	For Unto Us A Child Is Born (Messiah)
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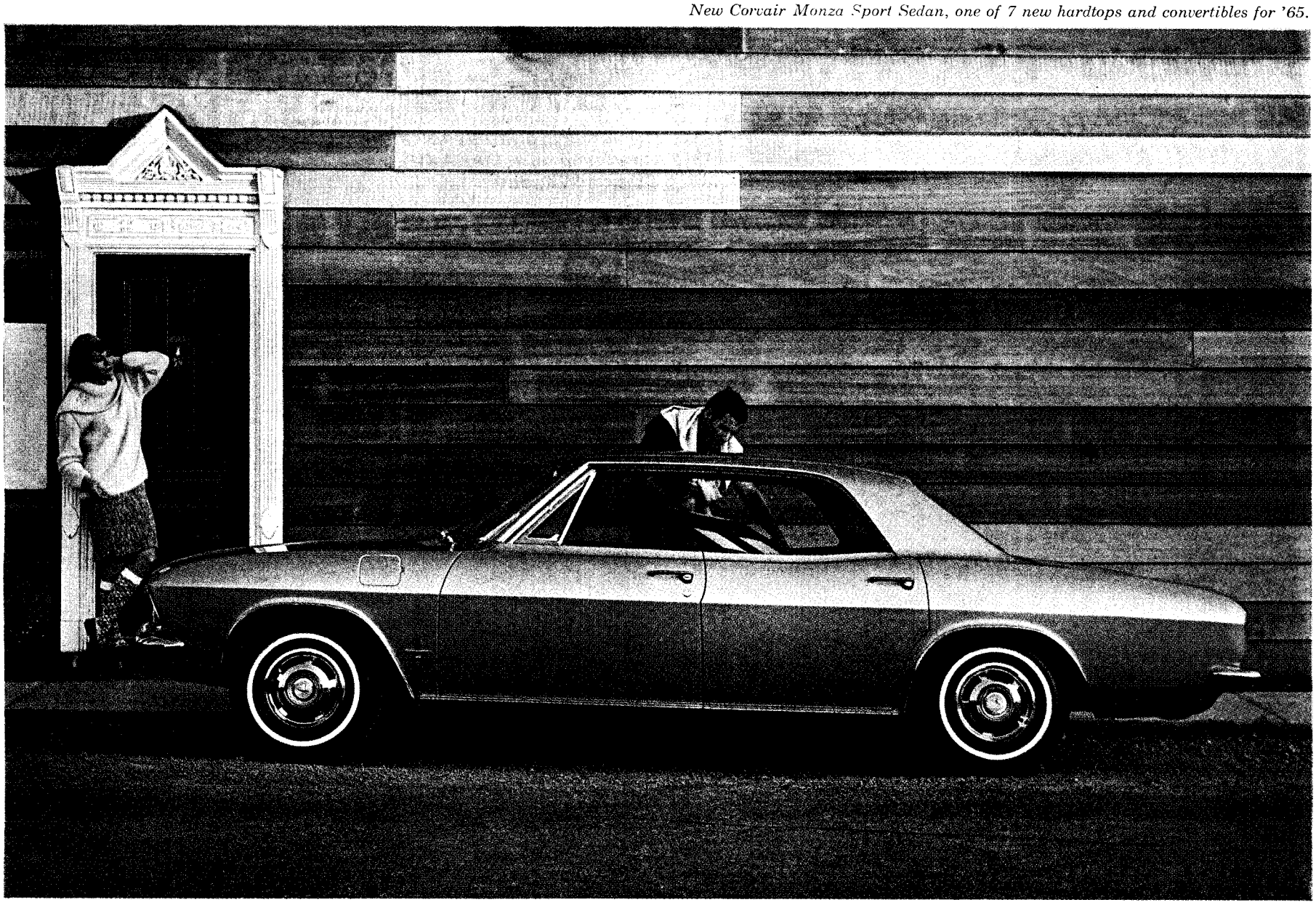

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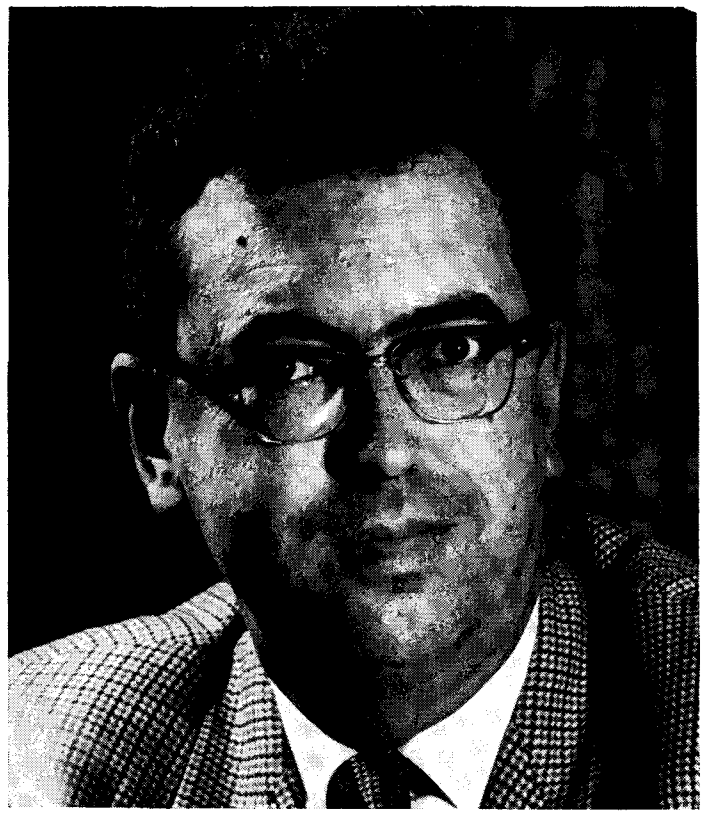
DON'T SEND JOHNNY TO COLLEGE

Though impervious to learning, he packs the classrooms and thwarts our system of higher education.



Hugh Kenner has taught at the universities of Michigan, Chicago and Virginia, and is currently professor of English at the University of California at Santa Barbara. He is author of many articles and a dozen books, the most recent of which is "Flaubert, Joyce and Beckett: the Stoic Comedians."

By Hugh Kenner

Johnny goes by the official title of "student." Yet Johnny's is the face every professor would prefer to see anywhere but in his classroom, where it blocks with its dreary smile, or its stoical yawn, the educational process on which we are proud to spend annually billions of dollars. By his sheer inert numbers he is making the common pursuit of professors and students—real students—impossible.

No one, least of all his professor, wills Johnny an injustice. Even the dean of students, whose lot he renders abysmal, finds it impossible not to like him, though some miraculous multiplication of loafers and fish sends Johnnies in an endless column trooping past the dean's receptionist, to stammer out their tale of dragging grades and just not digging the stuff.

Johnnies by the thousand, by the hundred thousand, clutter up every college in the land, where they long ago acquired a numerical majority. If you have a teenager in your home, thinking of college, the chances are you have Johnny. On behalf of my 400,000 colleagues in the academic profession, I'd be grateful if you'd keep him home.

Though Johnny is by definition multitudinous and anonymous, bits of Johnnyism stick in every teacher's mind. I remember the set neon smile that greeted me class after class for three whole weeks from a front-row seat just next to the door. The smile's owner and operator—let's call her Jonnie—never said a word, never took a note, never turned a page in her copy of *Gulliver's Travels*. Then, the day after I assigned a paper, the smile was gone, and so was she, apparently for good.

A month later, having heard that I would welcome some explanation, Jonnie turned up in my office, smiling. No, she couldn't do papers at all, not at all. Then what, pray, had brought her to a university, where, as everyone knows, one does papers? Well, she had enrolled on the advice of her psychiatrist. He had said the College Experience would be good therapy. Unwilling to monkey with therapy, I referred her, smile and all, to the dean. I've forgotten what he decided. There are so many Johnnies and Jonnies.

And there is no end to what their mentors and counselors, not to say psychiatrists, expect a university to do. Teach Johnny to behave like a gentleman. Prevent his simultaneous presence with Jonnie in parked cars after 10 P.M. Help him (her) get to know girls (boys). Improve his work habits. Open his mind (he has nothing but prejudices). Shut his mouth (he does nothing but talk). Tighten his morals. Loosen his imagination. Spread beneath his slack chin the incredible banquet of Western Civilization. And discharge him fit to earn a better living, make a better marriage and digest (Lord help him) *The New York Times*.

The parents and mentors who expect all this expect it not of the college but of the College Experience, which is turning, accordingly, into the experience of living in a whole cityful of Johnnies. (I've just been told by a Sunday supplement that within 35 years many colleges with enrollments of 100,000 to 200,000 will have become cities in their own right.)

Johnny (Jonnie) expects none of the wonders of the College Experience, except *in re* girls (boys). Johnny is amiably devoid of expectations. One might say that he goes where he's shoved. One might affirm with more tact that he lends himself amiably to the College Experience, having no better plans. That is what marks him as Johnny, not as a student. A student has a vocation for study. But there's really nothing that Johnny comes to campus burning to learn about.

"Real education," wrote Ezra Pound 30 years ago, "must ultimately be limited to men who INSIST on knowing; the rest is mere sheepherding."

The mind that insists on knowing is (alas) not to be identified by tests, which explains why, despite the well-publicized vigilance of admissions officers, the number of campus Johnnies keeps rising. A mind that insists on knowing has begun to focus its energies by the time it has been in the world 16 years. By 17 or 18—the age of a college freshman—it has learned the taste of knowledge and the sensation of reaching for more. It may spell erratically, if it is served (like Yeats) by a deficient visual memory. It may calculate imperfectly, if it is (like Einstein) more at home with concepts than with operations. There may be strange gaps in its information, since a young mind cannot be everywhere at once.

But what it does not know it will encounter with pleasure. And it *must* learn, as a cat must eat. It may not yet know where its need for knowledge is meant to be satisfied. It may tack about, sails taut, without regard for curricular symmetry, changing majors perhaps more than once. But its tireless curiosity is unmistakable. In time, if all goes well, it will accept training, and the lifelong responsibilities of keeping itself trained.

But Johnny has no such appetite, no such momentum. When Johnny applies his brand-new ball-point to his first blue book, each sentence comes out smudged with his unmistakable pawprint. "Newspaper comics are good because they put a rosy glow on the grayish realities of the mind": There you have Johnny ingenuously expressing the state of *his* mind—a gray place which Pogo can occasionally animate, and a place of Good Things and Bad Things where Pogo is a Good Thing.

"The three main groups of people are the well-educated, semieducated and semiuneducated." There is all mankind characterized (a feat that taxed Aristotle), complete with a category for Johnny himself; he never forgets himself.

I am not inventing these examples. A colleague of mine gleaned a dozen like them in a single afternoon, from freshman themes at a university that accepts only the top one eighth of the high-school crop. What they illustrate isn't primarily the "inability to express oneself," i.e., technical difficulties with the English language. What they illustrate is something deeper, probably irremediable: a happy willingness to emulate the motions of thought, since a teacher is standing there expecting such motions, along with a nearly total want of experience of what the process of thinking feels like.

"And this is why we should have no prejudice against Negroes and other lower races." That mind, we may say with some confidence, doesn't insist upon knowing. It doesn't know even its own most blatant contradictions. "To analyze this theory, it can be broken down into two parts: men and women." That's what men and women are, for the nonce—they are the parts of Johnny's theory. "The result is a ridiculous fiasco under which the roof falls in." It is indeed, and one does not know whether to marvel more at the oppressive weight of that fiasco, crashing through the roof like a half-ton bear, or at the innocent ease with which Johnny, supposing ideas to be weightless, pats them to and fro like bubbles.

But examples don't define a problem, which by its very nature arises out of sheer multitudinousness. The amiable dumbbell has for decades been a part of campus folklore, like the absentminded professor. It is when you multiply him by a million that he grows ominous, swamping the campus as with creeping molasses. His uncle of 40 years ago, Joe College, had no more interest in learning than Johnny has, but none of Johnny's baleful power. With a certain talent for grotesque stylization, he conducted his entertaining ballet of raccoon coats, hip flasks, and whiffenpoofery, while the business of the academy, a considerably more modest business than today, went on.

What has created the Johnny problem isn't some freakish metamorphosis of Joe College into numberless protozoa, but rather the nearly universal conviction that *everybody* ought to spend four years at college if it can possibly be managed.

Johnny's parents, needless to say, believe this. His state legislator, despite the fantastic costs, tries to believe it, since his constituents seem to. The prospective employer believes it; let Johnny check "none" where the personnel blank inquires after "college record," and Johnny will be lucky to be issued a pick and shovel, let alone a sample kit. Even the college, caught in competitions for funds (which tend to hinge on enrollments), has come to believe it believes it.

Meanwhile B.A.'s grow so common that employers who once demanded them now demand M.A.'s, and the Master's

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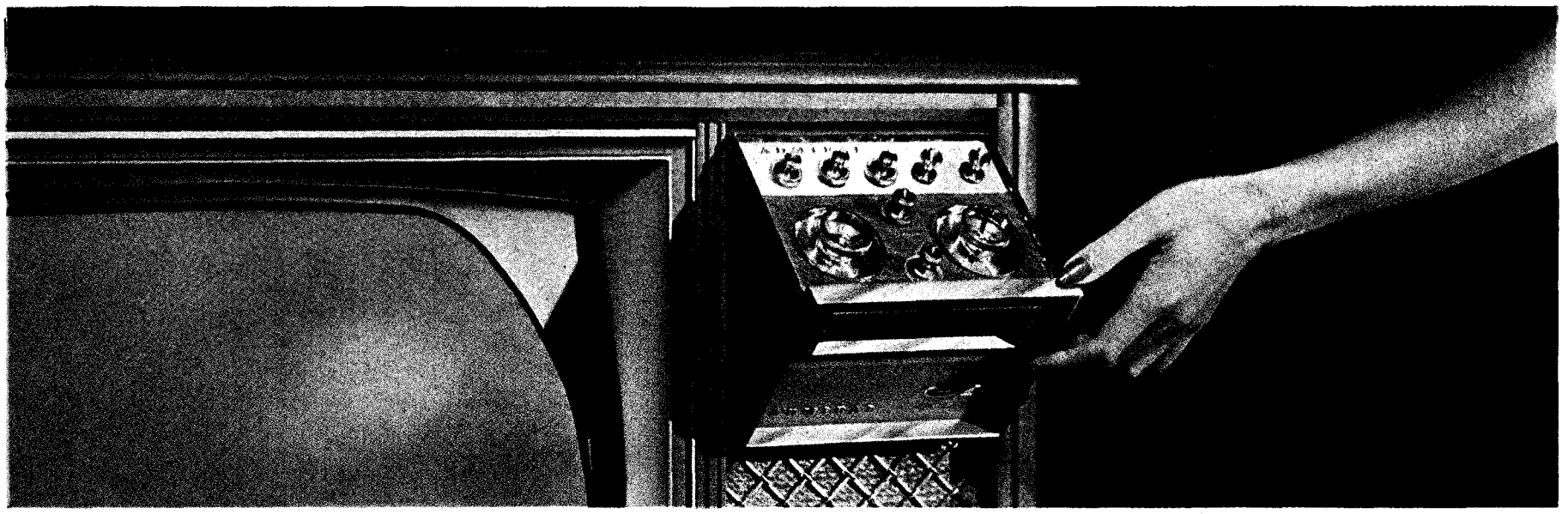

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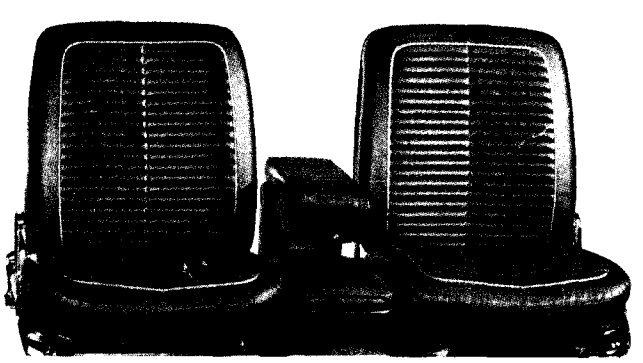

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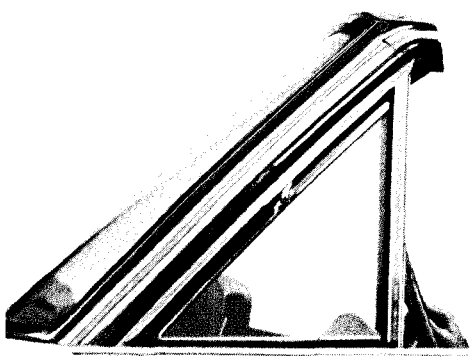

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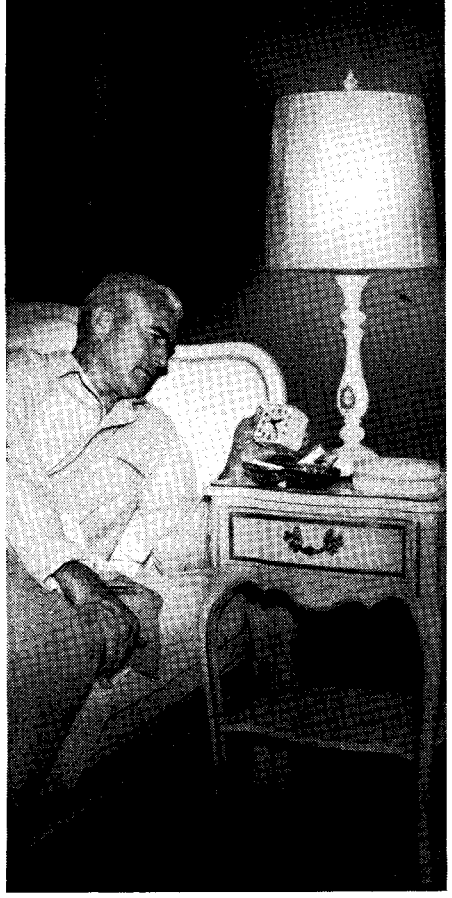

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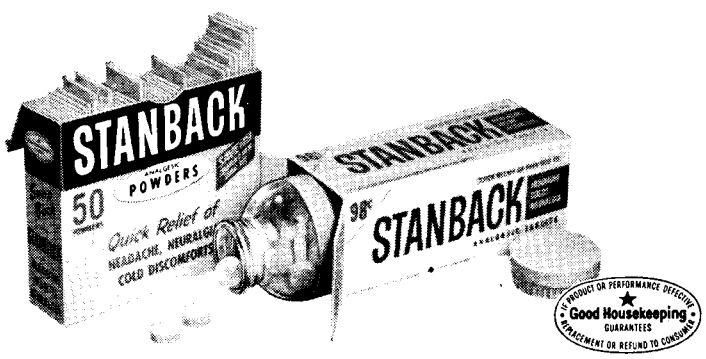

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Speaking Out

requirement in some fields (not just the academic) has been upgraded to the Ph.D. In the years since Robert M. Hutchins sardonically proposed that we achieve our desires with less trouble by granting every American citizen a B.A. at birth, we have moved closer and closer to a utopia in which everyone receives it at 21, in return for doing classroom time. One already hears talk of attendance being compulsory through age 20. In California, where problems tend to surface before New England need worry about them, the state population rose 50 percent in one decade, and the college population 82 percent. It grows easy to foresee the day when 50 percent of the population of California (and, after a suitable time lag, of Massachusetts, of New York, of Illinois and, yes, of Montana) will be employed at teaching the other 50 percent, perhaps changing ends at the half.

Clearly something has got to bust, and no one doubts what: the idea of a university. As an institution for (in Thomas Jefferson's words) "the instruction of those who will come after us," it's already being trampled out of recognizable existence by hordes of Johnnies.

The real student, struggling against suffocation of the soul, draws back, or beefs about how "the class" is holding things up, or starts feeling superior (and energy expended in nourishing a feeling of superiority is wholly lost). At worst, from being eager he turns merely "sensitive," and allows his zeal to be leached away. Whatever his strategy, his plight remains. He is deprived, and can rightfully resent being deprived, of the kind of company he deserves to expect at a place where, often at considerable sacrifice, he has elected to invest four years of his life.

The professors suffer too. For one thing, they are coming off the production line too rapidly (though the harried trustees, looking wildly around at teaching machines and television hookups, cry, "Not rapidly enough!"). Since there's no way of growing scholars at a pace keyed to the amoebalike increase of Johnnies, substitutes have begun to be manufactured. As real students are swamped by Johnnies, real professors must coexist with a swarm of Johnny-professors.

And like the real students, the real professors grow obsessed with futility, and unless they succeed, as some do, in isolating themselves with advanced students, fall victim to the real occupational hazard of the profession: an inability to believe that anybody can be taught anything. I once heard of a man who was so startled by the discovery of a real student that, lest she slip over his horizon, he divorced his wife and married her. I don't believe that story, but it's indicative; the professor who told it to me found it believable.

There's no doubt that as a nation we settle for only the side effects and the fringe benefits of what we invest in universities: the products of physics labs and research stations, and the economic advantages, to which our economy has been attuned ever since the G.I. Bill, of keeping several million young people off the labor market as long as possible. We are getting even this, though, at the price of a colossal wastage of time and spirit—the time and spirit of the real students on whose behalf the system is allegedly being run. If by the year 2000, as President Clark Kerr of California expects, educational institutions will be the largest single force in the economy, and if attendance to the age of 20 is compulsory, as Dr. Dwayne Orton of I.B.M. expects, why then the economy will in the lifetime of most of us have begun devoting its principal energies to the maintenance of huge concentration camps for keeping Johnnies by the multimillion agreeably idle.

So do we kick out Johnny? Alas, things will never be that simple again. Our social and economic system has come to depend on Johnny, B.A., in ways that can probably never be unstitched. Moreover, the College Experience probably *is* the most important event in the lives of most of the people who undergo it, even of the hundreds of thousands who learn very little. It is their time of access to the intellectual traffic patterns that define the quality of American life. A Kansan and a Georgian who have both been to college—merely been there—will have more to say to one another than a Vermonter who has and a Vermonter who hasn't. The College Experience is our folk ritual for inducting our adolescents into the 20th century. As part of our established religion, it must be treated as immune from curtailment.

Very well, then: the College Experience for Johnny, in his Johnny-classrooms. But let us, in the name of sanity, allow the real students to have *their* version of the College Experience. That means either separate-but-equal facilities, or (better, I think), some college equivalent of the two-track high schools that already exist.

One way of arranging a two-track college with minimum disruption is to permit only the real students to pursue majors. The University of Toronto has been doing that for more than half a century. Two decades ago I was one of a group of 40 freshman English majors there. In the sophomore year there were 20 of us, in the junior year 10; there the ruthless cutting stopped. But the missing 30 were not slung out of school. All but a few hopeless cases were "permitted," as the official formula had it, "to transfer to the pass course," which meant that, if they wanted to stay on at college, they abandoned the major and enrolled in "pass arts."

Pass arts was a three-year humanities mixture, leading to the degree of B.A. And it wasn't a ghetto for dropouts; many students enrolled in it to start with. Its degree satisfied employers, parents and the Ontario College of Education. It satisfied Johnny just fine. It gave the university all the advantages of bigness, as the quality of the library testified. It wasn't conducive to snobbery or segregation; every honor student took a couple of pass courses a year, in subjects peripheral to his major.

It was, in short, a two-track system, with the tracks parallel, and with means for switching laggards onto the slow track.

Everyone, we agree, should have access to all the education he can absorb. Everyone who can absorb education deserves, I would add, a chance to absorb it, free from the distracting tramp of the million-footed Johnny. As colleges now operate, the idea that everybody should be sent to them is nonsense. The only hope is to start operating them differently, detached from the dogma that Johnny is by birthright a student. He needs, in fact, explicit treatment as a nonstudent. There's no inherent reason why the nation's universities shouldn't make special curricular arrangements for several million nonstudents, any more than there's an inherent reason why one of the nation's universities shouldn't be the world's largest purveyor of white mice. (One of them is.)

Hugh Kenner

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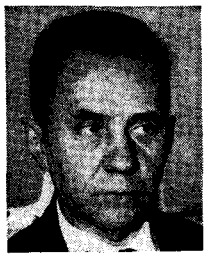
The one great question



Aleksei Kosygin

Mao Tse-tung

Leonid Brezhnev

MOSCOW: This reporter has recently arrived from Washington to try to decipher the real meaning of the political upheaval here. Back in Washington, at the series of secret meetings between the President and his chief advisers which followed the ousting of Khrushchev and the explosion of the first Chinese atomic bomb, one question dominated all others.

Will the new rulers of Russia recognize—as, it was believed, Nikita Khrushchev had come to recognize—that the Soviet Union and the United States share two supreme national interests?

The first great mutual interest is to avoid a nuclear war between themselves, a war which might destroy both. This mutual interest was tacitly recognized by Khrushchev in his still-secret exchanges with the late President Kennedy during and after the Cuban crisis of October, 1962.

The second great mutual interest is to prevent a situation in which a nuclear war, which might destroy both nations, is initiated by other nations. Again, this mutual interest was tacitly recognized by Khrushchev, when he signed the nuclear-test-ban treaty. This was a recognition, as the President said in his address to the nation on October 18, that "the struggle against nuclear spread is as much in the Soviet interest as in our own."

But the Chinese atomic test was clear proof that the test-ban treaty was only a small and inadequate first step in that struggle. The chief American policy makers are deeply convinced that further steps—including, if essential, the use or threatened use of force—*must* be taken to prevent the further spread of nuclear weapons.

"In the long run," says one of these men, "this is more important than anything—Vietnam, Cuba, the Wall, *anything*." The President, in his October 18 speech, asked two questions which reflect this grim conviction: "What if there should come to be ten nuclear powers, or maybe twenty nuclear powers? . . . Will the human race be safe in such a day?"

The answer is a resounding "no." In the view of the President's advisers, the uncontrolled spread of nuclear weapons will increase the likelihood of nuclear war to the point of near-inevitability. The Chinese nuclear test, moreover, could be the start of a chain reaction leading to that point.

As Secretary of Defense Robert McNamara has noted, techniques are now available to make atomic weapons and the means to deliver them much more cheaply than ever before. The Indians, for example, could probably match the first Chinese test within 18 months. They, and perhaps the Japanese as well, will be sorely tempted in the interests of their own defense, to get their own bomb—probably a "cheap," or plutonium, bomb—to match China's.

On the other side of the world there is hard intelligence that the Israelis are at work on their own cheap bomb. If the Israelis test a bomb, Egypt's Nasser will surely want his bomb. If nothing is done to halt this process of nuclear spread, nothing on earth will hold the Germans back from achieving their own nuclear capability. Before he was deposed, Khrushchev repeatedly said that Russia would fight to prevent Germany from getting nuclear weapons of its own—and the threat was not necessarily idle.

Can anything be done to halt the process? The answer of some experts, like former Secretary of State Dean Acheson, is that nothing can be done. In terms of the political realities, this answer may be correct. It is technically incorrect.

Take the case of Communist China. Technical intelligence methods have pinpointed the precise location of the main Chinese nuclear installation, a gaseous-diffusion plant which is a smaller version of our Oak Ridge. Even in the day of the cheap bomb, such major installations are essential to the production of a nuclear stockpile. They are extremely vulnerable.

A single big "iron bomb" (nonnuclear) in the right place, delivered by a plane flying at altitudes which would prevent its being intercepted or even identified, could damage the Chinese plant to the point where it would have to be rebuilt from scratch. Before President Kennedy died, "contingency plans" for what is unpleasantly called "the nuclear sterilization of the Chicoms" were drawn up, and they have not been thrown into the wastebasket.

For the immediate future, no decision needs to be made. Indeed, for the immediate future the existence of that gaseous-diffusion plant will have a restraining effect on Chinese Communist policy. For the Chinese are smart enough to know that in case of overt hostilities with either the Soviets or the United States, that plant would be target No. 1.

But a few months before he died, President Kennedy spelled out the long-run meaning of a Chinese nuclear capability. The Chinese Communists, he said, "have called for war . . . in order to advance the final success of Communism. . . . If you introduce into this mix nuclear weapons . . . you have a more dangerous situation than we've faced since the end of the Second World War."

The question which will ultimately face the American Government is whether to permit this infinitely dangerous situation to arise. The answer will depend in part on the Soviet government—and here it is worth recalling that the Chinese Communists have laid claim to nearly a million square miles of Soviet land.

The further spread of nuclear weapons can be halted only on the basis of at least a tacit U.S.-U.S.S.R. agreement. Before Khrushchev was deposed, some sensible observers were beginning to believe that precisely such an agreement was possible. For example, the respected British Kremlinologist Edward Crankshaw wrote some weeks ago in the *London Observer*:

"A new Soviet policy has been emerging rather swiftly: a policy of *rapprochement* with the United States, more radical than anything previously considered, which could lead to an undeclared alliance of the two Great Powers, acting as joint nuclear policemen on a worldwide scale."

Is such an undeclared alliance still conceivable? Nobody—perhaps nobody in the Kremlin itself—knows. But the more thoughtful American policymakers are convinced that the alternative—the uncontrolled spread of nuclear weapons—can only spell disaster for the United States, the Soviet Union and the world. It is too early to say whether the new leaders of the Soviet Union share this grim conviction. But the first impression of most observers here is that they are rational men, quite capable of recognizing, and acting upon, the supreme national interests of the Soviet Union.

Stewart Alsop

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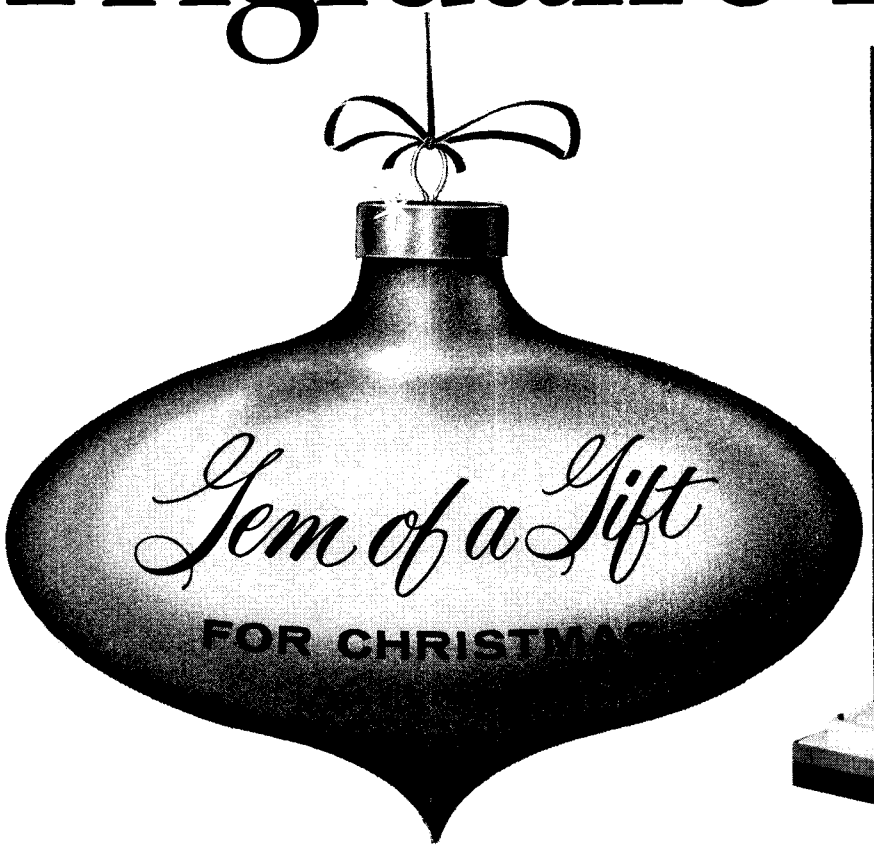

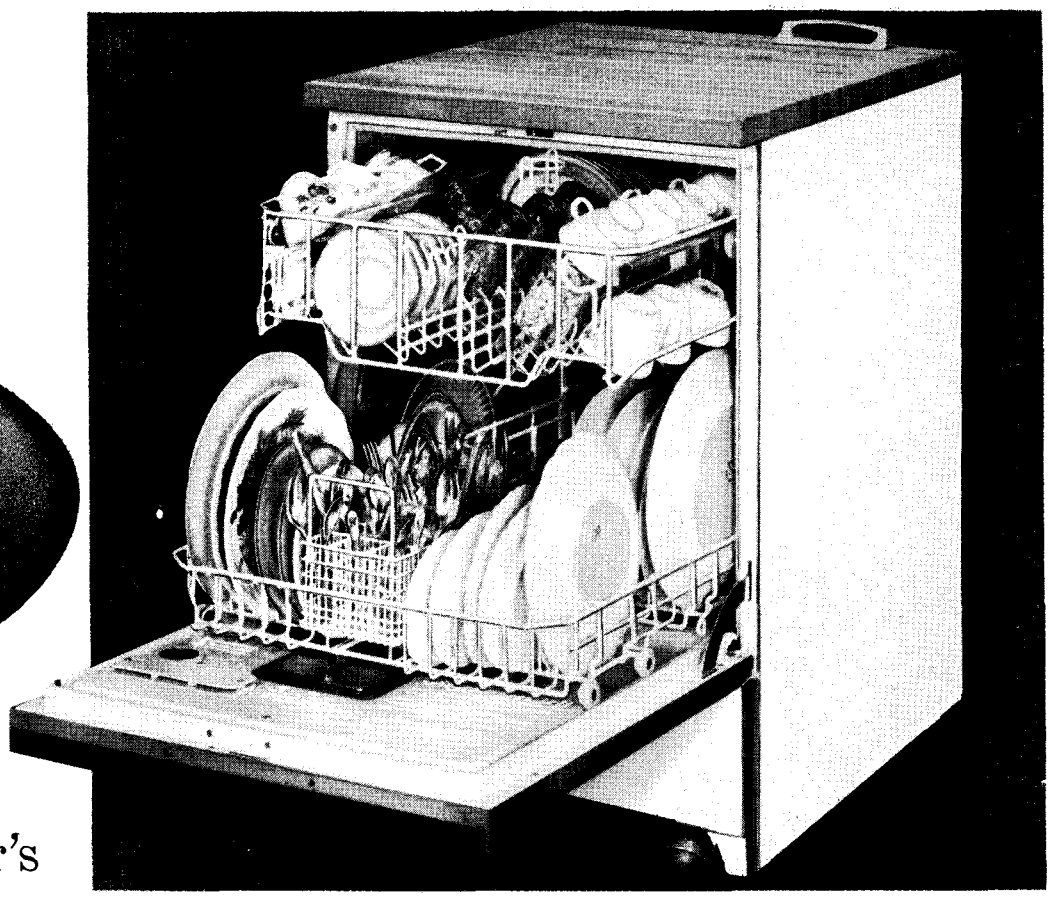

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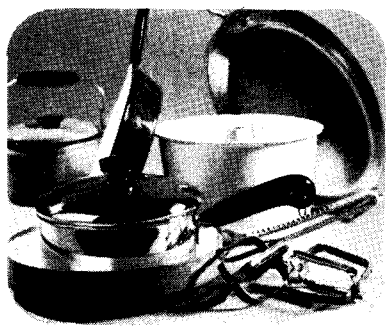

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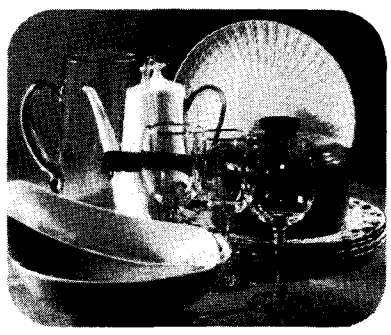

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
FOUNDED BY Benj. Franklin

Peking schoolboy wearing the red scarf of a "pioneer" waves the flag for Communist dignitaries at Oct. 1 National Day celebration.

By Edward Behr

RED CHINA FACE TO FACE

A six-week visit, a chat with Mao—and intimate contact with the people.

"We'll go naked if we have to," said Chen Yi, foreign minister of the People's Republic of China. "But we will have the bomb."

The foreign minister told this to French Ambassador Lucien Paye in Peking a short time before Red China made good on his word, bringing Peking to the ominous threshold of nuclear power. I was there at the time, on a six-week visit, to see as much as I could of a country unique in history—a nation obviously in the first rank of world importance which remains a mystery to the world at large. In a short time, too, a palace revolution in the Kremlin was to add still another imponderable to the mystery. Will Khrushchev's overthrow advance China's cause in its power struggle with Russia? Was the Sino-Soviet split itself the reason for his downfall? If there is no clear answer yet, it is clear that the atomic thunder over the Takla Makan and the rumblings of upheaval in other parts of the Communist bloc are aspects of the same inescapable truth. China must be taken into account.

I went to China not as a tourist on a carefully guided sightseeing tour, but as a journalist with a handsome gold-embossed red press card accrediting me to the foreign ministry. I traveled 3,000 miles through the country by plane, express and slow train, jeep and Mongol pony. I stayed with factory workers and their families, and talked to a whole range of Chinese who usually avoid foreigners like the plague—cabinet ministers, party officials and members of the former bourgeoisie. Finally, accompanying a small group of French politicians and industrialists who were in China for a French trade fair, I visited the man whose myriad portraits decorate all of China, Mao Tse-tung himself.

The China I saw was both more complex and less formidable than the China I had expected to find. I believed, before going there, that China was both willing and able to precipitate a third world war. I found a country visibly incapable of sustaining, economically, the effort of a major war. While the Chinese claim they turn out 100,000 engineers and scientists a year, I learned from Western observers in Peking that there is a huge gap between China's ability to teach abstract principles and its ability to apply this knowledge to practical ends. Without Professor Hsue-shen Tsien, formerly of the University

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At interview with visiting French diplomats, chain-smoking Chairman Mao appeared supremely sure of his power. He would refer occasionally to "my prime minister."

of California and now overall director of Red China's atomic program, and without the initial aid given by Russia, these observers are convinced that China would never have been able to even start an atomic program.

I expected the indoctrination of China's 700 million people to be total: I found that China's new religion, the worship of Chairman Mao, was indeed practiced by all, but with varying degrees of enthusiasm. I expected antlike industry and efficiency: I found the pace of life slow, and most of China's cadres tended to look at past achievements with a certain complacency, rather than toward new goals. I expected a dreadful sameness throughout China: I found that, despite great pressure to conform, many Chinese have managed to preserve their individualism.

If the system imposed on China these last 15 years had fully succeeded, individualism would have vanished a long time ago. For the Chinese live in complete isolation: They read only the books and periodicals which, their leaders decide, it would be useful for them to read. Foreign newscasts are effectively jammed. All over China the main daily editorial in the newspapers is the same, and is the subject of compulsory study. During my stay in China I came across only two non-Chinese publications: One was an Albanian weekly, printed in English. The other was a four-page sheet called *Vanguard*, published by the tiny pro-Chinese faction of the Australian Communist Party. At the Peking Opera, which once featured kings, princesses and monkey gods, I sat through a performance showing Chinese "volunteers" in Korea annihilating a U.S. regiment. The Americans were depicted as swaggering, drunken, cowardly bullies, raping Korean girls and shooting Korean hostages. The Chinese have not been told that a U.S. capsule has landed on the moon. With the emphasis, in the press and radio, on the defeats suffered daily by "American Imperialism" at the hands of Africans, Vietnamese and the American Negroes themselves, many Chinese believe that the millennium is at hand, and America's collapse merely a matter of months.

Peking, China's capital, is a city whose chief industry is the manufacture of government propaganda. It is a city designed for parades, not for traffic. Its main street, Shangan Avenue, is three miles long and 240 feet wide, but at either end it peters out into a primitive country road.

Peking's main buildings—the Hall of the People, the Museum of the Revolution, and the heavily guarded radio and television headquarters—are built in the grim Soviet style. Their massive ugliness contrasts with the delicate architecture of the older monuments on Shangan Avenue: Tien An Men, the "Gate of Heavenly Peace," and the old "Forbidden City," now a park, museum and tourist attraction. Farther north on the avenue is a new Forbidden City—a huge compound surrounded by 15-foot red-brick walls. Here the leaders of China live, as much out of bounds to the Chinese as was the old Forbidden City at the time of the Ming and Tang dynasties.

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"DIPLOMATS MAY VISIT ALL PARTS OF PEITAHO EXCEPT PARTS WHERE THEY ARE NOT ALLOWED TO GO."

All foreigners in Peking are segregated. The "permanent foreign guests" working for the Chinese live in a huge suburban compound called "Friendship Hostel," originally built exclusively for Soviet technicians—who left in 1961. The diplomats live either in Peking Hotel, or in one of two "diplomatic ghettos" in Peking. Journalists and businessmen stay at the Hsin Tchiao Hotel, a musty edifice with one compensating factor: It is the only hotel in the whole of China with a bar.

"We can't go outside Peking—except to the airport, to visit the Ming Tombs and the Great Wall—without a special pass," a British diplomat told me, "and most of our requests to travel outside Peking are turned down with the phrase, 'It is not convenient.'" At Peitaho, the beach resort near Peking, diplomats are allowed to visit only from June 15 to August 31, and the regulations state: "Diplomats may visit all parts of Peitaho except those parts where they are not allowed to go." Separate strips of the beach are reserved for Chinese officials and their families, "pro-Chinese" Communist countries' embassy staffs, "pro-Russian" embassy staffs, "capitalist" embassy staffs and permanent foreign guests.

Permanent foreign guests, whatever their origins and beliefs, are almost as segregated as diplomats. "I have been here eight months, but I have never seen the inside of a Chinese home," said a young French linguist. I was somewhat luckier. For several days I lived with a Chinese family, from the time they got up at six A.M. (to the strains of a military march called *Socialism Is Good* blared from a rooftop loudspeaker) to the moment they went to bed. My hosts were, of course, "selected" through a process I never discovered, but they were, I came to believe, fairly typical of a prosperous Peking family. Wong Tsen, 30, is a lathe operator in Peking's No. 1 Machine Tool Factory, and his 29-year-old wife Tsah is a crane operator in the same workshop. They have four children: the eldest, a boy of nine, is boarded out with relatives in another part of Peking. Wong Tsen, Tsah and their three other children (girls aged seven, five and 18 months) live in a one-room apartment in a modern three-story building. All the people in the building work at the same factory, and have little contact with outsiders. There is a tiny kitchen-washroom on the landing, shared by another family, and cooking is done on a coal stove. There is dim electric light, and central heating in winter. There is a telephone downstairs, and, as in Sweden, local calls are free.

Although most of the space in the room is taken up by two beds, there is an alarm clock, a radio, a sewing machine, a chest of drawers and a wooden storage trunk. Their combined monthly wage is $55. (Most workers in Peking make 45 yen a month, or about $20.) For rent Wong Tsen pays $1.50 a month.

Wong Tsen and his wife work six eight-hour shifts a week, and have two weeks' holiday a year. For them, as for the hundreds of millions of factory workers all over China, life revolves around the factory to an almost unbelievable extent. The factory has volleyball and basketball courts, and a nursery and playground for children, a cinema, theater and large meeting hall. The canteen is always full, serves a variety of dishes costing from eight fen (about four cents) to 25 fen (about 10 cents). Rice, spaghetti and bread can only be had with ration tickets, but the ration is large—30 pounds per adult per month. "I don't usually cook at home, except on Sundays," said Tsah. "Even simple Chinese food takes a long time to prepare." In workshops and canteens, slogans and "thoughts for the week" are displayed on banners or chalked up on blackboards, side by side with a huge portrait of an eternally youthful, bland and smiling Mao. The slogans in Wong Tsen's workshop exhort him to:

READ THE WORKS OF CHAIRMAN MAO
LISTEN TO THE WORDS OF CHAIRMAN MAO
WORK UNDER THE LEADERSHIP OF CHAIRMAN MAO
BECOME A GOOD WORKER OF CHAIRMAN MAO

The pace at the factory is not backbreaking. "The first thing I learned about China," said a Czech technician working as a textile consultant in Peking, "was that propaganda came before productivity. Work schedules are constantly being revised to make room for political discussions." For weeks before October 1, Peking workers lost millions of man-hours rehearsing for the National Day parade.

After Wong Tsen had finished his daily shift, I watched him sit down to a compulsory political discussion with six other workers. Each worker came to the meeting carrying a copy of *Ren Min Ribao*, the Peking *People's Daily*. For a quarter of an hour the group leader read a prepared digest of the editorial. Then, each group member was asked to comment.

The session took place shortly after the North Vietnamese attack on U.S. warships in the Bay of Tonkin and the U.S. retaliation, which was, of course, presented to the Chinese as a unilateral act of aggression against North Vietnam (nothing was said about the torpedo-boat attacks). The editorial urged the Chinese to be prepared for further U.S. "aggressive acts," and to work harder in order to make China stronger. Word for word, occasionally glancing at a paper in front of him, Wong Tsen repeated what the group leader had said. "When I heard the editorial," he added, "I could not repress a feeling of indignation toward the American imperialists. I pledge myself to increase my efforts to help the Vietnamese people, to increase my productivity in the factory, and to do my bit to fight American imperialism." During the session, a curious change came over Wong Tsen. As I had seen him during the week, he had been gentle and softspoken. As soon as he started speaking at the meeting his voice became raucous and hard, like the voice of the commentator on Peking radio. The atmosphere of the discussion, like so many others I subsequently attended, was one of a revivalist meeting.

Yet when it was over, Wong Tsen and his fellow workers scampered out with obvious relief. Verbal assurances had been given to placate the living God, Mao. There was no sign, at the workshop, that production would in fact be increased in view of the Tonkin emergency.

After the political discussion I had a long talk with Wong Tsen back in his tiny apartment. He told me how he had joined the factory as an apprentice 11 years ago and risen to his present grade as a skilled lathe operator. Like most Chinese, he adored his children, and I asked what he would like them to be when they grew up. "I would like my son to be a doctor," he said—and then, remembering the correct response, he added, "but, of course, I would be happy to see the party utilize them in the way it thinks best."

He talked with pride about the social-security system in China, which guaranteed him a pension at 60 and paid most of his family's health bills. He said nothing when I told him that in Europe, too, there were pension and medical insurance plans, but his face expressed polite disbelief. I asked him what, apart from food, was his biggest item of expenditure. His answer was unexpected. "Twice a year," he said, "I have to buy stationery and exercise books for my children of school age. This is quite a burden."

I suggested that Wong Tsen should put some questions to me about life in the West. "Tell me," he asked, "is it true that, in Europe, workers have cars?"

The following morning I followed

On a boat ride in Hangchow: Deputy Foreign Minister Wang, Bank of China president Nan, French ambassador Lucien Paye.

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GIRLS ARE GIVEN EQUAL STATUS, ALONG WITH THE BAGGY TROUSERS AND SHAPELESS PADDED TUNICS.

Red China Face to Face

Wong Tsen's two elder daughters to school. It was a large, bright, airy establishment, not unlike a good public school in the U.S. I had noticed how, in Peking streets, the only really free human beings seemed to be children up to six years old, who romped and laughed like lively, mischievous children the world over. From six onward, Chinese children grow serious and behave, like their elders, with discipline and rather melancholy decorum. Watching the Wong Tsen children at school, I understood why. Children were drilled to behave like automatons. Their reading primer contained none of the simple phrases like "the cat is on the mat"; instead the girls were chanting such things as "Chairman Mao watches over his people. During the Long March the soldiers are cold. Chairman Mao takes off his coat and gives it to the soldiers if they are cold during the night." Later, I asked an extremely beautiful 14-year-old girl what she wanted to be when she grew up. "I shall obey the party and do whatever it decides," she said.

Fifteen years of Communism have seen a generation of Chinese girls grow to maturity. Sport, exercise and the granting of full equal status with men have had a remarkable effect on them. Some have bloomed into exceedingly handsome specimens. But Chinese puritanism has done its best to eliminate sex. Everyone wears the same baggy blue cotton trousers and floppy shirtwaist and, in winter, the shapeless dark-blue padded tunic.

To keep China's population down to manageable proportions, birth control is once more advocated (it was banned from 1958 to 1961), and young couples are advised against early marriages. Thirty is considered an ideal age for marriage for a man, and 25 for a girl. The pressures against transgressors are ruthless: Apartments are allocated by Party "street committees"—and no apartment is available for those who break the rules. Those who do so may well find themselves separated by several hundred miles, the man being sent to work in one part of China and the woman in another. All young Chinese are under constant mutual surveillance, and there is literally no private place for young couples to go. One young Albanian I met did have an affair with a Chinese girl, whom he used to join in the apartment of a mutual Chinese friend. When the affair was discovered, the friend lost his apartment, and the girl was sent away to a remote commune.

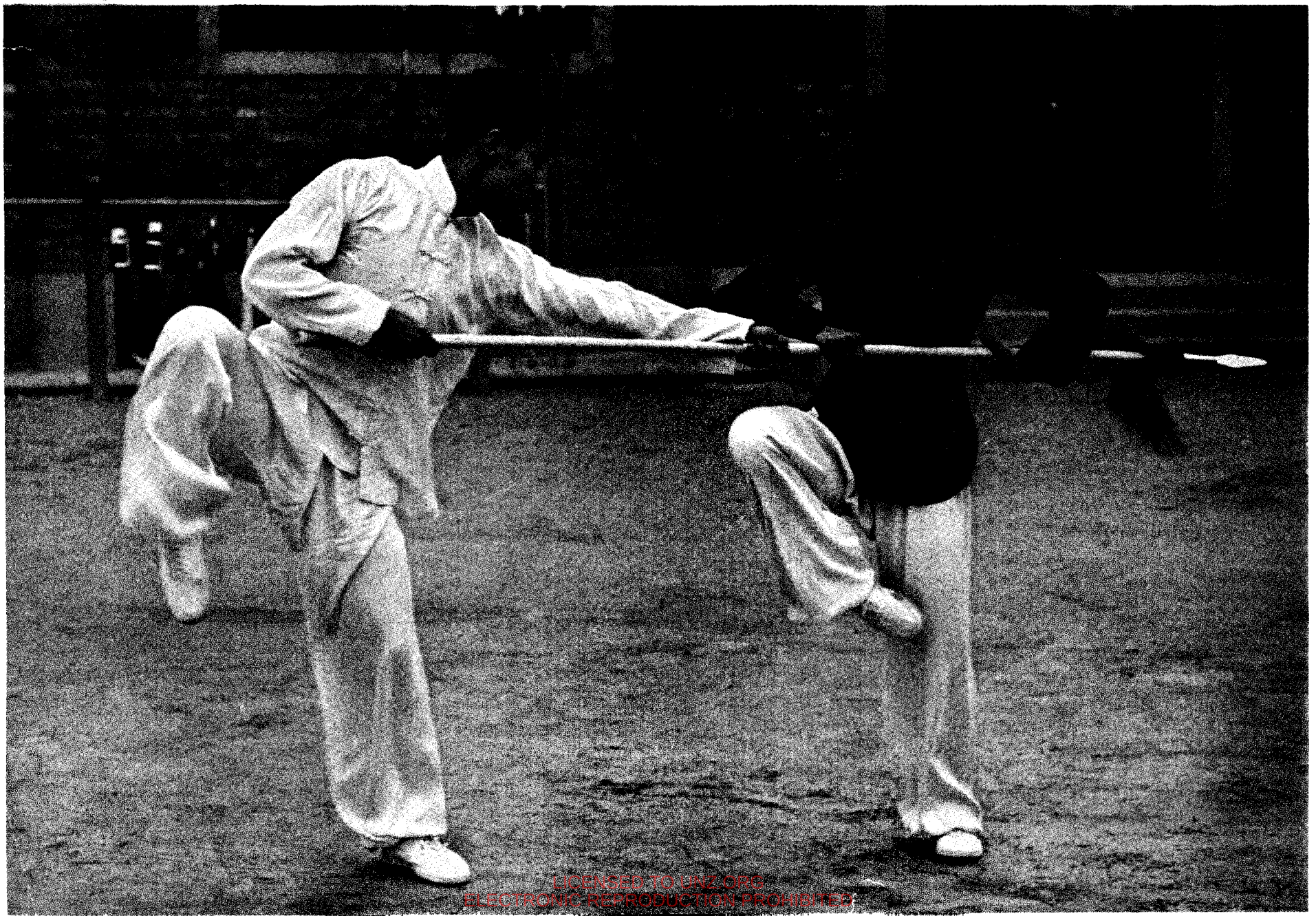
But though life in Communist China is unutterably drab to someone from the outside, it does not necessarily seem that way to the Chinese. The young people know no other society with which to compare it. And to all but a small minority of Chinese, conditions are better than they were 15 years ago. My interpreter, a bright 22-year-old named Wu Fuh Sung, was not necessarily an objective witness, but his recollections were fairly typical. "When I was small," he said, "and living in a tiny village in south China, one of my brothers died of hunger. My uncle was a fairly wealthy landlord, but my father worked for him almost like a slave. I remember bandits demanding food and money, and killing people as hostages. There were no doctors, and when my father fell ill, nothing could be done. Nobody—not even the former bourgeoisie—wants the old society back."

I found that in the main my interpreter was right. In any case, the regime concentrates its attention on the younger generation, and people over 40 can talk and behave relatively freely—they represent no threat and are too old to be molded. I spoke to a famous painter, now in his 50's, who was educated in a U.S. school and still speaks fondly of American friends he once corresponded with. Together we looked through an album of modern Chinese paintings. On one page we came across a typical example of "realist" art—Mao Tse-tung shaking hands with some merry peasants. "Do you do this sort of thing?" I asked. He gave a wry smile. "I am a specialist in bamboo," he said. "When I am asked to do this"—waving at the painting—"I always say I am much, much better at vegetables."

A former "bourgeois" journalist, now a translator, is allowed to go to Westerners' parties and meet diplomats. "At first, my wife and I came under suspicion, where we live. The street committee wanted to know why we accepted such invitations. Now the novelty has worn off. I still attend political discussions, of course. But I cannot honestly say that the pressures are unbearable."

"The Chinese who work in Western embassies," said a diplomat, "know that the picture presented to the Chinese by their leaders is utterly false. But at the same time they are intensely proud of the

A stylized dance and athletic contest at Peking's Institute of Sports. Less formal boy-girl contacts are rigidly—and puritanically—controlled.



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An unstylized Mongolian wrestling match. Communists keep only a loose hand on the Mongol nomads, who could easily drift across the border.

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Dressed and mounted like their fearsome ancestors, Mongol riders range the vast open spaces of their "collective farm." Every two weeks, local villages are

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...ored—which leaves the commissar little time for political discussions.

THE PEOPLE DON'T KNOW WHERE MAO LIVES, HAVE NEVER EVEN HEARD HIM ON THE RADIO

Red China Face to Face

new China—of its place as a major power. And they believe the end justifies the means—that to put an end to chaos, such iron discipline is necessary."

The relative tolerance of the Chinese Communists toward the older generation applies also to China's unassimilated minorities. Visiting Chinese Mongolia, I came across nomad herdsmen whose lives are as untrammeled as those of the cowpunchers of the wild West. I reached their nomad encampment, 700 miles north of Peking, after a three-day journey by train, plane (a Chinese-made copy of a DC-3) and Russian-made jeep. It is part of a "collective farm," but the nomads were allowed to keep 25 percent of their cattle for their own use, to buy and sell as they chose. I talked to a young, attractive political commissar, a 25-year-old girl called Pochai, and asked her when she held political discussions. "When I have time—and that's not often," she said. "We have 17,000 animals to look after—including wild horses, camels and sheep." Every two weeks, Pochai said, tents are dismantled, packed on covered wagons, and the nomads move on over the 1,000 square miles allocated to them by the commune. Their way of life precludes the kind of indoctrination to which the more sedentary Chinese have to submit.

I asked the official traveling with me whether any attempts were being made to change the nomads' way of life: "We have strict orders," he said, "to do nothing—for the moment. We are more concerned with improving their way of life without drastically changing it."

The reason probably is that, ethnically, the Chinese Mongols are indistinguishable from the inhabitants of Outer Mongolia, the autonomous republic under Soviet protection immediately to the north. If the Chinese adopted a less lenient policy, the nomads would migrate across the border. To a certain extent Mao tolerates the nomad Mongol way of life because he cannot do otherwise.

Mao, the figure on every wall, has no official title other than Chairman of the Communist Party's Central Committee, but he remains the mysterious patriarch of the nation. The Chinese don't know where Mao lives, or where he is most of the time, and they know nothing about his private life. He has never appeared on Chinese TV or spoken on Chinese radio.

I hadn't expected to meet him in the flesh, but I was suddenly included in a small group of visiting French politicians and industrialists selected to meet him.

We left Peking early one morning by British-made Viscount on a scheduled flight to Hangchow, the lakeside city 75 miles south of Shanghai. As soon as we stepped from the plane, we were whisked away to the Hangchow Hotel, a comfortable hostelry in Hangchow's western suburbs. "You will please stay in the hotel," a young protocol official traveling with us said. "You will be given one hour's notice." I asked whether the appointment would take place that day. "It may be today, it may be tomorrow," he said.

At four P.M. he knocked on my door and said, "Please be ready in one hour." An hour later we gathered in a private sitting room, and were joined by Wang Ping Nan, the deputy foreign minister. We waited an hour. Then the protocol official returned once more. "Please follow me," he said.

We drove, slowly, for seven minutes through a lakeside forest and park. I saw policemen along the route, and several KEEP OUT signs. Then the leading car, a Red Flag (the Chinese copy of a 1950 Cadillac), turned into a small driveway, guarded by an armed sentry. The winding drive, about 200 yards long, led to a compound of bungalows. In the darkness I could distinguish four one-story bungalows, a three-story building, and, in the distance, the gilt roof of a small pagoda. The largest of the bungalows was lit up, and there, on the porch, was Mao.

An official made the introductions. Mao smiled, the visitors bowed, and Mao, gesturing, peremptorily ordered everybody inside. In the hall, he summoned guests to stand on his right and left, getting the smaller guests to stand on a bench behind him. A photographer appeared out of nowhere with a flash camera and took a single picture.

Then Mao led the way into a large, well-lit room with wall-to-wall carpets and dark red draperies (it was the first home I had been in in China that didn't have a portrait of Mao on the walls). He took his seat in one of 10 armchairs grouped in a circle around a conference table and gestured to us to follow suit. On a small table beside each chair was a cup of hot, fragrant tea, cigarettes, matches, paper and sharpened pencils. A spittoon shaped like a chamberpot was on the floor at Mao's feet.

Mao was wearing a light-gray tunic, closed at the collar, with baggy trousers to match, heavy brown brogues and beige cotton socks sagging over his ankles. His tunic hung in folds around him, and he seemed somewhat shrunken and thinner than I had imagined. His hair, meticulously brushed back, was black with scarcely a trace of gray. His face was lined but full and fleshy. He looked younger than his 71 years, and showed no sign of tiring as the evening went on. But Mao was quite obviously not 100-percent fit. As he led the way to the sitting room an attendant escorted him, guiding him lightly by the elbow. Mao smoked incessantly. From the number of cigarettes he lit during the evening it was obvious he was a three-pack-a-day man, and he had a bad case of smoker's cough; he breathed heavily and with a distinct wheeze.

He also had some slight difficulty in coordinating his gestures. To light a cigarette, Mao (who is not lefthanded), held the match box in his right hand and struck the match with his left. To get a better grip he steadied himself by bearing down with both elbows on the armrests of his chair. When the cigarette was lit, he held it in his left hand, then slowly transferred it from his left to his right hand. One Frenchman present—whose

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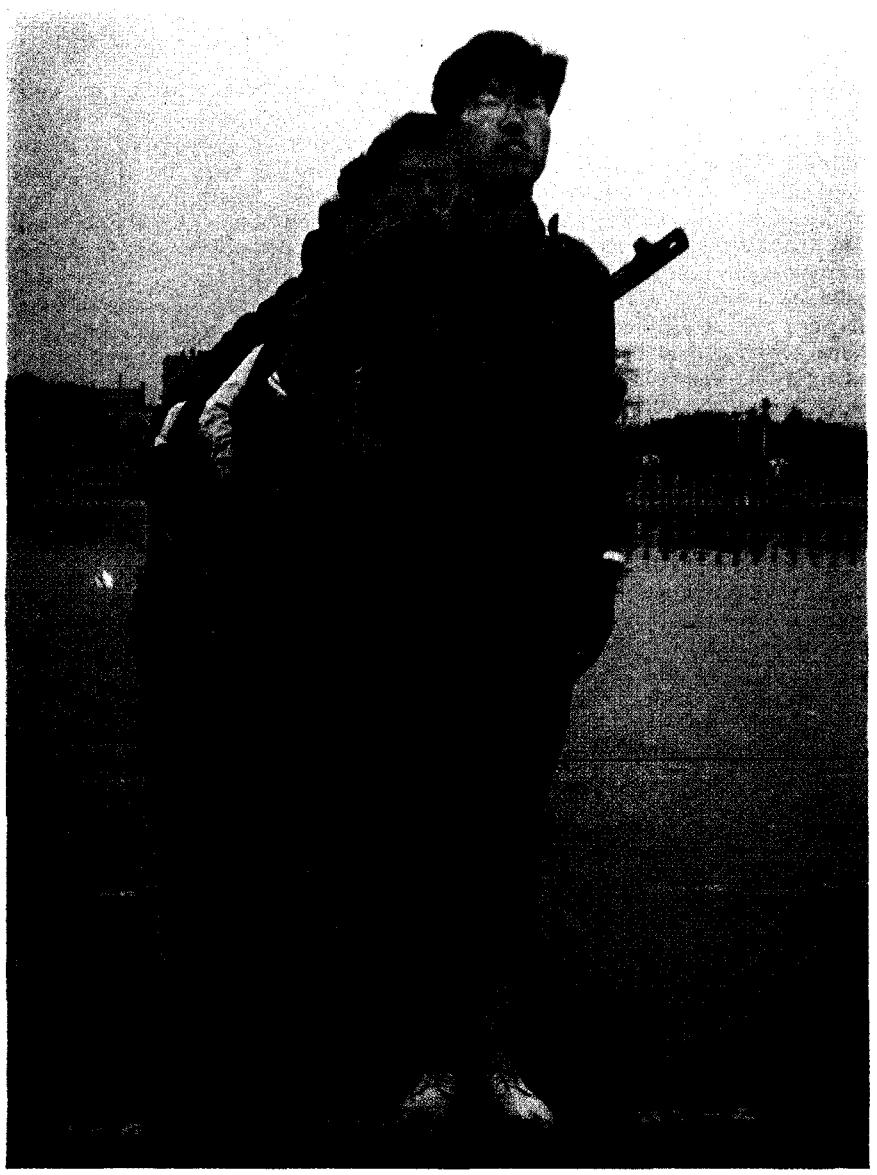
MAO'S BITTER HATRED OF THE UNITED STATES MAY HAVE PERSONAL AS WELL AS POLITICAL ROOTS.



Militia drill in Tien An Men Square, Peking—a city designed for parades, not traffic.

Red China Face to Face

father died of Parkinson's disease—told me later he thought Mao had the same disease in its earliest stages. Others thought he had suffered a slight stroke.

Halfway through the talks—which were off the record—Mao tapped himself on the belly and said, "I am hungry." There was a pause. He added, "Are you hungry? Would you care to be my guests and share a meal with me?" He rose and led the way to the end of the large room we were in. There, behind a screen, was a circular table laid for 10, with knives, forks and chopsticks. After a toast to France, drunk in mao tai, China's fiery rice alcohol, we sat down to a delicious meal of chicken, prawns, bamboo shoots and poached fish. There was beer, yellow wine and mao tai to drink, although Mao took only fizzy lemonade.

Mao drank his soup noisily, occasionally pursing his lips in fun when he made a telling point. He pointedly made a reference to Dien Bien Phu—the battle which marked France's end as a power in Southeast Asia—within the first five minutes of the meeting. He spoke softly in Chinese, ably translated by a Chinese foreign-ministry official.

He answered questions in two parts. He would give his general considered opinion, briefly. Then, after a pause, he would explain the reasons for his judgment, going on sometimes for as long as 10 minutes, referring in minute detail to past history, to the course of the Chinese revolution, to lessons learned from the experience of the Chinese Communists in their struggles against the Japanese and Chiang Kai-shek. Even though Mao had been firm about staying off the record, none of the points he made was new.

Here was a man supremely sure of himself, a man without bombast and with infinite patience. There was no doubt as to Mao's power. On several occasions he referred to "my prime minister," and in his outline of the Sino-Soviet crisis he made it clear that he had led the "hard" line against the Soviets.

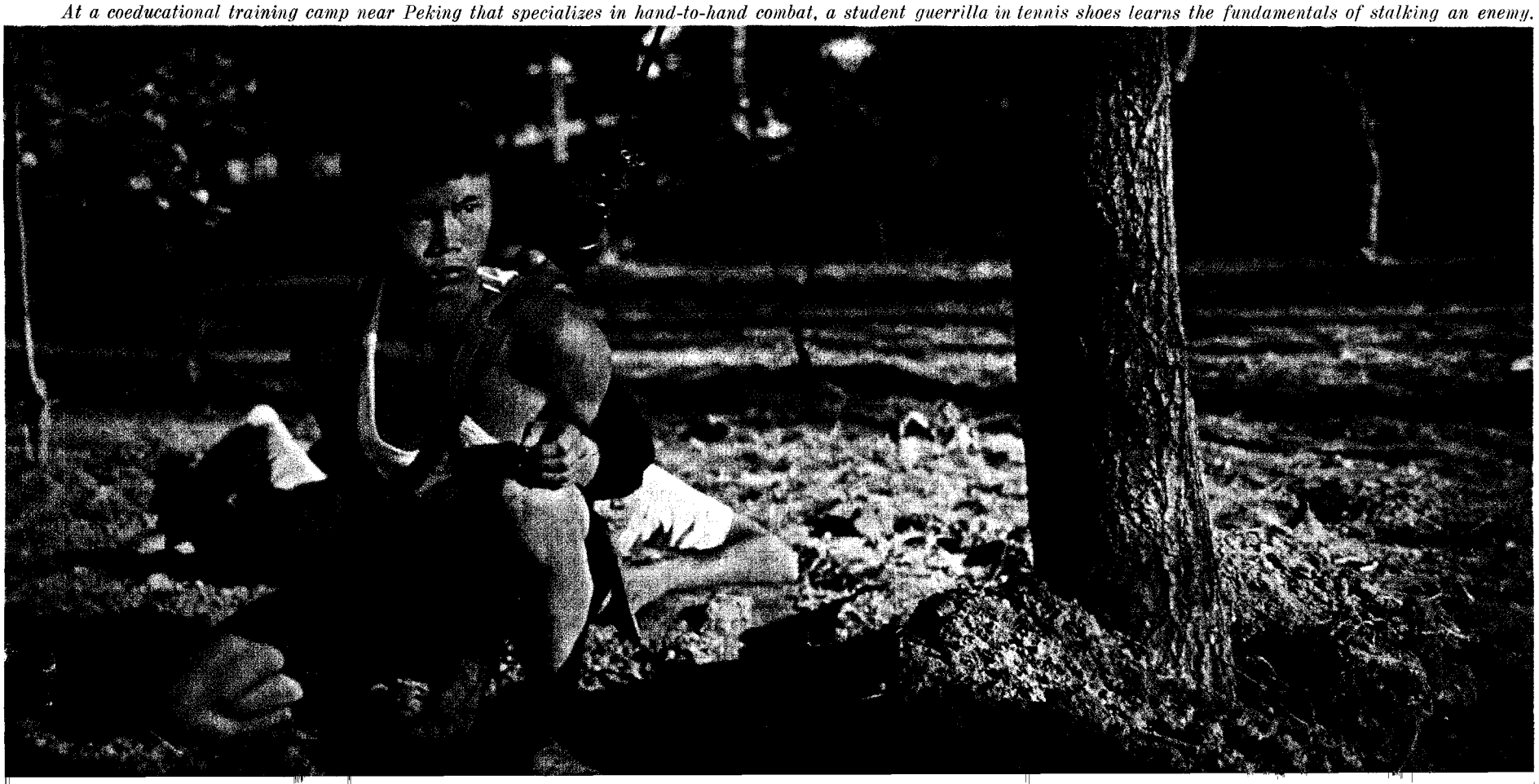
One got the impression that Mao regarded the younger generation of Chinese with a certain amused, tolerant contempt: They could never be tested as his generation was tested—except by war.

After two and a half hours Mao gave the signal that it was time to leave. "There are many more things to talk about, but we will do so next time," he said. He rose, and again escorted by an attendant, saw us to the door. As we drove away we saw him standing alone in the doorway in the hot, sultry night, erect and smiling, his right arm raised in salute.

Here was a stubborn, uncompromising old man, a man determined to perpetuate his revolution as an instrument of world domination, even though he is realist enough to know that China's power still falls far short of his objectives. Coloring everything is his implacable hatred of the United States as the leader of the "imperialist" camp—and perhaps as something more.

Talking to Deputy Foreign Minister Wang Ping Nan next day, I asked about Mao's family. "His brothers are both dead," the minister said. "He has one son, an engineer, and two daughters, who are both married." I said I thought that Mao had two sons. "His elder son laid down his life in sacrifice as a volunteer in Korea," said Wang Ping Nan. He had been a fighter pilot, I learned, and it was, of course, the Americans who had shot him down. THE END

At a coeducational training camp near Peking that specializes in hand-to-hand combat, a student guerrilla in tennis shoes learns the fundamentals of stalking an enemy.



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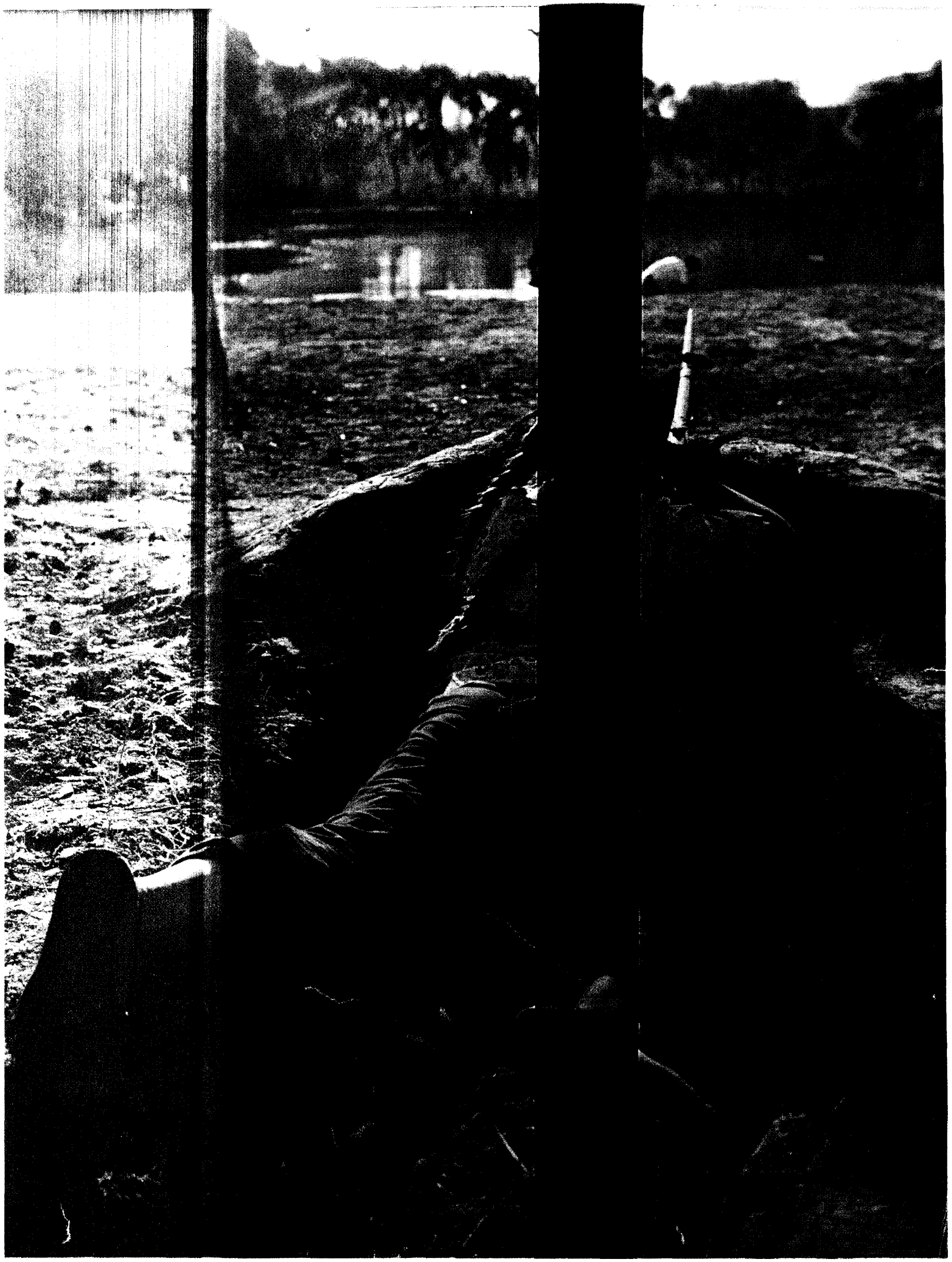

Rifle practice at the same training camp. Female "militiamen" take time off from work **each** *week for instruction in assorted military skills.*

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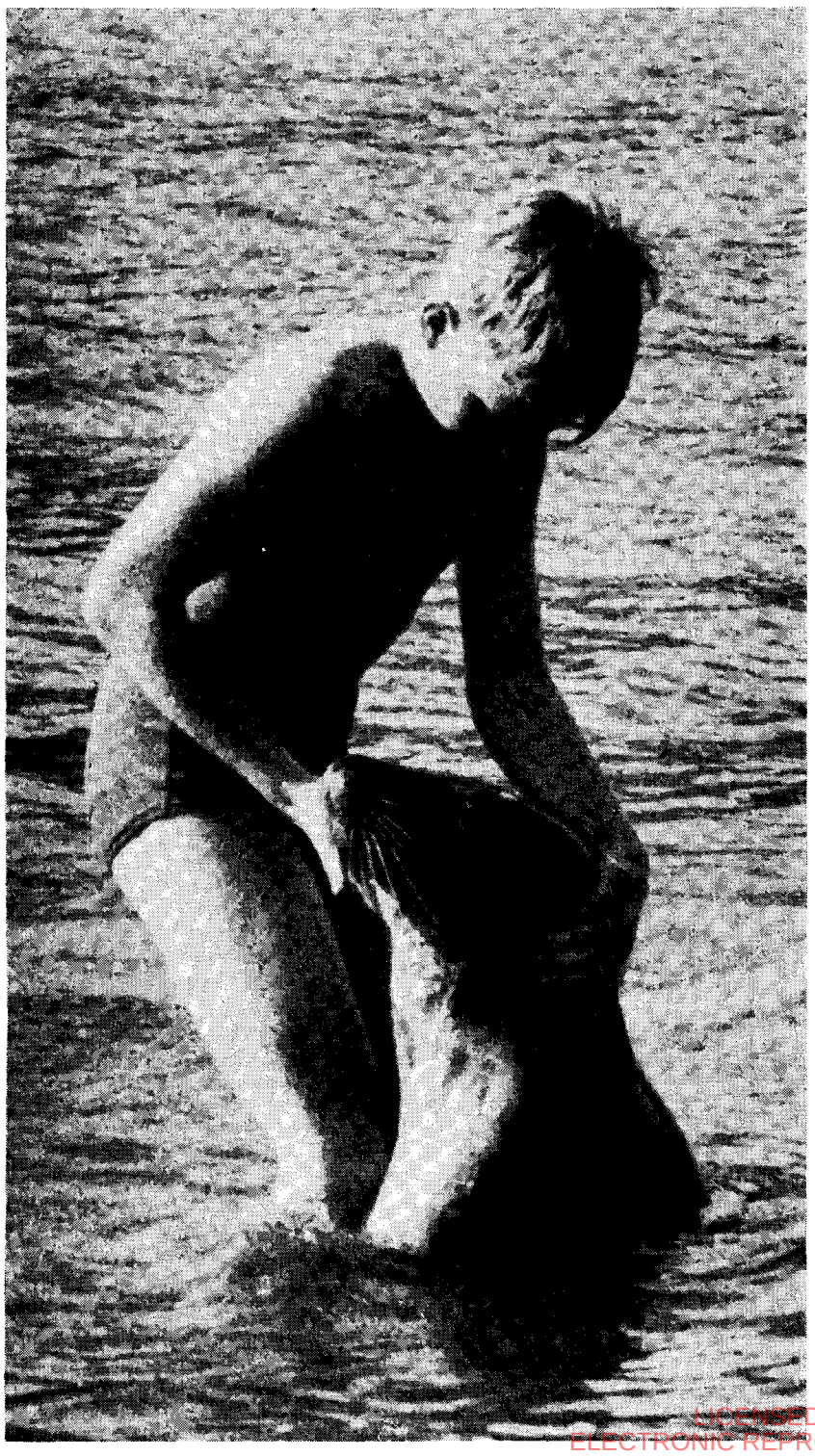
By Nina Warner Hooke

The frolicking seal charmed vacationers.

Playwright Hooke gained its affection.

A GLIMPSE OF EDEN

THE POIGNANT STORY OF AN IDYLLIC SUMMER FRIENDSHIP BETWEEN A WOMAN AND A WILD SEAL.



Wary at first, the seal came to welcome petting from the children in "his" pool.

The seal was first seen by a fisherman named Alan Lander one evening early in May. Alan and his father were dropping their crab pots about half a mile out from the cove when the animal bobbed up near their boat. It sat on its tail, with the upper half of its body out of the water, and watched the men at their work. When they tossed the onlooker one of the whiting they had brought for crab bait, the seal instantly dived, apparently frightened by the sight of fish flung through the air. On the next tide, when the men went to haul their pots, they saw the seal again, but the next morning it had gone. Two days later, however, it was back, stretched out on a ledge beside the cove.

The cove is a wild place, not far from my village on England's Dorset coast. It is called Chapman's Pool. To reach it, you must leave your car on the headland and make your way 400 feet down over slippery blue clay that constantly crumbles and shifts. The pool lies in a half-circle of shale cliffs, which recede into uncultivated hills grazed by roaming cattle. Hares and foxes live in the thickets. Man has left little mark. The beach, of pebbles and coarse sand, is strewn with fallen boulders, flotsam and sometimes the carcass of a heifer that reached too far for the sea cabbage growing on the cliff.

In wintry weather, when sea and sky are gray as the shale, the scene is somber. But on a still, bright day in summer the pool is a jewel in a pewter setting. It is a timeless place, the quietest I know. Nothing moves but a leaping fish or a plunging cormorant. There is no sound but the slap of waves.

"I thought the seal was ill," Alan Lander says. "But it was just sunning itself there on the shore."

All that day it stayed close to the water, eyeing the men warily, and at dusk it vanished. When I came down to the cove to see the seal at the end of the week, it had put in three more appearances, and the men had grown accustomed to its presence. It seemed to like the sound of their voices. They had tried to lure it closer with freshly caught pollack, but the animal was impervious to bribes.

On the afternoon I arrived, tatters of mist were hanging on the hills and creeping over the water. There was no sign of the seal.

"It came in this morning and then went off again," Alan shouted. "I doubt if it's far away. Try hollering."

"You mean, *call* it?"

"That's right."

Very self-conscious, I cupped my hands and called, "*Hullo-oo!*" Some startled gulls rose from the rocks. Nothing else happened.

"*Hullo-oo-oo!*" I called again. And suddenly, far out in the pool, a gleaming thing surfaced, a wedge-shaped, eerily human form standing in a ribbon of mist. It seemed to hang there for a long moment, then it began to swim toward us. It stopped within three yards of the shore, half in and half out of the water, head raised and eyes calm and bright.

I had never been so close to a seal outside a zoo. The animal had molting fur, faded and patchy—quite different from the frosty gray sheen and velvety texture of its new coat. Our visitor, subsequently identified as a male Atlantic gray seal about 18 months old, was a little over four-and-a-half-feet long. When he opened his jaws, we saw a formidable set of pointed teeth. He had white whiskers that looked like plastic. The wide-open eyes were quite round, and they mirrored every mood.

While I seemed to perceive some sense of recognition within both the seal and me, I didn't feel that I could safely touch him. By the second week he had become so fearless that he would flop down beside me when I sat on the beach. He seemed to be inviting me to pet him, but still I did not dare. Those jaws could snap a hand off.

One day when I was not on the beach a couple spending a holiday in a nearby cottage brought their four-year-old daughter to see the "tame" seal at the cove.

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Racing ahead, she reached the beach where the seal lay sunning itself while her parents were still at the top of the ravine. They shouted, but she ran straight to the seal and began hugging and kissing it.

When her parents caught up, she was crooning, "Dear doggie, good doggie," and the seal was responding with obvious delight. His flippers clasped the child, and he was making a strange moaning sound. The two played all afternoon, and when the family left, there were tears.

After that we did not hesitate to pet him. He liked to have his stomach rubbed and the top of his head stroked. He would return our caresses by hugging us, or by mouthing our arms or legs between his teeth. Once he took my throat in his jaws, but so gently the skin was unmarked.

By late May the seal had taken complete possession of the pool. His amiability on shore had been proved, but the water was his own element. How would he react when swimming started at the cove? To find out, I put on a swimsuit one afternoon and walked to the water's edge. The seal followed, flopped into the water and looked at me inquiringly. I returned his gaze, trying to project my intention, and then I stepped off to stand beside him in the waist-deep water.

He had evidently thought us exclusively land animals until that moment. His look of surprise changed to one of joy. He swam close, put his flippers around my waist and pushed his muzzle into my neck, moaning in his characteristic way. Pushing him gently away, I began to show that I was able to romp with him in the sea as I did on land. He seemed to grasp this, and his excitement was apparent. He dived, surfaced, rolled like a porpoise, pulled me along by an arm or a leg, and drew me underwater till our faces met.

Anyone who has played with an aquatic animal in its own element can never forget the beauty of the experience. The seal's clumsiness on land is the penalty it pays for perfection in the water, where it is all grace and power. However, this power made the seal capable of dragging me down in deep water where he was at home and I was not. It seemed prudent to accustom him to these games in the shallows before venturing deeper.

Before long, holiday visitors would be coming to the pool. We not only had to be sure the seal represented no danger to swimmers, but we had to insure his own safety as well. While we considered that he might be safer if no one knew about him, we finally decided that if he became a well-known attraction on the holiday coast, no one would dare harm him. We gave accounts to local newspapers, and the publicity brought many sightseers to the cove as summer weather came on.

The seal welcomed petting from crowds of strangers. He became something of a pest as he grew used to people—knocking over small children, flopping down soaking wet in the middle of picnics, blowing fishy breath over the sandwiches, snapping at dogs and frightening old ladies. But he had no interest in anything edible except freshly caught fish, and even these he seemed to accept more to please the giver than himself. By mid-June he had calmed down, causing trouble only when small dogs yapped at him.

He reserved his love—as opposed to liking, which he gave indiscriminately—for the few people who would swim with him in deep water. There were never more than two or three at any time during the summer, and perhaps because I was the first, I seemed to be his favorite. Until the end of June, however, we all resisted his efforts to draw us out of the shallows.

One morning when I went to the cove, I called to him from the top of the ravine. Instantly he headed inshore and was waiting for me when I reached the beach. The cove was empty except for us. It was a wonderful morning, the pool like a sheet of glass under a sunny sky. He laid his head in my lap, and I stroked him till he nodded off. I had a sudden impulse to try swimming with him in deep water while he was in this languid mood.

He was asleep when I waded in, and I had swum 50 yards before he waked up and followed me. He dived under me and bobbed up in front, his eyes round with surprise. He looked like an anxious nanny saying, "Ought you to come so far?"

In the middle of the pool, where the depth is about 20 feet, I rested. He joined me, turned on his back, too, and we floated side by side. As the tide rocked us closer together, I reached for his flipper and held it. He turned his head to gaze into my face. I felt that I was looking back through time to the world before man was shunned by all other living things. It was like a glimpse of Eden.

This was the first of the unforgettable days. June went out in a heat wave, and I went to the cove as often as I could. His sight was so keen that he could recognize me far up the ravine. He barked and whined with impatience to get into the water, then plunged in ahead of me and waited. We would swim to the mouth of the cove and beyond, around the eastern reef to the lonely bay under St. Aldhelm's Head. I would rest on a boulder while the seal cruised about. Sometimes he caught a small fish, ate it under water, then sat up and wiped his face with his flippers. It was a joyous succession of days.

I saw less of him in August, when I spent many rainy and windy days at home working to finish the play I was writing. But I heard accounts of the "tame" seal, and I was assured that he was safe and well. August wore on, and then September, and I found it increasingly hard to find time to visit the beach.

In October I was too busy to get down to the pool more than two or three times. His other devotees reported that the seal welcomed them with extravagant delight. As they left, he followed them to the foot of the ravine, whining and crying.

A dream of despair

One October night I ran into Alan Lander. "It's my belief he'll be gone afore long," Alan said. "It's the loneliness. He can't stand it."

"But it doesn't make sense. His natural life is a lonely one."

"Say what you like, but it's my belief he'll make off."

I went home feeling disturbed, and that night I had a dream about the seal. Our customary roles were reversed, and it was he who called, and I who came. Fully clothed, I waded in and swam to him, but he drew farther out to the sea each time I approached, until I was alone in a waste of water far from shore.

Next day the weather turned to gales and thunderstorms that raged for a week. My thoughts were constantly on the cove, and at last I telephoned my friend Percy at the coast-guard station.

"Is he there still?"

"Yes. But if you want to see him again, you'd better go quick. We heard him howling last night, under the Head. I reckon he'll make off tomorrow."

It puzzled me that both men seemed so sure, but I knew better than to scoff at men who live close to the sea. I immediately drove down to the cove. From above, the bay looked deserted, but finally I saw him lying on the beach. The tide was high, and a big sea was running. I had to pick my way close under the cliff to reach him. He welcomed me with a great display of affection, but his eyes looked troubled. He kept shaking his head and whining. I sensed he was trying to tell me something I already knew. I sat down and took his head on my lap, stroking it and talking softly to him.

After a while my legs became cramped and I got up. He moved away from me down toward the water, looking searchingly at me. Suddenly I was reminded so vividly of my dream that I stumbled back in panic, then stared down at him with my heart pounding. While I hesitated, torn between fear and a longing to go to him, a wave ran halfway up the beach and licked at my feet. I turned and ran, scrambling from rock to rock between the crashing seas till I reached the ravine. The clay, soft with rain, clung to my shoes and held me back. In a kind of desperation I clawed my way to the top. When I looked down, muddied and gasping for breath, I saw that the seal had swum out to watch me climb. Now he was far out in the pool, still watching, a dark dot in the fading light.

I never saw him again. THE END

The seal eyes a freshly caught fish, the only kind of food he would accept. But he frequently horned in on picnics just the same.

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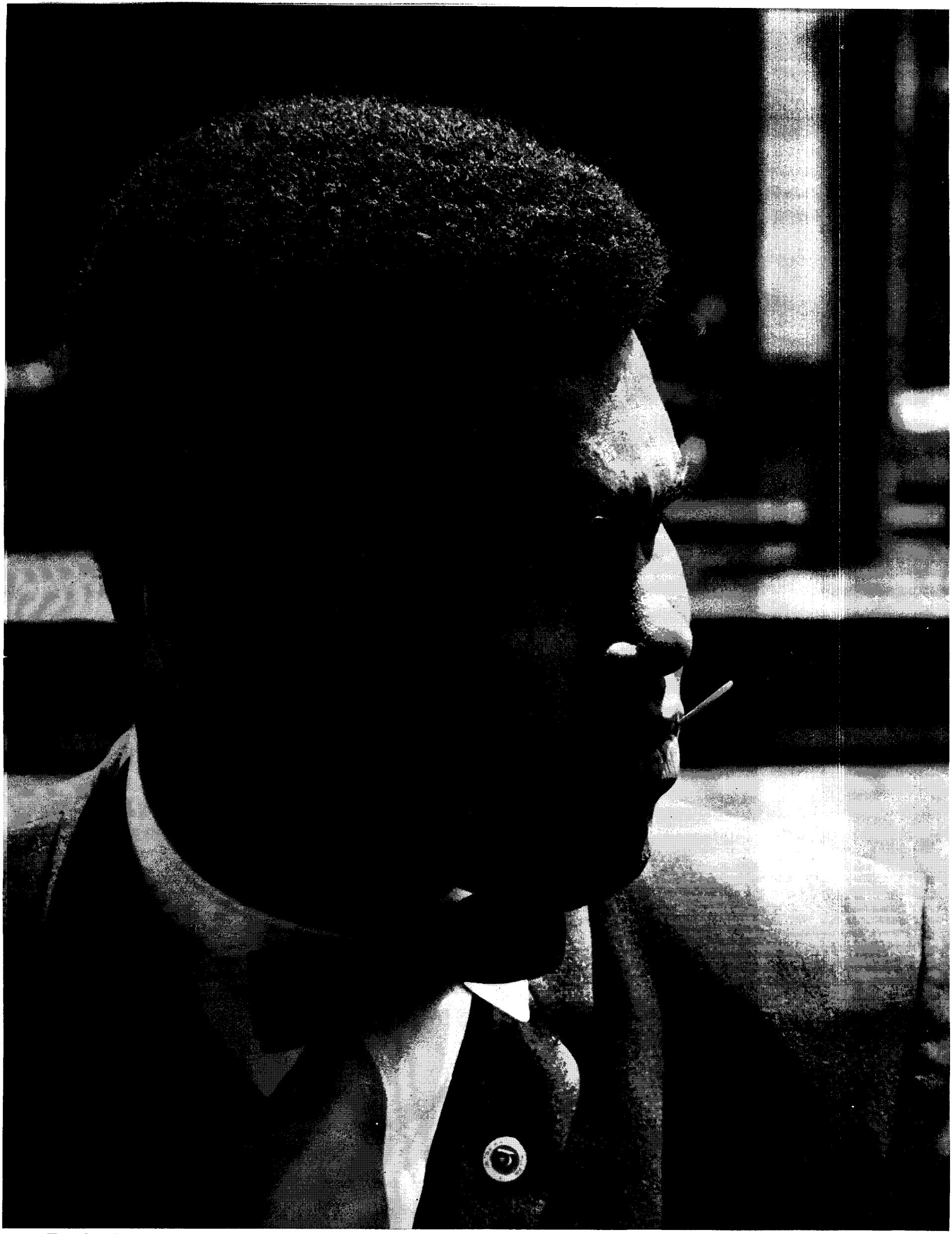

His old exuberance is gone, but the champ still radiates a moody confidence "I have a supernatural power with me when I enter the ring," he says

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By Myron Cope

MUSLIM CHAMP

SINCE CONFESSING HIS TIES TO ISLAM, CASSIUS CLAY HAS ASSUMED A NEW NAME AND A NEW PERSONALITY. QUESTION: DID MUHAMMAD ALI LEAVE HIS FIGHT IN THE MOSQUE?

His face solemn, the heavyweight champion trudged up the wooden stairs to the second-story Fifth Street Gym in Miami Beach. Strung out behind him were four members of his entourage—a bodyguard, a driver, a sparring partner, another bodyguard. Cassius Marcellus Clay, who now calls himself Brother Muhammad Ali and is convinced he is a beacon of righteousness in a wicked world, greeted no one as he entered the loft. Shoulders sloped, he moved past shuffling, shadow-boxing fighters to his dressing room, where he stripped off his faded dungarees and nondescript sport shirt. Naked, he sat down on a blue beach chair and stared blankly at the brilliantly red wall-to-wall Acrilan carpet that stamps his dressing room as the king's chamber.

"Mickey Rooney!" Clay sang out softly when he saw me in the doorway. He had bestowed the name during a 27-hour train trip we had made together two years earlier. I had not then known he was attending Black Muslim meetings, embracing the cult's dogma down to the rule demanding abstention from pork.

"Poke ninety percent live-cell parasites," he had observed in the dining car. "Poke ninety percent maggots. You let that poke lay two days, it get up and crawl. The hawg is an unclean animal. Cat, rat, dog, hawg—add 'em up." Unknowingly, I then had dismissed my dinner companion as the only kosher Baptist in the heavyweight division.

He was far different in those days. The younger Clay would sashay up the stairs, a toothpick tilted jauntily from his mouth, and Chris Dundee, occasionally substituting for his brother, trainer Angelo Dundee, would call out, "Come over here, and take that toothpick outta your mouth or I'll smack you." And Clay, not taking the toothpick out of his mouth, would retort, "These Dundees are crooks." His words, like Dundee's, were pure banter. Today there is little banter left. Having succeeded Malcolm X as the loudest Black Muslim, Clay has been fighting a socio-religious battle with the Christian world, and this, more than anything else, seems to have taken away his former exuberance. He still acts the clown for TV cameras but only to sell fight tickets.

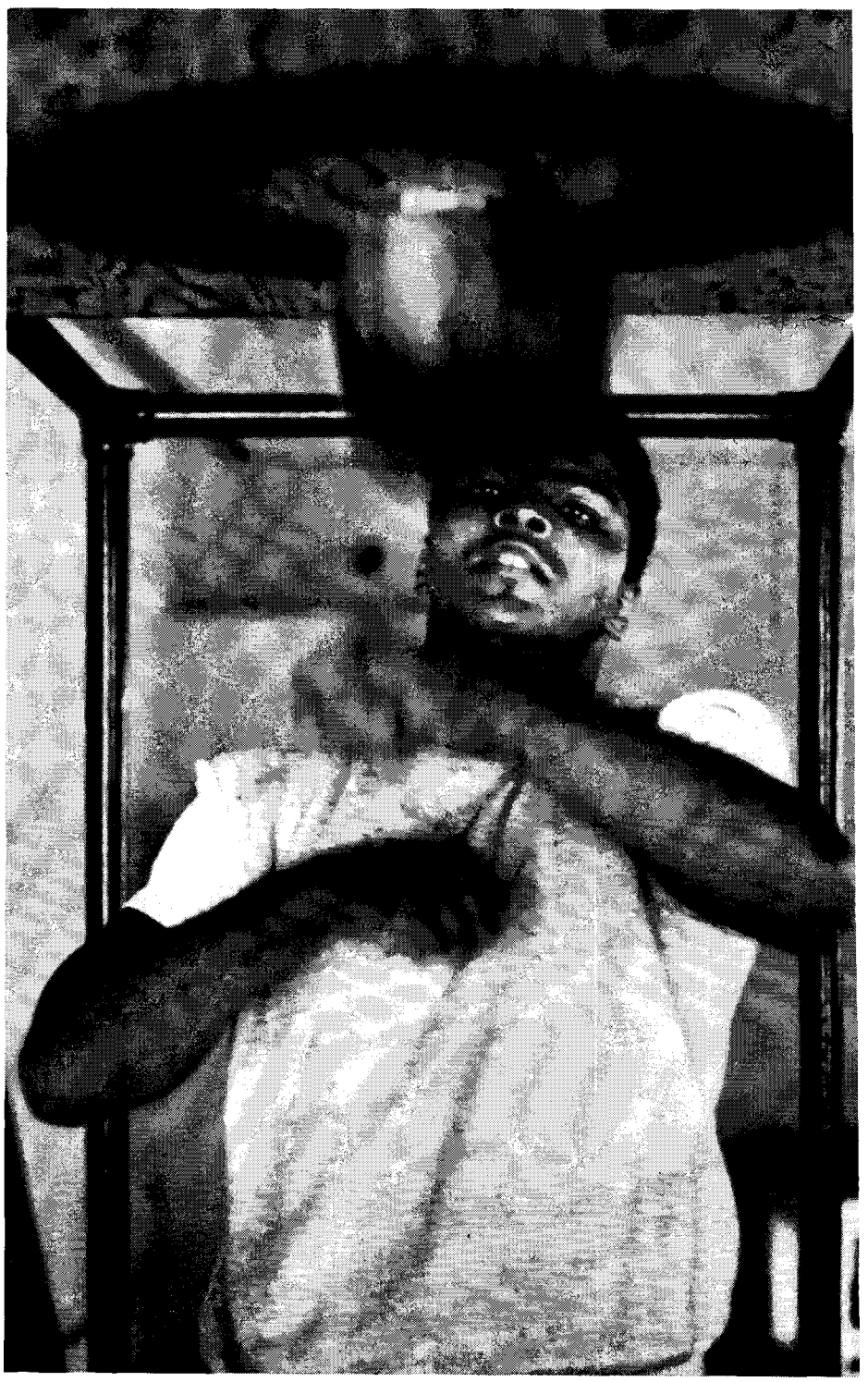
To Clay's mind his technical knockout of Sonny Liston last February was confirmation that he has a greater destiny—to bring truth to the world. He has been consumed by a Messianic complex, but because he is a prophet who enjoys the feel of cash he will defend the championship against Liston next Monday in Boston. There can be no doubt about the outcome, Clay insists. "I have supernatural power with me when I enter the ring," he argues, entirely serious. "I talk to Almighty God twenty minutes before a fight. I say, 'Let the best man win.'"

By this, Clay does not mean the best fighter but the man who will best carry out the orders of Allah. "I am carrying out God's word," he concludes, "so He keeps me winning."

Convinced that he has nothing to fear from Liston's thunderous left hook, Clay has shown little taste for the training grind that he resumed last September. He had spent six months prancing through Harlem and Chicago (where he had married), Ghana, Nigeria and Egypt. He had made it possible for Nasser and Nkrumah to say that theirs was the hand that shook the hand of Cassius Marcellus Clay. He returned to training weighing 231½ pounds—21 pounds over his previous weight. Though he is only 22, his face had puffed up like a pumpkin, and fat quivered on his back and belly. Flying in the face of sound advice, he insisted on sparring his first day back in the gym, not because he was eager but simply because he delights in doing the opposite of what he is told. Chip Johnson, his sparring partner, promptly slashed open his mouth and decked him with a right hand.

Halfway through his training period Clay fired his "sleep-in trainer," Drew (Bundini) Brown, a goateed Negro who had spoken too harshly while trying to persuade his employer to do roadwork. Bundini, a cheerful non-Muslim, was rehired within 24 hours and was back sprinkling the champion's boxing clothes with perfumed talcum when I arrived.

As Clay emerged from his dressing room that day, he was down to 226 pounds but still fleshy as a whale. He



Clay still has fast hands, but has shown only occasional interest in his training.

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'I JUST GOT A LITTLE FAT ON ME FROM EATING SOME OF THAT RICH MUSLIM COOKING.'

Muslim Champ

climbed into the ring to box three rounds with Cody Jones, a thickly muscled 214-pounder. Astonishingly, the champion lit into Jones with lightning-quick combinations. He flicked out jabs that thumped like a club, making Jones's eyes water. In the third round Clay came down off his toes and banged Jones with an impressive body attack that is new to his repertory. This was, unlike many of the days ahead, a day when Clay had not left his fight in the mosque.

Outside the gym the champion climbed on a shoeshine stand and preached pure living to an elderly colored bootblack at work on his shoes. "Why don't you give up that wine and get you a glass of cold soda water? Why don't you get you a glass of cold milk?"

"Man," said the bootblack, "that milk will kill you."

His shoes shined, but without a convert, Clay climbed into a white Buick Wildcat, driven by his Muslim chauffeur, Sam X. Saxon, a light-skinned man in a straw hat. "Call me Muhammad or call me Ali," Clay advised as we drove to his house, "but if you forget and call me Cassius, that don't bother me none." Cruising along, the new Clay discussed politics. "Kennedy," he said, "just seemed so nice, he didn't seem like no President." He expressed an admiration for Barry Goldwater, saying that "he say what he thinks." Then, suddenly, a flash of the old Clay reappeared. Spying a friend driving ahead on the causeway, Clay leaned out his window and frightened the man with a perfect vocal imitation of a police siren.

Clay's home is a small gray stucco cottage in a northwest Miami neighborhood that whites fled when it was integrated about two years ago. His furniture is inexpensive. The white star and crescent of Islam hangs on the living-room wall, framed against a red background. Altogether, Clay's house—headquarters might be a better word—seemed to be a wellspring of imponderables that threaten the communicant's boxing title. In his developmental days, there was no more vociferous exponent of single-minded purpose than Clay himself. "In olden days," he declared at 20, "a fighter go back in the woods to train and drink tea without sugar in it, getting *mean*." That, or something like that, was the course he intended to follow. Yet his existence today is complicated by his executive duties as potentate over four sparring partners, two lady cooks, a chauffeur, a personal bus driver, two trainers (not counting Dundee), two bodyguards who double in light housework, and one male secretary.

Each day Clay had to decide whether to travel to the gym in his two-telephone limousine or in his red-and-white 29-passenger bus, which he personally washes, and on which is painted WORLD'S HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION.

At one point, vigorously scrubbing away a foreign fleck of paint, he proclaimed, "I'll take this bus to Boston and park it at a nice intersection, and in five hours' time everybody will know I am there. I don't need no radio or TV." A few minutes later, a plumber confronted Clay on his doorstep with a check that had bounced. "Those checks ain't supposed to do that, all the money I got," said the champ. "I'll have to fire that secretary of mine." Fan mail from the Islamic East still awaited answers.

"Cassius seems in a daze," said light-heavyweight champion Willie Pastrano, who trains at the Fifth Street Gym. Pastrano is fond of Clay, who in turn greeted Pastrano by calling out, "Weel-lie P!" when making his otherwise silent entrances to the gym. "The real Clay is hidden," Pastrano went on. "I hope he'll get up for the fight like the last time and be a cat. He tries to talk, to be friends, but then he'll clam up and go.

"I don't know what's holding him back, but whatever it is, it's a problem to him. This has to affect a fighter."

To a great extent, the trouble is that Clay's Muslim posture is misunderstood, and that by labeling himself Muhammad Ali he has completely severed communication with whites. Having traveled with Clay in his pre-championship days, I had been unwilling to believe that a young man with so bright a gift for teasing the world could hate. Henry H. Arrington, a Negro attorney and adviser to Martin Luther King Jr., told me: "I can assure you I have never seen any indication whatsoever of Cassius disliking white people generally."

Whatever the actual teachings propounded in the Muslim meetings, Clay denies that he considers all whites to be devils. "I'm stressing just the works that the whites generally has been doing," he said in his dressing room. "They blows up all these little colored people in church, wash people down the street with water hoses. It's not the color that make you a devil, just the deeds that you do.

"It's as our leader Elijah Muhammad teaches us, couldn't nobody argue. I'm no authority on Islam. I am just a follower. If you be a blue race, and you do the works of the devil, then we can call you a devil. You got white people who died under demonstrations, died under tractor wheels for colored people. I wouldn't call them no devil."

Another day, sitting on the stoop in front of his house, the champion spoke only contempt for Malcolm X., the excommunicated Black Muslim who was thought to have been Clay's religious mentor. "I didn't invite him down here," Clay snapped. "He came down on his own. He's nothing now. Our teacher took him off the streets, a jailbird, a hoodlum, and it was Elijah Muhammad's teachings that made him able to go on any TV. But he failed. Who is he gonna represent now?"

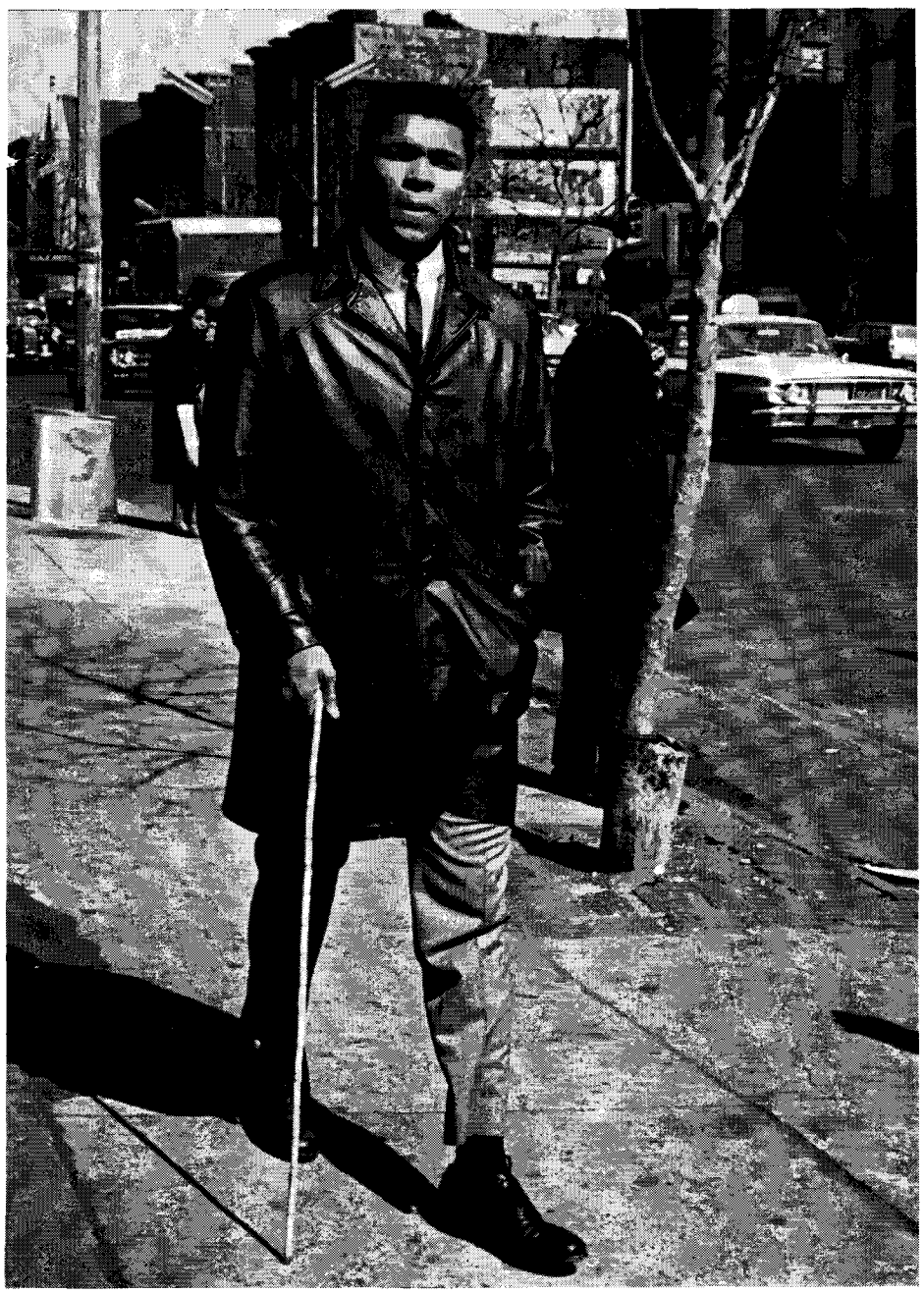
Clay has been a registered Black Muslim for a year but has attended meetings for three. He was attracted to the cult, he explained, because its people neither drank nor smoked, and they deported themselves well. He embraced their conviction that people belong with their own kind—whites with whites, blacks with blacks. This is simply nature's law, said Clay. "I am an American; I was born here," he said softly, trying to make himself understood. "Our leader and teacher will tell you himself, we respect America and respect whites for coming here and making a paradise from nothing. It ain't no hate or no fight or no arguing. We just want freedom."

But what is freedom? The right to vote, to get a job? Clay, with all the best intentions, produced confusion. "No, freedom is when a man can go on his own—grow his own food, have his own clothing factories, govern and make his own laws." Form a separate nation? No, he said, because the world is going to be destroyed and only the good, both black and white, will survive in the kingdom of heaven.

Listening to Clay's resonant, evangelistic voice, and knowing he is not even mean enough to lift a beagle by the ears, one feels that the Black Muslim movement is perfect for him, for he has always had the makings of a marvelous creek preacher, and because Black Muslimism offers him the woolly easy truths of a tent meeting. "Our leader, Elijah Muhammad, is the most feared, the most undebatable religious leader on the planet earth," declared Clay. "He teaches on how much the earth weighs, on how much water is on the earth, how sixty-six trillion years ago man put the moon out there by exploding it off the earth. He teaches on the sun and anything you want to know."

Most of the people in the champion's court are Muslims, or Muzzies, as the fight mob calls them. The visitor hears such names as Hasan Sharif (valet), Sister Ruth (cook), and Rahaman Ali (Clay's brother, formerly Rudolph Valentino Clay). But Clay does not insist on conversion. He only insists that all live cleanly while around him. ("Give me a cigarette, please," a man whispered to me in Clay's house, "but don't give it to me 'til nobody's looking.") The champion's entourage was cordial, quite willing to pass the time of day with a white man. The only note of eastern mystery was struck by Clay's wife, Sonji.

Little is known about her. Clay forbids journalists to interview her, stating that the Islam faith relegates women to the background. Frequently, however, Sonji visited the gym. She is a small, pretty girl from Chicago, with coffee complexion, large dark eyes and a wasp waist. She is somewhat older than her husband, and has an eight-year-old son by a previous marriage. According to customary training procedure, Sonji herself lived apart from the champion in a Miami apartment.



Last March, Clay visited Harlem, announced he had changed name to Muhammad Ali.

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2 New Farm Country Soups

Now Campbell brings you 2 great farm-country soups—so old-fashioned they're new! They're like the soups made in farm kitchens, hearty and homemade-tasting. We're so sure you'll like them, we want you to try them free!*

New! Noodles & Ground Beef Soup!

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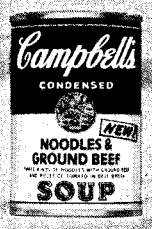
Now you can enjoy a new noodle soup that looks and tastes like the good soups made in the days when homemade noodles dried in golden strips back of a farm-kitchen stove. Campbell's Noodles & Ground Beef Soup is brimful of noodles, ground beef, tomato and other vegetables. Your family will love it.



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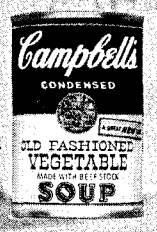

*Free offer! Here's how you can get both new soups free!

Buy one can each of Campbell's new soups—Noodles & Ground Beef and Old Fashioned Vegetable. Send the labels with your name and address and the price you paid to: NEW SOUPS, BOX 666, SPRING PARK, MINN. We'll refund your purchase price in cash! Limit—1 refund per family. Offer expires January 31, 1965. Void if restricted or prohibited by law.

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While Cassius Clay was visiting Cairo last summer, he sported a new fez.

HE IS A FIGHTER WHO KNOWS FEAR.

Like a good Muslim, Clay's new wife, Sonji, remains discreetly in the background.

Muslim Champ

At the gym she sat expressionless and demure on a bench, beside whichever of Clay's aides had been tapped that day to play bodyguard.

I asked Clay if I might interview her. "I'll make a phone call and see if they'll give me permission," he replied enigmatically. The next day he told me, as he got into his boxing clothes, that "they" had denied permission. As he was about to begin sparring, he sent word to me through Dundee that I should sit beside Sonji and *try* to interview her. He wanted to put her to the test. If she granted me an interview, she would be in disobedience.

"You'll have to talk to him," she told me, keeping the faith. Later, doing calisthenics, Clay lovingly blew her kisses.

On still another afternoon, as the champion and his aggregation piled into his house upon returning from the gym, Sonji's temper flashed and she rattled recriminations about her husband. He had headed straight for the cold orange juice in the refrigerator. Throughout training he had been foolishly indulging his passion for chilled orange juice even when his body was heated from roadwork; Allah's protection had not spared him upset stomachs. "You ain't cooled off yet, and you already had two glasses of orange when you left the gym," Sonji railed at him now.

"Who you, a fighter? You a fighter?" demanded Clay.

Sonji carried no more influence than trainer Angelo Dundee. Clay defiantly downed a tall glass of orange juice with one long swallow.

Dundee, a short, slender man, has been a curious study during Clay's preparations for the fight. He was hired by Clay's owners, 11 well-to-do white Kentuckians, at the start of Clay's professional career and has since been supplemented by two Clay appointees—Bundini Brown and ex-heavyweight Solomon McTier. A canny man, Dundee has more than earned his pay. In the first Clay-Liston fight, when Clay wanted to quit after the fifth round because he was temporarily blinded by a caustic that had accidentally rubbed off on him from Liston's face, it was Dundee who literally pushed him back into action. It has been Dundee again, who repeatedly has seen to it that Clay's fights are held in a 20-foot ring—two feet larger than usual. For a boxer whose style is to fight on the run, the additional room is of incalculable value. Incredibly, Liston's overconfident camp consented to a 20-foot ring when their man, then the champ, was in a position to dictate otherwise.

For all of Dundee's brain trusting, the fact remains that he advises only at King Clay's pleasure. During sparring, Dundee has not shouted instructions to Clay ever since the day, quite some time ago, that Clay turned to him in the middle of a round and ordered him to shut up. Visitors who have wondered at Dundee's passive role have been assured by him that it is his policy to allow his fighters free rein; attempting levity, Dundee recalled that a newspaperman had asked Clay if he planned to substitute another Negro trainer for the olive-skinned Italian. "Why should I do that?" Clay replied. "Angelo's blacker than me."

Yet in the gym, Clay has been his own professor. One afternoon a newspaperman asked Dundee how many rounds Clay would spar. Probably six, answered Dundee. Clay sparred none. He merely entered the ring and shadowboxed. He then sat on a table, staring grimly into space. Dundee, evidently shaken by so complete an exhibition of nontraining, fetched a Cuban named Luis Sarria, who specializes in leading Clay's calisthenics. Practically pulling Clay off the table, Dundee directed him to throw punches at Sarria's upraised palms.

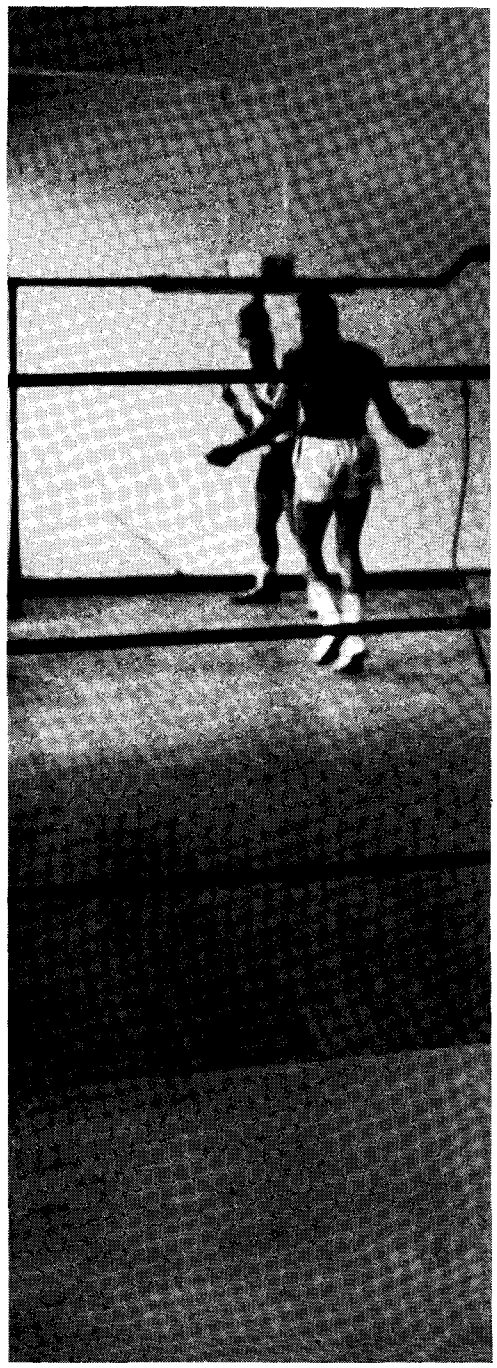
Clay flicked out jabs for about 30 seconds, then quit. Bundini Brown rushed over to Dundee shouting, "Whatcha want to make him do that for? You know he don't like it."

"Go to hell," snapped Dundee, his patience shot. Amid such precious empathy did the Clay camp press forward.

Reminded that he had ridiculed Sonny Liston's flabbiness last February, the hefty Clay took cover behind morality. "Liston would drink a little liquor," he said. "I just get a little fat on me from eating that rich Muslim cooking—pies and cakes." Pagan bookmakers, unable to appreciate the difference, made Liston a 2-to-1 favorite on the early line. "It is a fact," Clay said, "that once you get to be a champion you don't have to scuffle like you used to. But it's nothing dirty. No filth internal is in me." Reaching into his shirt and pinching a roll of flesh around his belly, he reassured himself with inscrutable logic, saying, "That is good for training. I will weigh 215, and I could come in at 226 and be in shape. I am growing."

Clay knew that those around him scarcely could challenge his training program, for his methods had been challenged

Clay shadowboxes in ring at Miami's



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last winter and he had emerged noisily triumphant. Training for his first fight with Liston, he had boxed frequently but had shown little in his workouts. Afterward, he claimed that he had wanted to leave sportswriters unimpressed—that he had done his serious training secretly. This is nonsense. Fighters cannot train twice a day. The fact is that Clay deceived the press because he refuses to put all his equipment together in one workout. He may spend an entire workout slipping and blocking punches.

Liston, in contrast to the previous fight, has been training hard. "Last time, he was training with kids, with midgets," said one trainer. "This time he has boxed with men." Having once misjudged Clay as a flannelmouthed amateur, Liston now knows him for what he is—shrewd, calculating and a very good fighter. When the two men weighed in for their first fight in Miami Beach, Clay stomped and raved so wildly that the boxing commission doctor announced, "Frankly, I think he's scared to death." Clay's pulse was 120, almost double his normal rate.

Actually, Clay had given a performance that could not have been touched by the best of Lee Strasberg's method actors. Visiting the Fifth Street Gym recently, Dr. Ferdie Pacheco, Clay's personal physician, explained:

"He felt Liston would be cautious of a crazy man because Liston didn't know what a crazy man would do. Liston felt that anybody he snarled at should become timid, and this confused him.

"When we left the weigh-in," Dr. Pacheco continued, "Clay was almost stoical. He had an almost Oriental detachment. He didn't even have to unwind." Hourly, the doctor checked Clay's lungs, blood pressure, heart rate and pulse—all remained completely normal.

Next Monday, of course, it will not be necessary for Clay to stage another weigh-in tantrum. Indeed, says Dr. Pacheco, the absence of some reason for scheming against Liston has been hurting Clay, although it is possible that a reason will emerge. At present, though, Pacheco says, "I don't even know if he's very interested in fighting."

Clay has always been his own most devoted fan, but on a recent afternoon, when his aides and I settled down in his living room to watch a film of the first Liston fight, he wandered off to his bedroom. For anyone who has not seen the film before, the experience is most illuminating. Liston had quit at the end of the sixth round, claiming he had torn the biceps tendon below his left shoulder when he had missed with a hard left hook in the first round, yet his performance was anything but that of a cripple. The film shows the off-target punch clearly—and also shows that Liston immediately followed with three left jabs. He compared himself to a man fighting with his left arm strapped to a tree, yet he carried both fists high to the very end, and he punched almost exclusively with his left. In the final round, moreover, he threw his prettiest left hook. It was a short, crisp punch, thrown with the elbow tight to the body, with all of Liston's 218 pounds behind it. Clay, moving deftly away, allowed it to graze his chin.

While doctors confirmed Liston's injury, the suspicion was that Liston, accustomed to the dominance bullies enjoy, had no taste for fighting a man who could trade him six punches for one. "Every time you seen him before," concluded the sage Bundini Brown, "you seen him chasin' the rabbit. But had you ever seen the gun in the rabbit's hand? The champ *creates* punches. He's the type of fighter who do not know what he's doing himself. Like a painter, he is a stranger to his own talent."

Also, by Clay's own admission he is a fighter who knows fear. During his campaign to convince Liston that he was a lunatic, he once found Sonny shooting craps in a Las Vegas casino and proceeded to harass him, collecting a crowd. Finally Liston left the table, beckoning Clay to a far corner of the room. Liston fixed him with a long, murderous look, then slapped him sharply across the face.

"W-wha' fo' you do that?" Clay stammered, and then retreated from the room.

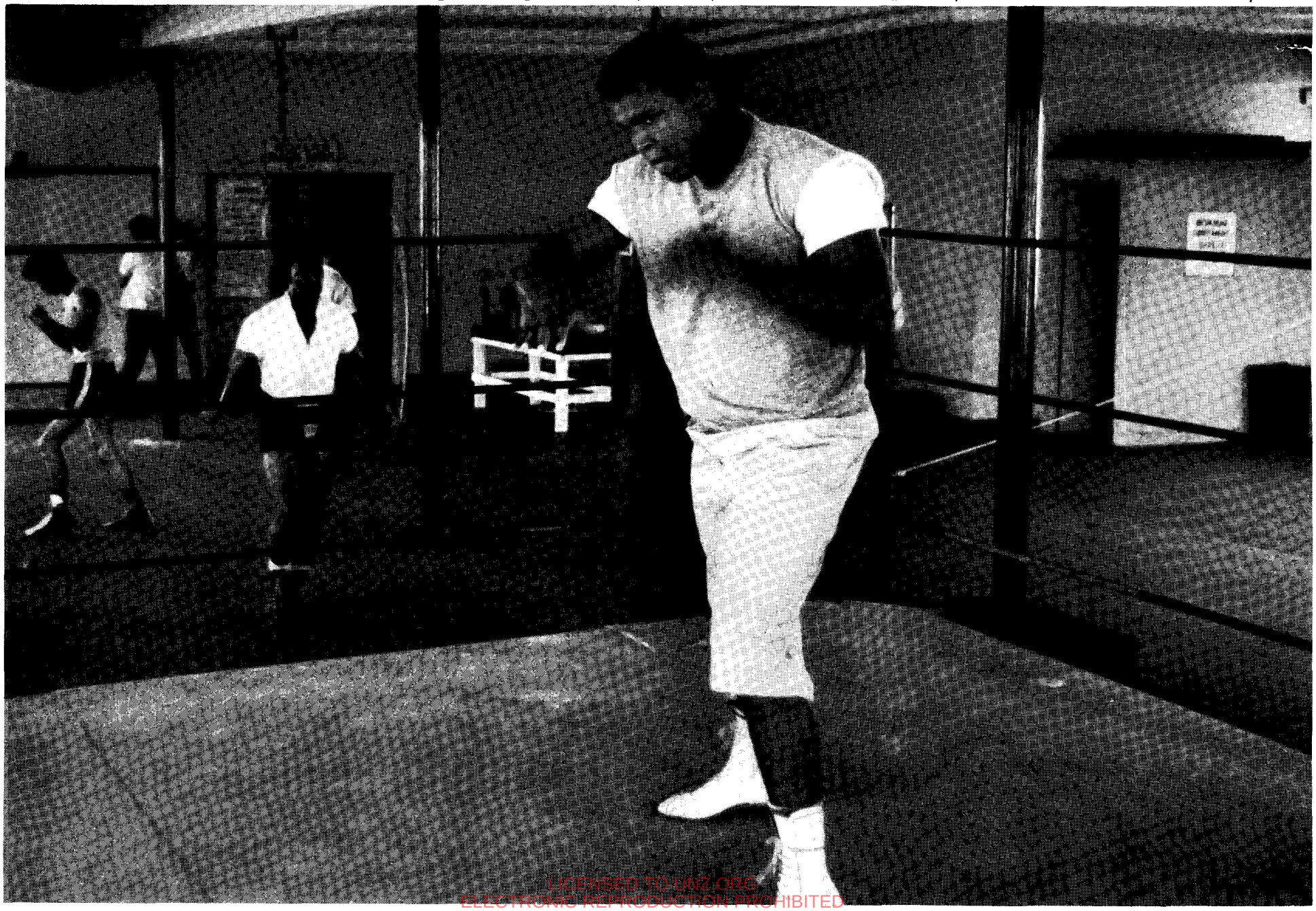
Clay's history of calculated deceptions now prompts the suspicion, of course, that his present case of galloping religion is but another decoy to serve who knows what end. Clay himself strengthened the suspicion when he declared, "Just by my being a Muslim, that should draw a bigger gate. I make Liston white—a white hope. He was a gangster, now I have made him clean." On reexamination, however, Clay's remarks were nothing more than cute verbiage. He well knows—and, indeed, one of his Kentucky owners privately has said so—that his commitment to Islam has cost him roughly two million dollars in commercial endorsements.

Surprisingly, the curious coalition—Kentucky Christians and Muslim mouthpiece—has rowed its boat harmoniously. "They're nice fellas," says Clay. Gordon B. Davidson, attorney for the syndicate, says of the champion's Muslim affiliation: "Our public comment has to be no comment. Cassius has never criticized the group in public, and we feel we owe him the same loyalty."

Meanwhile, largely because the champion's cultist pronouncements gall the public, Clay the fighter continues to be labeled an impostor, though in only 20 professional fights he has developed into one of the most beautiful fighting machines ever seen in the heavyweight division. If he is in anything like good condition, and if the sight of Liston's left hook reawakens him from his theological meditations, he should knock out Liston Monday. But the ifs loom large. When last seen, Clay was lolling through another day, his attention distracted by the vision he holds of himself as a commentator on the times.

"I think I will buy me a two-motor Beechwood [sic] so I can jump in it and go someplace quick," he said thoughtfully. "They might want me to speak at some college." THE END

Fifth Street Gym. He has shown flashes of old speed and power, but refuses to follow orders. One day he defied his trainer and was knocked flat.



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Are you charged with murder most foul?
Is the evidence damning?
Have you even, perhaps, confessed?
There is still hope.

'Get Percy Foreman'

By Thomas Martin and Patrick O'Bryan

Strands of hair framing his forehead, Foreman interviews prospective clients in his Houston law office.

It was a singularly cheerless time for Mrs. Ethel Simpson. In four days of unrelenting testimony, the state's prosecutor had relentlessly hammered home the theme that the slight, middle-aged Fort Worth housewife had murdered her husband for the basest of reasons—$13,000 in life insurance.

Ballistics tests showed that a gun belonging to Mrs. Simpson was the murder weapon. Paraffin tests revealed that she had fired a gun. Under expert police grilling, Mrs. Simpson had confessed to the murder, and the prosecutor introduced the confession into evidence. With a final flourish he pointed a shaking finger at Mrs. Simpson and thundered, "Make this woman pay for her crime in the electric chair."

Slumped in a chair beside his jittery client, Defense Attorney Percy Foreman seemed to be taking little notice of the drama in the courtroom. His eyelids drooped. The shoulders of his massive, 250-pound frame sagged perceptibly, and twin strands of long, iron-gray hair fell in loops on either side of his broad forehead like a huge parenthesis.

But when Foreman rose to conduct his defense, he was a picture of brisk efficiency. He straightened his flowing silk tie, deftly buttoned the jacket of his dark suit and advanced confidently toward the waiting jury. He had little doubt about his basic strategy.

"In a murder case," he explained later, "you should never allow the defendant to be tried. Try someone else—the husband, the lover, the police, or if the case has social implications, society generally. But never the defendant."

A rapid succession of defense witnesses depicted Mrs. Simpson's slain husband as a man of unmitigated violence. Mrs. Simpson vividly described nocturnal beatings at the hands of a husband she called "a brute with an ungovernable temper," and vowed she would have left him long ago "if it hadn't been for the children." As the jury strained to catch the sobbing widow's words, Foreman asked softly, "Why did you shoot him?"

A look of horror crossed Mrs. Simpson's face. "He was after me with a hunting knife," she quavered.

Even more effective than Mrs. Simpson's testimony, however, was Foreman's depiction of the slain husband as a sadistic animal-hater. Witnesses whom he called suggested that Simpson might have been responsible for poisoning some 20 dogs and "stomping to death" a puppy. During his closing argument, Foreman evoked the full horror of such savagery before resting a paternal hand on Mrs. Simpson's shoulder.

"This woman's life," he told the jury softly, "was hell on earth. Any man who would beat his wife and even stomp a poor puppy to death. . . ." Momentarily overcome, Foreman paused, shook his head, then added, "Send this woman back where she belongs—to the people who love her, to her children."

Six hours later, when the jury returned a verdict of "not guilty," a cheer swept the courtroom and Foreman heaved an audible sigh. Mrs. Simpson burst into fresh tears, embraced her grinning defense counsel and cried out, "Thank God for Percy Foreman."

Over the past 30 years similar expressions of gratitude have been voiced by hundreds of accused murderers who owe their freedom or, at any rate, their survival to Foreman. So formidable is his reputation as a defense attorney that one state legislator, arguing unsuccessfully for the abolition of capital punishment in Texas, based much of his plea on Foreman's courtroom successes. "Nobody who has the money to hire Percy Foreman," said the lawmaker, "has any real fear of the death penalty."

Foreman's record has, indeed, been little short of miraculous. During his flamboyant career he has represented no fewer than 700 accused killers who had the presence of mind to tell loved ones, "Get Percy Foreman." More than half

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Aged for taste. Blended for taste. And taste alone.
Is that the way to make a cigarette?
Millions of Lucky smokers seem to think so.
See if you don't agree.

Taste fine tobacco at its best.
Smoke a Lucky Strike.

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'Nobody who has the money to hire Percy Foreman as attorney has any real fear of the death penalty.'

'Get Percy Foreman'

of these never stood jury trial at all. Either they were nobilled by skeptical grand juries, or they capitalized on Foreman's uncanny legal horse trading, pleaded guilty to lesser crimes, and thereby exchanged dates with the electric chair for prison terms—usually short ones. Only 50 of the 700 ever so much as went to jail. And of the 370 murder cases which Foreman has brought before a jury, only one ended in death for the accused, a hapless restaurateur named Steve Mitchell, who shot his wife to death one quiet evening in 1952.

"The trouble with that case," Foreman recalls, "is that it was a thoroughly senseless killing, and the circumstances surrounding it were pretty gruesome. Anyway, you can't win 'em all."

No one doubts that he does try, however. "In Texas," says Foreman, "there are thirteen grounds on which murder is justifiable by state statute. A person is innocent when one or more of these grounds is applicable. My clients are innocent either because they did not perform the acts of which they are accused, or because the acts were justifiable."

While Foreman's talents earn him the undying gratitude of his clients—along with rather handsome fees—some lawyers with whom he has battled in court have expressed bitterness about both his tactics and his concept of justice. "Justice, hell!" one former adversary sneers. "The only justice he knows is get 'em off and get their money."

Foreman is equally unpopular with certain Houston police officials. They object mainly to his contention that murder confessions are almost always obtained under duress—physical or otherwise.

A classic opportunity for Foreman to make this allegation presented itself in 1950, when a rackets figure named Vincent Vallone was murdered, in the approved underworld manner, by an assailant firing a shotgun from a speeding sedan. Local lawmen headed by the highly popular sheriff, C. V. (Buster) Kern, and his sidekick, Texas Ranger Johnny Klevenhagen, launched an all-out hunt, and Houston's newspapers confidently predicted that the two—known locally as the "Gold Dust Twins"—would soon produce the killer.

In due course the "Gold Dust Twins" apprehended a man named Diego Carlino, spirited him off to an obscure Texas Gulf Coast jail, and shortly thereafter announced that he had confessed all. To prove it, the two produced Carlino's typewritten "confession."

"They tortured this man to obtain this illegal confession," Percy roared during the trial. "Who in this courtroom wouldn't confess if he were left alone with these two men for an hour?"

As Percy bellowed, the eyes of the jurors shifted to the "Gold Dust Twins" seated in the courtroom—the rock-jawed Sheriff Kern and the equally granite-faced Ranger Klevenhagen. "Not guilty," said the jury, whereupon Kern and Klevenhagen emitted cries of rage, leaped the courtroom railing, pounced on Percy, and proceeded to pummel him until they were restrained. "See," one juror exclaimed triumphantly to another, "I told you the sheriff did it."

While Foreman's local fame chiefly derives from cases like the murders of Simpson or Vallone, some of his most lucrative practice involves civil cases, particularly society divorces. For the most part these fail to attract as much attention as a sensational murder trial, but Foreman handled one last year that made headlines for days.

On this occasion he represented a Houston society matron named Mrs. Cecil Blaffer Hudson in her marital struggle with her then-husband, Edward. So well did Foreman represent her, in fact, that Mrs. Hudson left the courtroom with not only her divorce but also the highest contested settlement in U.S. divorce history—a tidy $6.5 million in cash, plus $3 million in oil wells, stock, real estate, and art objects, as well as custody of the couple's two children and $1,200 monthly for their support.

Foreman is perhaps best known, however, for a case he did not handle at all. Shortly after gunning down Lee Harvey Oswald, Jack Ruby issued a call for Foreman's services from his Dallas jail cell. But in one of the more bizarre twists of that period, Ruby's family balked at what it considered Foreman's demand for an excessive fee. As Foreman tells it today, "Somehow, there was a great deal of confusion over legal fees. Anyway, Ruby's family was quoted a figure which happened to be four times higher than the fee that I had actually asked, and they turned it down. I don't know how something like that happened—but it did."

A side of the great defender seldom seen in court: proud father Foreman with his wife and daughter, both named Marguerite.

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At 62, Foreman candidly admits that he is a millionaire who can "pick and choose my own cases"—of which he generally has about 100 in various stages of progress at any one time. Of those he is presently handling, the one that seems most likely to produce headlines stems from the murder of millionaire banker Jacques Mossler in Miami Beach last June. Dade County authorities have charged Mossler's nephew, Melvin Powers, with the killing, and Mrs. Mossler, the widow, has retained Foreman to defend the young man. The case has not yet been brought before a grand jury.

Meanwhile, back in Houston, Foreman lives like the reigning local rajah he resembles. Like most Texas millionaires he has at his disposal a fleet of automobiles, but he prefers an aging Chrysler Imperial, which he drives himself. He and his second wife, Marguerite, a former German ballet and cinema star he met while on a business trip abroad in 1957, live in a sprawling, $75,000 ranch house in Houston's swank Memorial Drive section. The house is guarded by a quartet of fierce Rottweilers, one of which recently bit his six-year-old daughter, Marguerite. Characteristically, Foreman defended the animal. "You can't blame the dog for doing what he was trained to do in a certain situation. He was trained to guard, and he was guarding."

Despite his present material success, Foreman insists he finds it difficult to forget that he grew up as an East Texas farm boy who once labored under the starry-eyed impression that justice and the law were synonymous.

"They're not," he argues. "The trial of a criminal case is a tug-of-war between the prosecution and the defense. It's more like an athletic contest, with each side trying to 'win' instead of trying to arrive at the facts of a case to determine justice under the law based on such facts."

Foreman's personal crusade at the moment is an attempt to upgrade the public image of the criminal defense attorney, which he fears has fallen into disrepute. "In the movies," he says, "you see the defense attorney pictured as a 'mouthpiece' or as a 'shyster lawyer,' concerned only with 'springing' his client."

To help restore luster to the concept of the criminal defense lawyer, Foreman became the first president of a new legal organization called the National Association of Defense Lawyers—which, he maintains, "has a code of ethics more strict and demanding than any other bar association in the United States."

"The criminal defense lawyer," says Foreman, "was respected in America 50 years ago. Today he's still respected everywhere in the world but in America. We propose to see that he regains his place at the bar of America."

While he awaits this respect, Percy continues to win cases and make money. Asked recently whom he considered the greatest lawyer of the nineteenth century, he pondered briefly; then a broad grin flooded his features.

"Well," he said, "since I was born in 1902, the question is really irrelevant, wouldn't you say?" THE END

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A man who doesn't know right from wrong at all is more dependable than one who thinks he's learned to tell the difference.

The Madras rumble

By IRVIN FAUST

I decided to live at International House simply because I couldn't afford any of the furnished rooms in the Columbia area, not through any particular desire to improve my understanding of my fellow man. At the time I was anxious to complete my Master's in traffic management as quickly and economically as possible and get back to making money; and since the Rockefeller grant stipulated that International House must include a quota of Americans, I found that the cubicle I was assigned on the third floor was ideal. There was a certain stimulating isolation which helped my concentration, for my fellow students were deeply imbedded in their own problems of coping with America; all around me flowed an intense babble of tongues and a confusion of major crises which provided a thick insulation from social and cultural obligations. My fellowship was for one year; and Tomkins, Allison and Strube, in reluctantly granting me a leave, indicated that they would settle for nothing less than the M.A. if I expected to return as traffic manager.

Settling into my routine, I found I wasn't as rusty as I had feared. Some of the work, particularly in automation and computers, was positively exhilarating, chiefly, I think, because my early life had been so haphazard and improvisational. A family of nine, struggling on the edges of the tough Greenpoint section of Brooklyn, doesn't have the inner resources to be very efficient, structured, or even integrated. Today I would call them an unproductive group, would fire them, or at the very least institute a retraining program. Ironically, it was just this cultural background that came to my rescue when I found that I had seriously miscalculated, even with my bare mode of living; a new accounting of my resources revealed that I would reach insolvency by June.

That day in May I went to see a Dr. C. Bedell, program director and employment officer, and asked him about part-time work. In the soft, professional way of underpaid social-service people, he asked me if I had ever had experience with culturally underprivileged groups. My answer was that I was a culturally-underprivileged-group member myself and probably knew every piece of nonsense the little devils could dream up. He laughed politely and that impressed me—our welfare worker had never even smiled—and said it would certainly be helpful to have someone with a phenomenological approach. He said he had a call for a recreation person to work in St. Agatha's youth program on 133rd Street near Amsterdam. The church and the Community Council would combine to pay $2.50 an hour, and a quick accounting revealed that this would just about keep me in the black. I looked him in the eye and said, Doctor Bedell, I am quite interested, a statement that always evens up the interview. He sent me right down to Father Fahey, who employed me at $2.60 an hour; Bedell had obviously briefed him on my sociological qualifications

I won't describe all the duties I then plunged into. They ranged from boxing referee to big brother to chaperon, but the important point is that the job became a welcome relief from books and term papers, and I discovered that with the change of pace my grades were actually improving. And I enjoyed the work. The kids were rough, but in a way completed a cycle for me; I derived an intense satisfaction from observing myself in them (particularly with the comforting knowledge that I was no longer them) and knowing I was now in a position to redirect some of the deviltry I recalled so well. After six weeks I found myself branching out almost automatically, and by the summer session I had taken over another group and still another, until between the hours of five and nine each evening I had achieved the status of Coordinator of the Morningside Neighborhood League, which was a consolidation of all groups, and had three part-time social-work majors under my direction. I even had a small office on the second floor of the House.

About a month after I had become coordinator—at three dollars an hour—Doctor Bedell came into my cubbyhole one afternoon and, after pacing intensely for several moments, sat down and began rubbing his face, a definite sign that he was disturbed about a human-relations problem. We both sat back. He folded his hands over his head; I folded mine and he said, "Larry, I want you to talk to one of my people."

I never say yes to that kind of lead, nor do I say no. Always answer a question with a question has been a reliable rule of thumb. "Who and why?" I said.

"Well-l-l," he murmured, frowning at the problem, "it's an Indian boy who doesn't seem to be integrating too well. His name is Wilmat Shankar, and frankly I don't quite know what to do with him."

"Why not leave him alone?" I said, recalling Uncle Hy at the *Tribune* Fresh Air Camp, who always blew a whistle whenever I sat under a tree.

"Well, I would, but he keeps pressing me for a job, and frankly I don't think he's ready."

"Can't you find *something* for him?"

"Yes, I think I could. That's just it. He doesn't want just something. He wants to work with children. He's—well—rather idealistic. You know how Indians are."

"Well?"

"I just don't think he has the competencies, Larry."

"Hell, what does that mean?"

"It means he hasn't got the personality or the skills. You know darn well what it means. Larry, do me a favor. Talk to him."

"Sure. Why not?" I looked at him innocently. "I'll get him off your back."

He rustled in his chair and unfolded his hands. He had, I'm sure, never really gotten used to me, seeing me, I think, as some kind of noble savage who had learned to live with people, but was a link with that other, outer world, which, as I reconsider, perhaps was not too far off the mark. "You know what this kind of thing takes," he said. "See what you can do to redirect his thinking."

I couldn't help saying, with my eyes wide and serious, "Thank goodness he isn't Chinese." As

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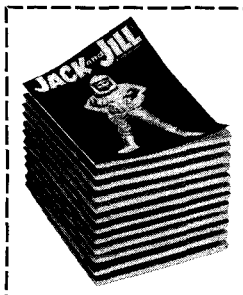

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WITH LOVE . . . FROM THE MAILMAN

his face formed the question, I explained gravely, "Because if he were Chinese, how could I ever re*orient* his thinking?"

In five minutes he was back, leading a very tall, astonishingly thin Indian boy. The boy wore a double-breasted jacket, early postwar model and contrasting, creaseless, bell-bottomed slacks. He wore a headdress I had previously called a turban, but which, I have since learned, if worn by a Hindu, is a *pugree*. He was very dark and smooth-skinned and was at first meeting the most unsmiling person I have met; by comparison Bedell was a grinning idiot.

"This," said Doctor Bedell, "is Wilmat. Wilmat, this is Mr. Cohen, the gentleman I told you about. Well now . . . suppose I leave you two folks together so you can get acquainted," he added, throwing me a blank, intensely meaningful look. Through this quiet but expanding moment, which I suspected Bedell would presently turn into a sociogram, Wilmat stood politely to one side, wide-eyed but noncommittal. He murmured, "Good afternoon, Professor," as Bedell left, and then stood respectfully stiff before my desk.

"Doctor Bedell tells me you want a job," I said from my sitting position.

"Yes, sair," he said, standing agonizingly still.

"He says you want to work with children. Why?"

For the first time his expression changed. He didn't quite smile, but a lightness touched his upper face; the lower half remained composed. "Because I enjoy working with the youth."

"Why?"

"They are," he said very precisely, "the hope of the world, sair."

I do not respond to idealistic clichés, sincere or otherwise; I've heard too many spilled out with dedicated monotony. But I accepted his statement unquestioningly. In fact I was rather touched. "Perhaps," I said, swiveling around just enough to loosen *me* up, "you're not quite prepared. What is your field of study?"

"Economics."

"Then why in the world do you want to work with kids?"

"I do economics because my father wishes it. I do not myself care to do it. I derive satisfaction from working with the youth. You have a need for the youth workers, sair?"

"Well, yes."

"I would like to work with the youth. I owe this to your country."

"Now, how do you figure that?"

"You have done so much for my country," he said. "I want to repay your help." His face grew even more darkly sober. "I would like," he said, spacing his words neatly, sharply, "to be a Peace Corps in *your* country."

I decided I had to handle Wilmat's orientation to the world of social service myself, from both ends, particularly in view of Bedell's attitude. I had always felt that careful planning will insure the success of any operation; youth work would be no exception. Before walking over to the church, I placed a phone call to give the kids the feeling of doing some really important business. The area between Broadway and Amsterdam, from 122nd to 135th is a social-worker's paradise, and as I strolled through my turf I waved, nodded, batted a stoopball and sparred with five different ethnic groups—Negro, Puerto Rican, Filipino, Japanese and Jewish. When I got to the church I paid my respects to Father Fahey and then went up to the conference office, which was a converted men's room.

Waiting for me at the table was the stringiest, ugliest and toughest Irish kid in Manhattanville, with the lyrically exciting name of Turkey Goosey. Turkey had already served as the willing subject of eight Master's theses at the university which gave him unique status in his highly competitive world. He had left school at sixteen because the psychologists had forced him into a vocational curriculum and he couldn't even plane a straight edge. Previously he had been thoroughly unmoved by a college-prep program featuring such things as geometry, French and chemistry. His basic question, which no one seemed able to answer, was, "Who needs it?" Yet he was extremely bright. He was also thoroughly unscrupulous and paranoiac. In a very short time he had become my unofficial protégé. He was absolutely fascinated when I took him down to the gallery of the exchange and he grasped the essence of all the confusion instantly. I got him a job as a messenger on William Street so he could be near the action, as he called it, and even talked him into a few accounting courses at George Washington High night school. Turkey and I understood our relationship; we each wanted something from the other, a sound basis for any business association, and we communicated in a common language. As I walked in, he was reading *The Wall Street Journal*, his long, scaly neck straining with concentration. I waited patiently until he had circled some interesting quotations, then I shook hands with him.

"How's it go, Larry?" he said, folding the paper carefully and lifting his feet off the table.

"OK, Turkey, how's by you?"

"By me is OK, *landsman*. You got some kinda deal with an Indian cat?"

"Yeah, Turkey. He's a good boy. He needs a job and I want to work him into the center. His name is Wilmat Shankar."

Turkey nodded and leaned back and folded his hands over his head. "You want I should grease the road a little?"

"I'd appreciate it, Turkey."

I never had to draw pictures with him; he knew appreciation was a negotiable item and he always kept the books balanced.

"You know, Larry," he said, "if he's a little square, which he probably is"—he gave me that ugly, pointy-toothed grin—"I'll have to lean on it a little."

"I know, Turk." I still had to make clear, however, that my position, though difficult, was not untenable. "All you really have to do is help get him started," I said. "I'll take it from there. He's a good boy; he'll learn fast."

"Sure, Larr. I'll call an exec meeting with the council." He tucked the newspaper into his wide motorcycle belt. "Larry, can we use your office for the meeting?"

I couldn't contain the belly laugh. "Hell no, you've got a perfectly good meeting room right here." He looked me in the eye and laughed back.

I briefed Wilmat the next day, and his eyes almost smoked with excitement as I walked him through the neighborhood, pointing out the major power centers—Jaime's Bodega; Al's Esso Station; Tim Buzzio's Bowling Alleys; the Claremont Bar; the Canton Palace; the deserted

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ferry pier at 125th Street, under which a body a month bobbed up; the north end of Riverside Park, where fourteen babies a year were abandoned (and Lord knows how many conceived). The junior high school, the elementary school, the health clinic we passed with barely a glance. When we walked into the basement of the church, I perceived him visibly expanding as the reality of working with the youth struck home. The youth had been thoroughly oriented. Three groups of girls quietly played Pick-Up Stix in a room off the basement; another group twisted sedately at one end, with the juke box turned down. Eight boys played casino with poker chips in another open room (a concession I had wrung from Father Fahey). A full-court basketball game was in progress, but with no idle spectators shouting profane criticism. Productive activity was everywhere, and everywhere strolled the watchful Turkey and his ex-competitors, Luis Rodriguez, Naceeps Robinson and Ramón Seril, now members of the interlocking directorate. These three were as handsome as Turkey was ugly: Luis, tall, fair, smiling; Naceeps, compact and graceful, invariably the center of giggling attention when the Barnard psych majors came down for field work. Ramón, a Filipino, was stocky and sloping and powerful; he had reached the Golden Gloves finals the previous year, and he had developed a technique of tapping an offender in full view of the assemblage, which was terribly effective. They all gave me a brisk, businesslike "hello," then returned to their rounds.

Wilmat and I watched quietly for a while and then walked to the conference room. On the way, I gave the four officials the T-for-time-out sign, which was our very personal high-level communication. (Any lesser lights caught using it were, I'm afraid, sliced up.) They joined us presently and I introduced Wilmat, who shook hands all around and said to each one, "A pleasure to meet you, sair." They played it very poker-faced, did not glance at his *pugree* or his bell-bottomed trousers. Naceeps, who had been motivated by the Barnard girls and was reading *The Fifty-Minute Hour* at the time, said, "I likes Madras shirts, man." For the first time since I had known him, a full-fledged smile opened Wilmat's face. "I am from Madras," he said and Naceeps, who recognized an opening, said, "Is that a fact, man?" As quickly as it had flashed, the smile ended. "Too many children," Wilmat said, frowning, "wairk on those shirts." Naceeps threw me a shrugging look. "Sure, man," he said, "that's child labor."

Very quickly—and nervously—I moved in and drew us back to the business at hand. First I reviewed the basic problem and then outlined a flexible schedule, which with *their* cooperation would integrate Wilmat into the program in about three weeks. When we were finished, I suggested that Turkey, Wilmat and I walk from group to group and chat for a few minutes as a kind of warm-up. The suggestion was put to a vote and passed; the three missionary men went out to prepare the way. Then Wilmat and I, with Turkey running interference, walked out and headed for the Pick-Up Stix group, which Naceeps was quietly haranguing. We waited beneath one of the baskets until Naceeps looked up and gave me the go-ahead sign.

At that precise instant a basketball came whizzing overhead, like an enemy mortar shell. With a guttural, earsplitting yell, Wilmat darted and leaped. I stood transfixed as he picked off the ball on its downward arc into the basket, something that no one but Bill Russell has any business doing, and landing gracefully as a cat, his back arched, elbows akimbo in the classic rebound pose, he looked triumphantly around, daring the afternoon center to do something about it. There were a few shouts of "Hey man you crazy?" and "Man you spoilin' the game." But mainly there was one gigantic, collective indrawing of breath and a full-throated, explosive "SOUND." Then, his eyes gleaming, his great arms and spindly legs flaring in all directions like an athletic spider, he began to dribble downcourt. Ten players picked up the challenge and instantly converged on him. There was a wild, milling moment in the center of the floor and then dribbling behind his back, under his legs, tattooing the ball six inches off the floor, Wilmat emerged from the pack and danced his way toward the opposite basket. By this time the hall was in an uproar. He reached the basket in about five seconds and in a smooth, gliding arc, sailed up and over the rim and stuffed the ball down through it, and as he did he trumpeted like a victorious bull elephant, an ecstatically ringing "*hoopla*." And then, twisting in midair to face the full court and the spectators, he landed softly, his hand clenched and waving in the magnificent Dolph Schayes gesture of success and defiance.

Turkey, Naceeps, Luis and Ramón stood quietly as every kid in the hall mobbed Wilmat with instant worship. Then Naceeps turned to me. "Hey man," he said reproachfully, "you go an' pull a ringer on us, man."

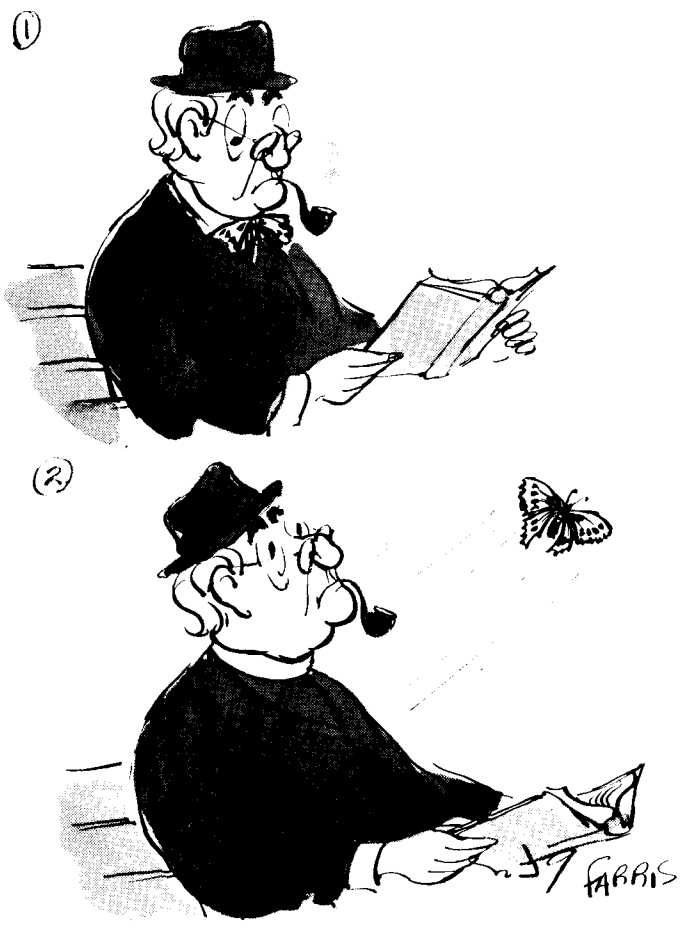
Wilmat's indoctrination time collapsed from three weeks to about two-and-a-half hours. If you believe in the concept of the "natural," which I do, those performers born to hit a baseball or analyze a market break, or work with the youth, then Wilmat was the ultimate "natural." I have not seen anyone with more pure, spontaneous ability to relate to kids; he was one of those people who could not break through to adults, nor they to him, but in a spark of mutual combustion, could transport himself into the adolescent's world, and on his terms.

In about a week I began to discern a certain catfooted, stiff-backed carriage among the members of the center and to note traces of clipped public-school English emanating from such sources as Leandre Maloof, Orlando Ramirez and even Ramón Seril, who informed me one afternoon as we discussed budget, "Oh no mon, you cahnt do eet thees way mon." Indeed Wilmat and his work became my showpiece, and in two weeks' time I was receiving all manner of unwarranted credit, which I acknowledged with a modest shrug and an I-told-you-so look.

About a month after Wilmat's sensational debut, Bedell walked into my office, his face creased with lines of deep satisfaction. Although he still had, I was sure, certain reservations about the flashy success of two nonprofessionals like Wilmat and myself, he had transformed our operation into a kind of sociological pilot project, which of course made him chief researcher. It was in this role that he stood before my desk, looking down at me with the detached Arrowsmith smile he had taken to wearing.

He gazed benignly, then said softly, crisply, "Come here, Larry, I want to show you something," and walking to the window, he threw me the research grin and pointed out.

I got up and walked to his side. On the wide promenade below us were two football teams of about seven or eight each, dressed in a ragtag assortment of flopping shoulder pads, khaki pants, dirty sneakers and torn sweatshirts. Signals crackled from the lineup like sparks and Ramón, who was quarterbacking, handed off to



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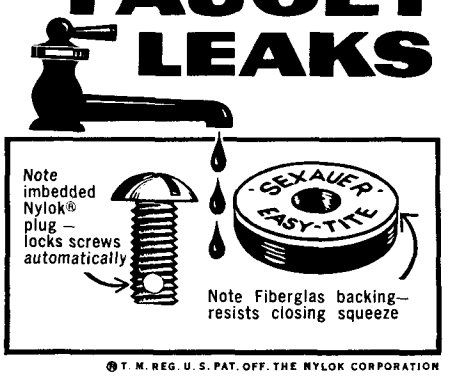
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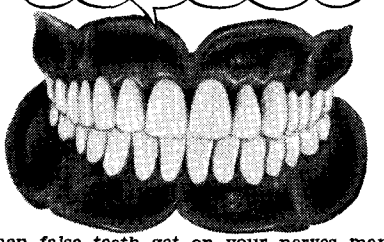

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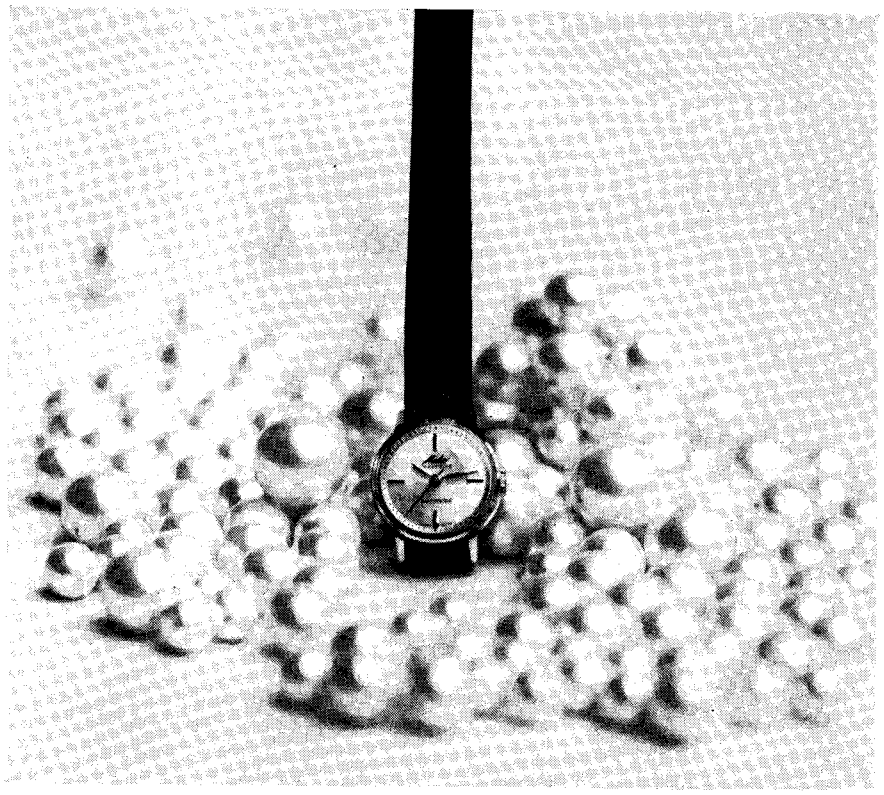

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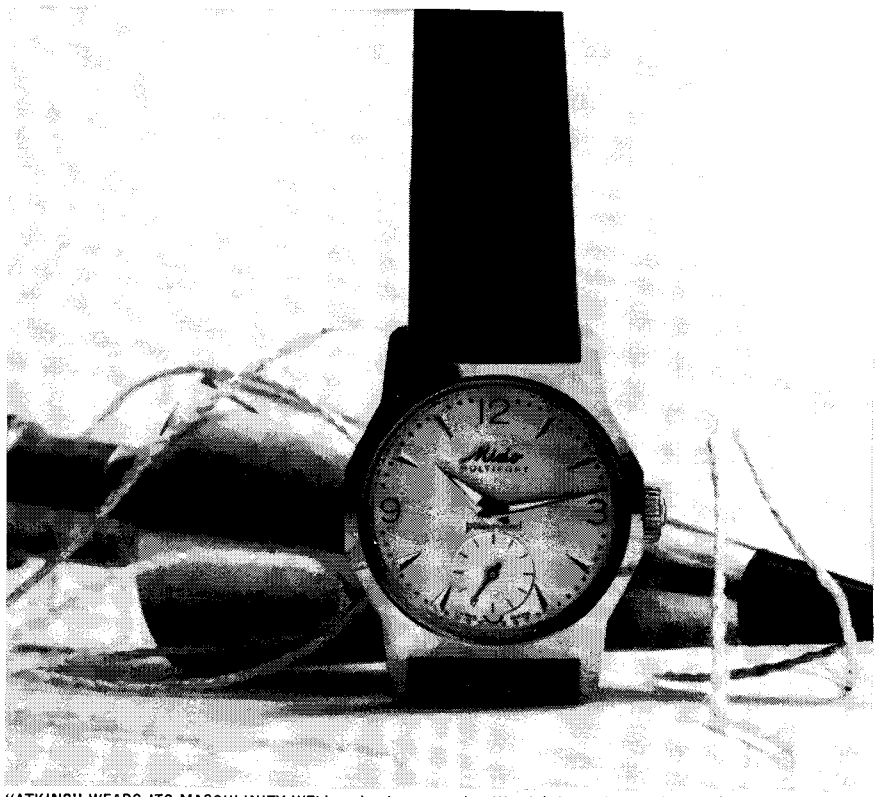

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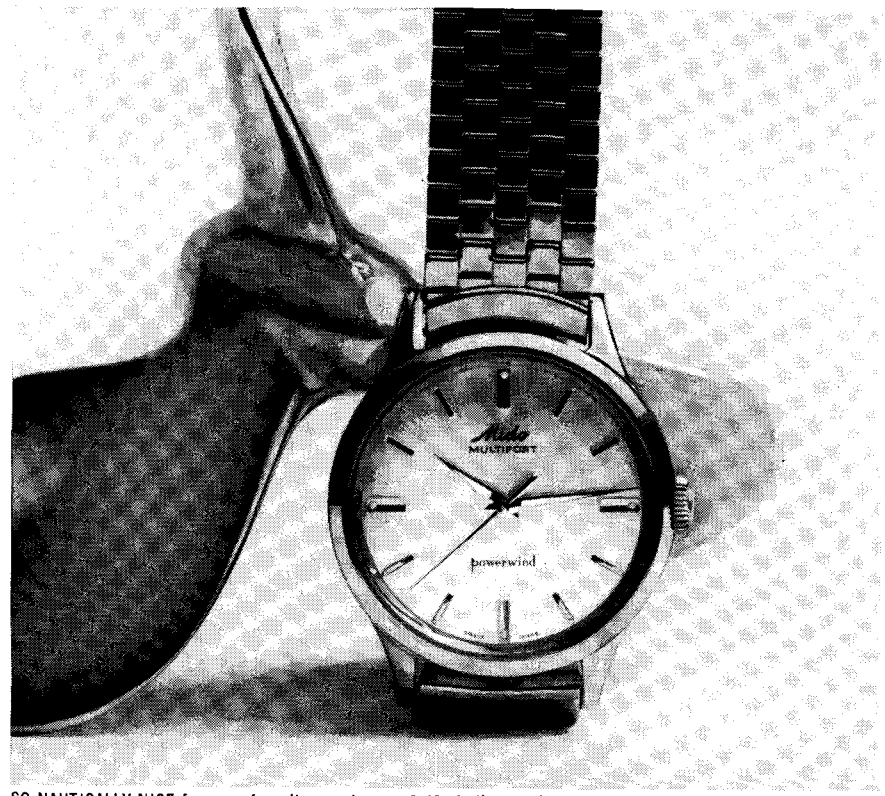

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Leandre, who smashed into the line and was promptly smeared. Grunts, groans, elbows, knees, leather pounding leather, pileup. But *no* swearing. Beaming on the sideline, blowing on his whistle and darting into the crush was Wilmat, his enormous length poking up toward me on the second floor, his *pugree* crowning his pin head like a folded tulip. I looked at Bedell. "Not even one goddam, Clark."

"Of course not," he said. Then, rather impatiently, "My heavens, Larry, look again, will you?"

Mildly surprised, I leaned out and stared down. Both teams were crouched for action, glaring at each other, while numbers were screamed again. Each head thrust tensely forward—I leaned farther out—each *white* head. Every player on both sides was wearing a *pugree*. The numbers stopped and the white heads crashed together and mingled like breaking waves. Ramón faked twice, faded back and threw a long, wobbly pass. Near the end of the promenade at 122nd Street, Shelley Markowitz, looking up from a suddenly intact broken leg, shouted "*Hoopla*," snared the ball, sprinted and touched it down on the sidewalk. A flow of whitecaps engulfed him, the great, prancing whitecap leading the way. A patter of applause rained down on the promenade; I looked around and saw dark and light faces leaning out of windows and smiling, hands reaching out and clapping.

I pulled in and grinned at Bedell, who walked over to me and shook my hand. "Isn't that fascinating?" he said.

I pumped his hand. "He's really doing the job, isn't he?" I said.

Bedell gave me his careful, scientific-monograph look. "Larry," he said gravely, "it's a near perfect example of controlled cross-culturization, that's all it is."

The fall semester, my last one, was beginning to exert its pressure by now and my thesis on "Time and Motion Factors Affecting the Secondary Staff of a Specific Investment Concern" was occupying most of my days and nights. Knowing that the center was in extremely capable—perhaps even more than capable—hands, I spent less and less time there. When not in class I was usually in my room, rushing toward my deadline, or in the office, handling paper work for the center. I still made the rounds occasionally, but after I discovered the center kids, most of whom were Dragons, Slicks and Apaches, had rechristened themselves the Maharajas, I decided that absentee management was gratifyingly effective. I planned to withdraw gradually until Wilmat had complete charge and then present the *fait accompli* to Bedell, who would have no choice but to name him Center Director. In the meantime I would talk to Wilmat—or counsel with him as Bedell phrased it—persuade him to cut loose from Daddy's caste-defined civil-service plans for him and plunge into a field for which he was so remarkably suited.

The operation on all fronts was jelling nicely when early in October, soon after the semester began, I was jarred by a harsh, Gestapo-like knocking on my door at about six o'clock and watched without comment as Bedell almost flew into the room after my quick, annoyed yank. He looked around with that unseeing stare calm professionals have when they lose their poise. He finally focused on me and in an unusually strong voice said, "All right, come with me." His voice rising, he added sharply, "And don't give me any flippancy. Just come." Unable to make that fast a transition from mercantilism to this new personality facet, I simply looked at him without moving. "For godsake come on," he said, grabbing my arm.

"Hey now, Clark baby," I said, coming to life, "what gives?"

I swiveled my arm free and he stood there, breathing hard.

"Listen," he said, "that . . . Indian and his . . . entourage. . . ."

"What the hell are you talking about?"

"I'm talking about your . . . protégé. He and his . . . gang. They are down there on the West Side Drive. . . ." His voice trailed off into a hum of incredulity; then his eyes focused again. "Traffic is backed up for miles. And this is the *rush* hour. . . ."

I grabbed my jacket on the way out the door and yelled back over my shoulder, "You Talk To Nobody, Hear? NOBODY!"

I plunged down the steps at 121st Street that curved through Riverside Park. As I neared the bottom, the high, mixed blare of horns floated toward me, the sound swelling until at the wide, last walk it was a chorus of anguished nervousness. I climbed the stone wall that dropped off to the highway and felt the violent horn punching almost sweep me back. I balanced on the wall, trying to identify the sight beneath me as tragedy or high comedy; whichever, it was a magnificent sight.

On the uptown flow of the drive, from just before the 125th Street cutoff, cars were lined up solidly back down to at least 96th Street. On the downtown or farther branch, they were backed up toward 145th. Drivers were either slamming horns or staring furiously out of windows. Very few were out of their cars; there just wasn't enough room. Above and below the jam, on each branch of the drive, the highway stretched off into a calm, peaceful ribbon. The nearest I can come to the scene is a forest fire I once saw from a helicopter, raging up to a burned-out strip and stopping short, while beyond the strip the trees stood coolly intact. And below me, marching in phalanxes of four abreast were the burning strips: the Maharajas. I decided I had to laugh. To howl. They were all neatly *pagried* and each one carried a sign that urged such things as AWAY WITH DISCRIMINATING BELIEFS and THE EPIDERMIS IS NOT THE HEART and COLOR IS MERELY A PIGMENT: IS NOT AN ORGAN. The unique thing, as nearly as I could make out, was that each sign was different and each bearer seemed terribly and proudly aware of *his* special message. And prouder still, in a group-dynamics sense, of all the excitement they were creating. And beneath me, walking back and forth from each action wing, his face alive as I had never seen it, glowing with support and encouragement—Wilmat Shankar. Carrying the biggest sign of all: LIBERATE YOUR BROTHER AND YOU LIBERATE YOURSELF.

There was still time; not a policeman in sight. I climbed down and sprinted up the drive, weaving in and out of the paralyzed traffic. I grabbed Wilmat's sign and his arm and in one sweeping motion steered him toward the grass beside the river where disabled cars parked. He didn't resist, but trotted cooperatively along, smiling pleasantly. The noise was terrific so I scrambled down to the rocks at the river's edge, below the drop-off, and he followed, still happy. I gulped for air and pulled the scene together: Above us stretched all the yelling and confused excitement; before us sailed the calm river; Wilmat, his state a little of each, wore an expression I could imagine only on the faces of silver-plated holy men staring into the sun. He smiled wider and turned this look on me.

"Wilmat . . ."

"Yes Mister Kahn . . ."

"Wilmat, I understand . . . what you are trying to do. This is a very laudable . . . idea. I mean the motivation is . . . fine."

"Yes Mister Kahn. I am very proud of them all. Did you see Tairkey and Naceeps? They are leading the way. I am very proud."

"I know, Wilmat, I know. But . . . listen to me. This is not the way."

"Oh yessair, *if you will excuse me.* This *is* the way. The violent way is the wrong way."

"Well that's not what I meant, *fella*. . . ."

"Yes Mister Kahn? Are you not happy they have developed a social conscience? I am not boasting, sair, but it has not been easy."

"I'm damn well sure of that. No, Wilmat. That's not the point. Well I mean, yes it's wonderful those little devils now love their brethren. Just fine. But Wilmat, you *can't stop traffic with brotherhood.*"

"We only wish to cause people to pause and think."

"I know. I know. But not so the whole goddam commuter population is screwed up. Wilmat, listen to me. I am not angry with you. Are you listening?"

"Yes sair."

"I think you're doing a helluva job. You're a good youth worker. The best I've seen. But you must work out your ideas in a practical context. You understand?"

"Yes . . . sair."

"You simply cannot march them onto the highways of New York and create an even bigger problem. And a bigger problem for yourself. And for them."

"Yes sair."

"Now will you go up and take them off the drive?"

"If you think it is best, Mr. Kahn."

"I do, Wilmat. I do."

At that moment Bedell came scrambling down the embankment.

"Well, well," he demanded. "Are we going to clean this mess up?"

"It's OK, Clark, it's OK. He understands perfectly now and the whole shooting match will be cleaned up in ten minutes."

I managed a wink at Wilmat; that saddened face lit up like the Alcoa sign across the river.

The incident was carefully glossed over and for three weeks I closely supervised all activities at the center, pushing some of my statistical work back to one and two in the morning. I've always felt that at the tightest friction points you apply an excess of grease; and through a subtle balance of example, direction and suggestion, I guided Wilmat through a period that might have badly shaken him. He was, I reasoned, particularly vulnerable at the time because shortly after the highway business, China attacked India. I had long since evaluated him as one of the strong, inner-life types, who feel every dumdum bullet, bleed beneath each bayonet thrust anywhere in the world, and I was fearful that the invasion might completely tip him over. But he took hold very nicely; he was as calm, friendly and dedicated as ever, perhaps more dedicated, which if you must overreact is at least the productive way. It was during this period that he began to respond to my direction in the intense manner of all friendless people toward their one benefactor. For Wilmat I could do no wrong, and in no time he was opening up to me about his life in Madras, his rugged old father and the specter of the sterile civil-service future that stretched before him. Soon he was responding to the picture I

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"I'm not only against fluoridation, but I even favor defluoridating all waters that are naturally fluoridated."

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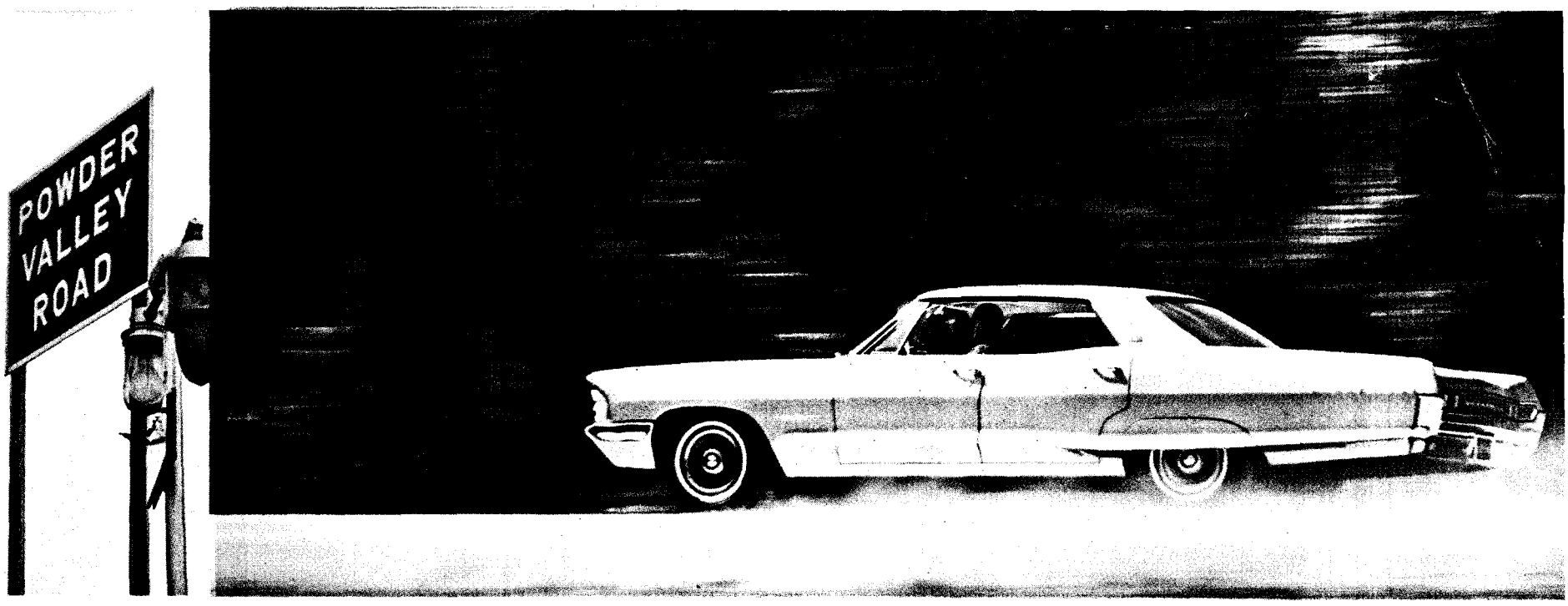

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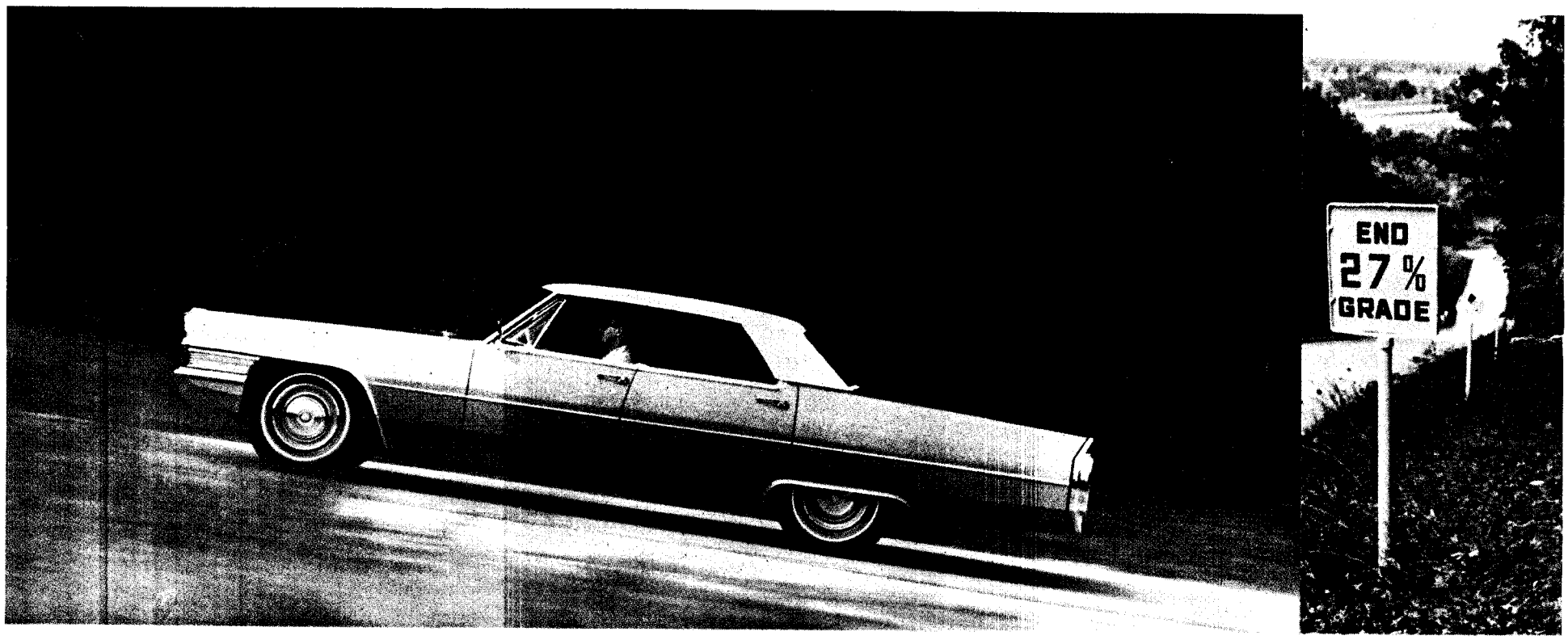

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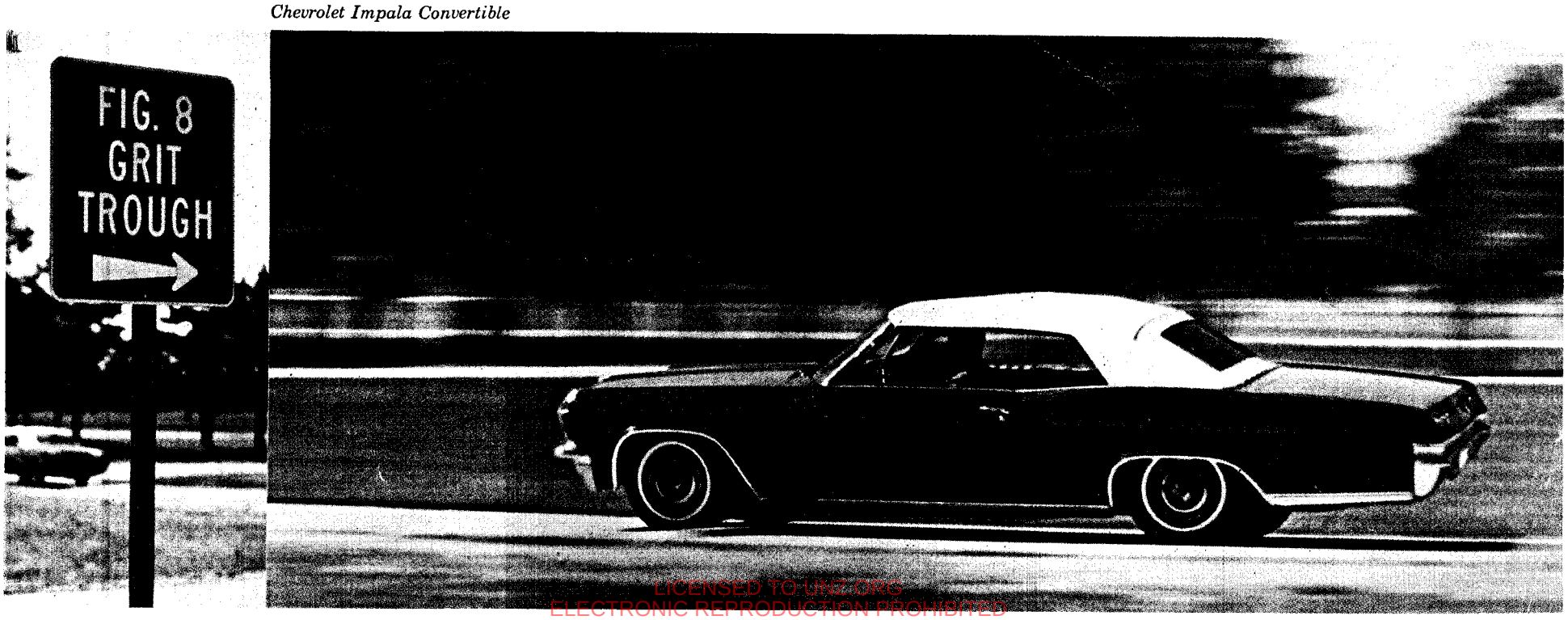

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drew of youth work in India and the terrible need for people like him. When I perceived this inside direction taking over, I once again cut the string. Before I moved any distance, however, I took Bedell on a carefully managed inspection tour, which seemed to calm his newly aroused fears; although with his type, I feel you never *really* put out the fire.

At that point, however, I received some unexpected help. The Cuban crisis struck just then and Bedell and everyone else forgot about insignificant items like youth centers and difficult foreign students. In fact, the only sane people at the House seemed to be Wilmat, who had the center and his religion or inner convictions, and myself, who had frequency distributions and automation for relief. The world staggered through that week while he and I tended to business. That Friday afternoon, while the bosses were still eyeball to eyeball and the big gambler had yet to blink, my phone rang. It was Bedell. I hadn't spoken to him all week and for a moment I thought something terribly drastic had occurred. But he was very calm and rather detached. "Larry," he said quietly, "what are you doing?"

"I'm drawing a picture of Gross National Product for 1975."

"How does it look?"

"It looks nice."

"Uh huh. Larry, could you put it down for a while?"

"I guess. Why?"

"Well, if you could manage to remove yourself from that important study, you might meet me at 125th and Broadway . . . right away."

"OK. What's all the cloak and dagger? Clark . . . Clark?" He had hung up.

I walked downstairs and over to Broadway and then the two blocks uptown. He was waiting at the newsstand, reading a paper, which he folded as soon as he saw me. In that same controlled voice, he said, "Hello, Larry," and turned and walked up the stairs toward the platform. I followed closely; by this time I was beginning to worry about him. When we reached the token booth, he nodded at the attendant and said, "It's all right; he's with me," and walked onto the platform through the exit gate. I followed, the first time since I was fourteen and asocial that I had cheated the turnstile. I had to fight my way through the crowd; it was about four o'clock and this station always did a nice business, but I had never seen it like this. It was a noisy crowd, but cheerful and relaxed—the only cheerful, relaxed people I had seen all week. I could make out Bedell's huge bald spot at the edge of the platform and I shouldered my way through; the fantastic thought that he might jump was picking at me. But he stood quietly beside a gum machine, looking at me with a little smile and shaking his head very slowly in small, precise arcs. As I tried to pierce the mystery with the feeling you sometimes have that everyone knows exactly what's going on except you, I heard a cheerful, familiarly smart-aleck voice call my name. It came, incredibly, from somewhere below my feet.

I looked down and into the widely grinning, red fuzz face of Turkey Goosey, who was stretched out comfortably across the tracks, his head casually pillowed on the third-rail guard.

"Hiya, Larr," he called.

On each side of him lay the happy members of the Maharajas, calmly enjoying their three inches from eternity. Stretching across twenty chests was a huge red-and-black sign that said STOP ALL AGGRESSION. They all waved frantically as I stared and pointed at their chests, making certain I got the message. I got it all right; but now I was looking for the sender.

At the head of the peace-loving crossties, I found him—the carefully sprawled-out Wilmat Shankar, his eyes closed blissfully, while ten feet away from him trembled the uptown local, pawing the tracks and shrieking plaintively. It was a tableau plucked intact from *Bhowani Junction*, and the crowd loved it. They waved and yelled and some threw pennies and dimes which the Rajas casually snared. Only Bedell was unhappy; his head kept swinging like a dazed cobra. If at that moment he were Lord Wavell and had the bucketful of slops the governor-general always carried around, he would not have hesitated to strike back at his tormentors.

Frankly, I wouldn't have blamed him. After the initial impact of the scene—its incredibility and actuality—had dissipated, I realized that Wilmat had pulled this stunt without even consulting me. That in itself bent the image I had built of myself as the leader-teacher; but worse, it told me that obviously I hadn't got my message through to him at all. There was something else, too, much more subtle; but at that moment I couldn't quite identify it, except to feel an element of disgust with this whole business.

I broke it up fast. As the crowd booed, I sent the peace boys packing and told Bedell very firmly that I would handle this.

I herded Wilmat downstairs into the Riverview Bar. Into a booth in the back. I ordered two V.O.'s and soda and leaned hard into my problem.

"Wilmat, *what* are you trying to do?"

"What do you mean, Mr. Kahn?"

"I mean are you trying to get those kids killed? Have a drink."

"No, thank you Mr. Kahn, I don't drink. They were pairfectly safe, sair. I gave very exact instructions."

"Yes and jammed up the whole damn subway schedule in the bargain. I told you, you *could not do that*."

"You said sair, not to stop traffic. We have kept off the highways."

"Traffic, subways, transportation. *It's all the same*. You can't do it. . . . It is not being done this year. Wilmat, that is not the point."

"Yes sair?"

"The point is . . . well what the hell are you trying to accomplish?"

"It was a peaceful demonstration, Mr. Kahn. We expressed our sentiments."

"Yeah, some sentiments, with *those* monkeys. Did I *say* you could?"

"You said I had charge and should act with confidence."

"I know, I know, but I didn't mean *that*. . . . Hit me again, Mac. . . . Look fella, I'm gonna level with you. . . . This passive resistance is for the birds."

"Sair?"

"For the *birds*. The bairds. You want something, you have to *fight* for it."

"I do not agree, if you will pardon me. Gandhi ——"

"Gandhi shmandi. What did Nehru do in Goa? Hah? Was *he* passive?"

"No sir. That was very wrong."

"Wrong hell. Look, he wanted something that belonged to him and he *took* it. You can't lay down on a track and say OK, run over me; look how low I am. You know what that is? *Gutless*."

"Sair?"

"That's right. Gutless. You think the Chinese won't run right over you on your goddam tracks? They ain't a bunch of polo players, you know. This ain't no goddam game."

"No sair, it is very important. It is no game. Mr. Kahn ——"

"Hell. Wilmat, I don't want to get into a philosophical argument. Let's save that for another time and I'll throw in the story of my life for a bonus. Just listen to this and I mean it. No more traffic jams, no more subway capers, no more crusades, no more demonstrations. No more passive nonsense. *Finito. Kaput.* You understand that?"

"Yes sair."

"OK, OK, I'll try to cover for you. The last time. Now just remember what I said and stop playing those damfool games with that tribe of yours. Understand?"

"Yes Mr. Kahn. Thank you."

"All right, all right, now get the hell out of here and lemme drink in peace."

I argued with Bedell for two hours and finally wore him down. He agreed to keep Wilmat on if I would counsel with him twice a week. Since I've always favored close relationships during periods of low productivity, I thought Bedell's idea had merit. So, though it meant two more hours out of my tight budget, I brought Wilmat in every Tuesday and Thursday night and we talked. That is, I talked. For he had definitely sagged into the down slope of the curve. He became unusually reserved and polite, even for him, and his face assumed a darker austerity, which convinced me he was undergoing one of those inner-searching periods for which Indians are noted. His withdrawal gave me the opportunity his case demanded—a direct, straight-from-the-shoulder counseling approach, which Bedell would have deplored but which this boy needed desperately.

Those Tuesdays and Thursdays became pragmatically philosophical outpourings in which I painted a picture of our culture that I believe is about dead center. I pointed up the idea of the politics of the possible and my own concept of the power struggle. I wove in illustrations from my own background, which seemed to dovetail neatly into the theory of drive, obstacle, drive and victory, or the essence of the American success story. In just a few weeks his face began to relax; a new, lighter sensitivity touched it, quite different from the bland intensity it formerly had. He began to respond, to ask questions, to think about my answers. When we reached this point on the upcurve, I drove in harder, reinforcing his development with some soft sell but concrete examples from Tomkins Strube. By the end of November he was definitely out of the woods; I shook his hand and said Wilmat, baby, it's all yours.

This time, however, I hovered about to make certain there were no serious relapses and also to reassure Bedell, who despite his training and orientation could not seem to accept growth and development. Indeed, looking back, I honestly believe that in that time I produced a healthier, happier employee; he worked harder and longer and the center pulled in fourteen new members, one of whom—Lila O'Donnell (our prize catch)—at fourteen had a prostitution record as long as she was tall.

Ironically, I became busier than ever; for in addition to my own work and the center and Wilmat, I suddenly became an inside authority on the youth problem. I was invited to the police academy to speak on delinquency, which was again on the upswing; with Bedell sitting warily beside me, I delivered some unorthodox but thoroughly documented opinions, which were surprisingly well received. I lectured at a K. of C. breakfast and at the East Bronx Y.M.C.A. and brought Turkey and Naceeps with me; each time they received standing ovations.

The night of the Y meeting, after saying good-bye to my boys at 129th and Amsterdam, I stopped for a beer and

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"By the way, what did I say my name was?"

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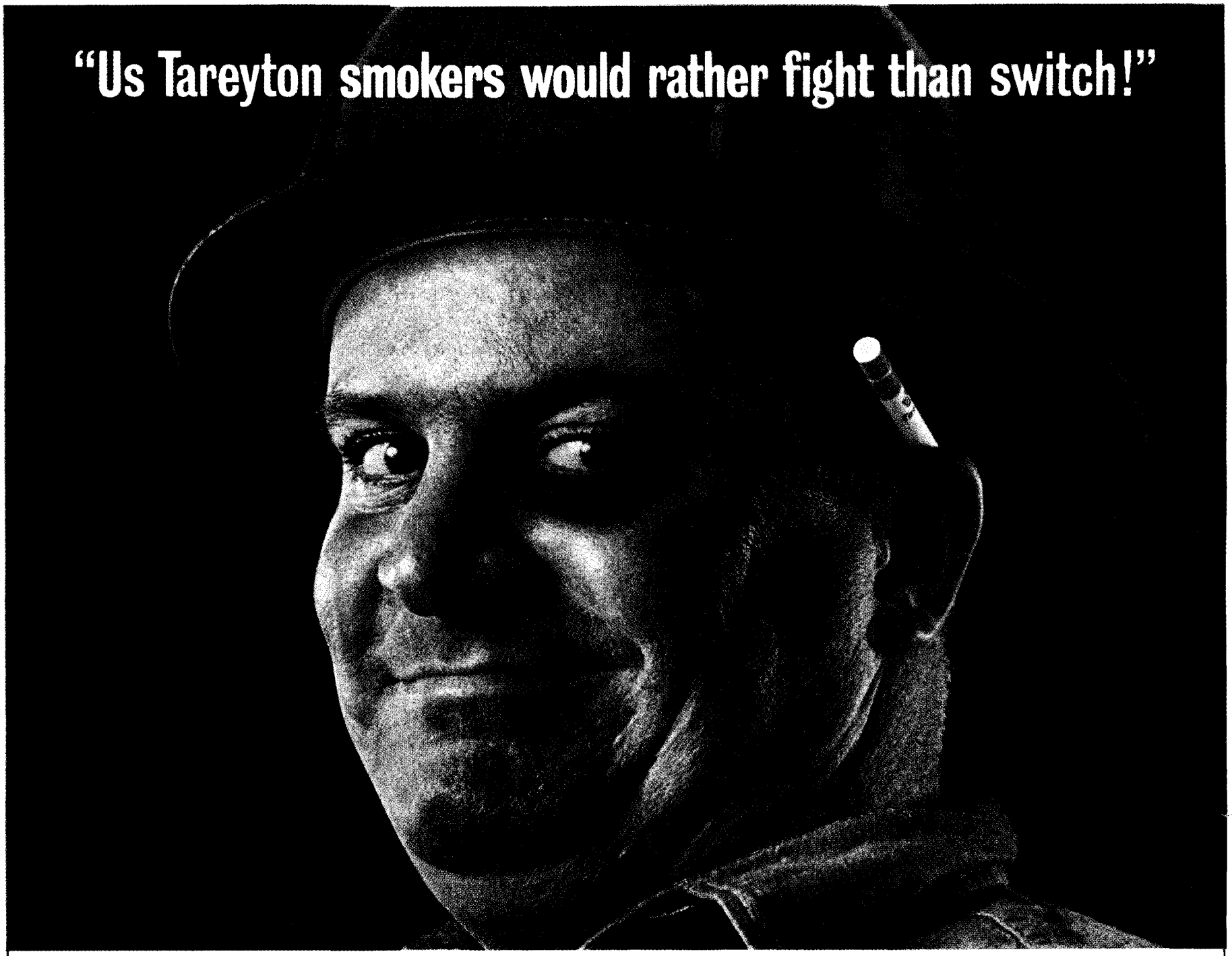

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then returned to my room for some late cramming. It was about eleven o'clock when I heard a light, careful tapping at the door. I knew that speakeasy knock from my own time on the streets, and I opened quickly, with the silent sweep of the door that would instantly expose friend, enemy, trouble or alliance. It was only soft, plump, hard-breathing little Shelley Markowitz.

"Hiya Larry," he panted, "got a minute?"

You know instinctively that when a butterball like Shelley avoids the elevator, he has a problem. I pulled him inside and gave him a Coke. He gulped it down, his eyes blinking with pleasure. Shelley I liked. He was one of the dumbest kids in the center—academically—but on the outside, in the real world, possessed a ton of common sense. He had a calm, considered working knowledge of his culture and his place in it—one of the boys, but never in trouble, a believer in stability.

"*Nu, wie gehts*, Shelley?" I said.

"Larry," he finally gulped, burping politely, "I wanna show you someting. But you hafta come downstairs."

"Right now?"

"Yeah, Larry."

When a Shelley talks that way, you don't ask questions. You go. Quickly. I put on a coat and we walked down. Shelley began to breathe hard again, but he wouldn't slow up until we reached Amsterdam and 125th Street. Then he stopped and drew me into the doorway of Sing Sam's laundry on the east side of the avenue.

"Now just look," he rasped. "Across the street. Right there."

I stared out of the dark to where he was pointing, to the Golden Pagoda opposite us. It was almost closing time and the Pagoda was the only bright spot on that side of the street. I could make out old Claude Woo cleaning a few tables and chatting with some late customers.

"There," Shelley gasped, "there."

I saw two men walk around the corner of 125th, stride quickly along the avenue, and then turn into the Pagoda. They looked familiar. They should have; I had just said good-bye to them an hour ago. Turkey and Naceeps were inside now, talking to Claude. Straining forward, with Shelley clinging to my arm, I could see Claude shrugging and ducking his head, cutting the air with his hands. Then he looked around, went to the register, cranked it open, dipped in, smiled broadly at the two boys and shook hands with them. They nodded and smiled back and walked out. They ambled toward 129th, the next uptown street, which was narrow and poorly lit. There on the corner lounged a man with a turned-up topcoat. He seemed startled to see them, greeting them like long lost brothers. They shook hands all around and chattered brightly. Then as if a starting pistol had cracked, the three of them wheeled and darted off down 129th Street, the turned-up topcoat flopping like a galloping tent. I heard Shelley's excited snorting beside me. I pulled out a cigarette and took my time lighting up. Finally, with careful blandness, I said, "So what was that all about?"

"Wadayou kiddin' me?"

"No, what's the deal?"

"Man, you got eyes."

"Yes, but it doesn't figure. Just because . . ."

"Geez, you can see, Larry."

"Now, wait a minute, Shell, don't get all *mishoogah*. Maybe it's some kind of drive. The . . . Center Fund Campaign. You know?"

"*Schmendrick*. You don't dig a shakedown? Come on, Larry. They been hittin' 'em for a month."

"A month?"

"Sure. Every chinks from 130th to 110th. And the laundries. This place here, Sing Sam's, they tap him regular."

"Well now, Shell, I would have heard. I mean, the cops check with me all the time."

"Man you a real *petzl*. They got 'em scared crazy. You know chinks; they don't like no trouble. Look, I show you and I done all I hafta. You do like you want. I'm cuttin out. My mother don't like me out so late."

"Wait a minute; wait Shell. The bag man. On the corner . . ."

He stared at me and shook his head pityingly.

"Pictures I gotta draw?"

It was after midnight when I burst into Wilmat's room. He was reading and smoking a pipe and had the radio turned to a Spanish-language station. I snapped it off, switched on the lights and pulled the book out of his hands.

"All right, buster, where is it?"

"Where is it, Mr. Kahn?"

"Don't pull that innocent Indian bit with me. Where's the money?"

"Oh. Well, here is tonight's bread, Mr. Kahn."

"What? Tonight's what?"

"Bread. Isn't that a pairfect term? It is so necessary for life. Here is the bread, sair. The rest is on its way or already in New Delhi."

"What the hell do you mean?"

"It is the Maharajas' contribution to the war effort."

I jammed down into a hard chair and lit a cigarette.

"You . . . are . . . extorting. You are shaking down *innocent* businessmen."

"Oh no sair. It is protection money. And they are not innocent."

"Protection? Who the hell are you, Al Capone?"

"No sair."

"This isn't Chicago in 1930, dammit."

"No sair."

"They aren't *Commies*, dammit."

"No sair. But they are Chinese, and deep inside their hearts they are proud of what their country is doing. That is natural. Sair, I wish to be proud too."

"You're out of your mind."

"No sair. The teacher has simply become the pupil. The Rajas have shown me the way."

"Those little punks."

"No sair, they get *nothing* from this."

"They *love* it. Can't you see that? You're their patsy. They're *using* you."

"No, Mr. Kahn. I have followed your advice. You were completely correct. To be down, not to strike back is gutless. One must strike back."

"Oh my God."

"I have a remarkable feeling of self-respect now. Of accomplishment. I have never felt this before. For this I am grateful."

"Oh God. Wilmat, call off your wolves. Please. We'll go down to the Indian Consulate and I'll intercede for you. I'll tell them about your work. I'll figure out something to get the money back. I'll tell them you were emotionally confused."

"No sair. I am confused no longer, thanks to you. This is combat. To be passive *is* for the bairds."

"Wilmat, will you *listen?* Just listen? Forget all of it. I didn't mean it literally. . . . I meant . . . all right, all right, look; you're leaning on them now, but this can't go on forever. The restaurants and the laundries. Sooner or later they're gonna hit back. There's big money involved. They'll hire goons. There's gotta be an explosion."

"Oh sair, we will welcome that. Whenever they wish to rumble, we are ready."

I turned him in, of course. He was indicted the following Monday and immediately handed down for a hearing. Bedell readily agreed to a charge of corrupting the morals of minors. As if anyone could corrupt something that simply did not exist in Turkey, Naceeps and the others. But my testimony on that point seemed only to oil the wheels of justice, for it was a most peculiar statement coming from the head youth worker. I tried emotional disturbance; but a state psychologist wouldn't buy that, nor would Bedell with its implication of a poor screening operation. The trial was sure, hard, tight. Wilmat was deported a week before Christmas.

Throughout the hearing he said nothing. He merely sat, with his *pugree* on, a small, serene smile on his face, which I'm sure was interpreted as an expression of complete defiance.

It was all handled neatly, quietly, so that hardly anyone outside of the House ever heard about the case. On a chilling, snowy afternoon I went down to the boat with him, along with his plainclothes escort, who seemed very nervous in his presence. We stood beside the gangplank; he turned his dark, gently smiling face on me.

"Thank you for everything, Mr. Kahn," he said, and we shook hands.

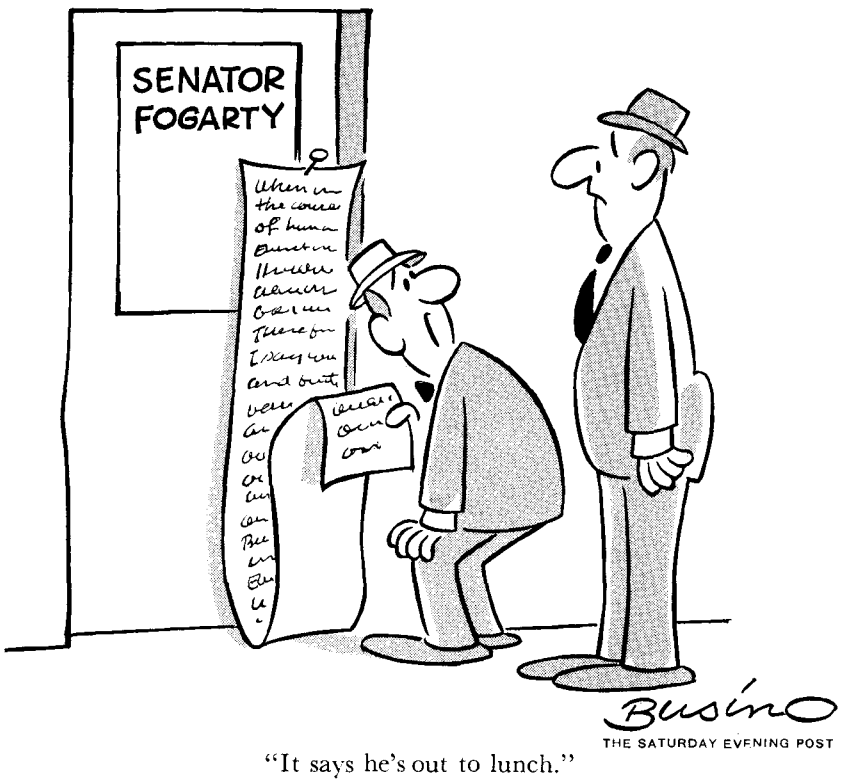
Then they walked him up. He didn't pause or turn around. The last I ever saw of him was his immaculate white *pugree* bobbing proudly into the darkness of the ship.

That ended my career in social work. I resigned my position that afternoon, anticipating Bedell by about five minutes. The next day I moved into a single room in the seven-room apartment owned by Mrs. Georgia Wheelright on 108th and the Drive. For two weeks I stayed in my room, living on bologna sandwiches and milk. Then my old challenge force took hold and I bounced back to classes stronger and more determined than ever. An important motivation was the overpowering feeling that Wilmat would have wanted me to do just that. I got a job filing slips in Butler Library; cutting back to two meals a day, I got through the year.

I received the MA *cum laude* and returned to Tomkins as traffic man and unofficial efficiency expert on the strength of my thesis. I'm now supervising manager for all East Coast branch offices. I live in a three-and-one-half bachelor duplex on East 63rd, but spend most of my time on the road, believing deeply in the hot breath of supervision as the best efficiency measure.

I very rarely get up to the Columbia area anymore. Perhaps once or twice a year. One of our vice presidents has a six-room co-op on Morningside Drive, and he likes an informal report over drinks and dinner after one of my tours. On those evenings, after I leave his apartment with a few brandies in me, I invariably wander toward 133rd Street and St. Agatha's Church, then west to International House. It is always very dark and very quiet on the promenade, and I watch one or two late-returning foreign students slip up the steps. Only then do I ever allow Wilmat into my consciousness I see him suddenly, wraithlike in the Madras night, leading a band of *pugreed* urchins into their next rumble. I see the Rajas' spirit of active resistance spreading like malaria through the youth of India. And then all of Southeast Asia. Untouchables and zip guns; Moslems and switchblades; fat Brahmin cats shaken down on their home turf. . . . I shut my eyes tight and hold my ears. Then I open my eyes, pull my hands down, hurry up to Broadway and hop a cab for the lights of midtown Manhattan.

THE END



"It says he's out to lunch."

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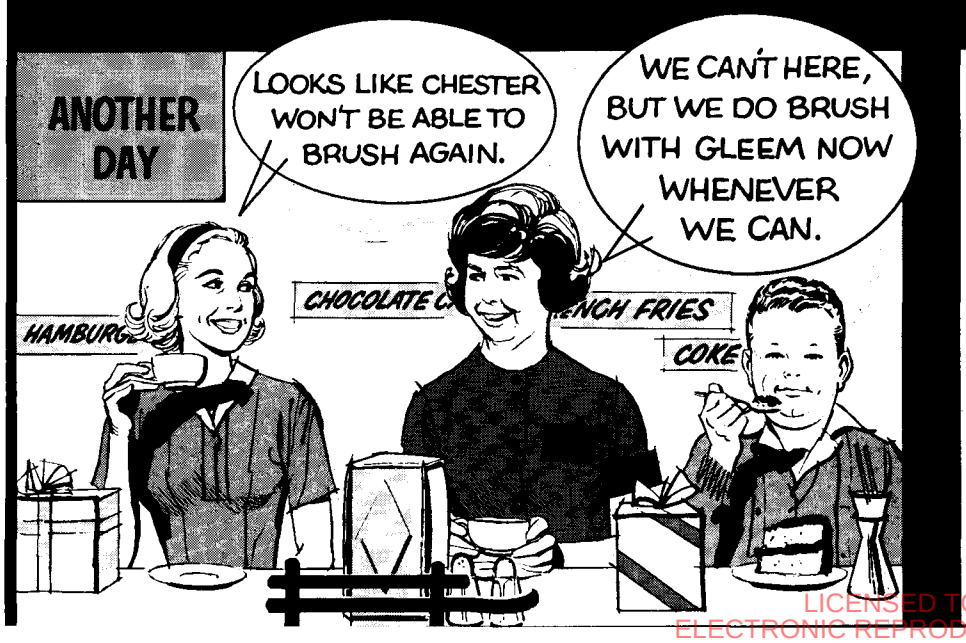
Sometimes a mother can win...

CHESTER-R-R! YOUR LUNCH! AND YOU FORGOT TO BRUSH YOUR TEETH AFTER BREAKFAST.
YOU KNOW YOU SHOULD BRUSH YOUR TEETH AFTER EVERY MEAL!
SCHO

THAT AFTERNOON AT THE STORE
JANE, CHESTER CAN'T ALWAYS BRUSH AFTER EVERY MEAL. WHAT CAN I DO?
DO WHAT WE DO, ALICE. BRUSH OFTEN AND ALWAYS USE GLEEM.
GLEEM


ANOTHER DAY
LOOKS LIKE CHESTER WON'T BE ABLE TO BRUSH AGAIN.
WE CAN'T HERE, BUT WE DO BRUSH WITH GLEEM NOW WHENEVER WE CAN.
HAMBURG
CHOCOLATE
NCH FRIES
COKE

If you can't brush after every meal-

brush often. And use Gleem.

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The Old Dancers

By THOMAS WILLIAMS

The young couples always saw them dancing at the Blue Moon—Wilma and Harvey Lake. She was in her late forties and he was at least sixty. They seemed to enjoy themselves so much. That was what the young couples said: "How they enjoy themselves!" They'd say this fondly, as though Wilma and Harvey, who dressed so carefully in fashions a little too young for them, were somehow old, precocious children, who imitated pleasures not rightly theirs. Wilma's dark hair, bouffant, was dyed of course, but she groomed herself so well. She'd had only one child by her first husband, and so her figure wasn't bad for her age.

"Why shouldn't they have their fling?" the young couples said; but fling was not the right word. Even in their pride the young people knew it wasn't quite the word; the old dancers skimmed across the floor, their faces serene.

Harvey had started as a butcher for Swift & Co. although he was now in business for himself, and Wilma was still the secretary, bookkeeper and receptionist at the Public Service Co. After they were married she sold her house, and they lived in Harvey's house on School Street. The house was a little too big for just the two of them, but in the storage loft above the garage, in the long attic, and in the unused bedrooms were the dusty remains of their former marriages. Boxes of photographs, sheaves of old fuel bills, children's dolls, model airplanes with broken empennages, high chairs with spoon-chipped trays, bureaus with drawers full of folded clothes, sleds whose runners bore the rust of years ago—they left these relics alone. Each had lived too long in a house of shouting and tears, and now they were careful of each other, careful about such things as nakedness, and the shutting of doors.

"Wilma," Harvey said to the woman who sat beside him in the dim light. It was intermission, and they had walked out on the moving boards to the bench on the floating end of the boat dock. Rowboats nudged each other with wooden sounds, and voices came over the water from the Blue Moon.

"Harvey," she answered.

"Are you chilly?"

"No. It's too warm a night," she said.

"Let me put my jacket over your shoulders."

"No, dear. My scarf is enough." She arranged her blue chenille scarf, a wisp as insubstantial as breath. He smoothed it across her shoulders, over the crisp fabric of her dress, feeling the slight roundness of age. So slight, that sign of age. It flashed across his mind only as security for him. She was so much younger than he; sometimes he didn't want her to be as beautiful as she was.

When he had first become aware of her as a woman, rather than as someone's child, he was an old buck of thirty, dragged down by payments and three children and a wife whose red hands never left the terrible labor of housework. One Saturday night he went with a friend who was interested in basketball to the high-school game, and he sat again in the stands, a place he hadn't seen in more than ten years. The kids who yelled and sighed at the progress of the game seemed shadows of himself; he sat with due bills in his wallet, and in his mind the weight of his family in a house down the street, where his wife stood over her ironing board.

Wilma was a cheerleader, and when she jumped her T-shirt rose three or four inches above the waistband of her skirt, exposing just for a moment at the height of her leap white skin so smooth he had to shiver. He had to acknowledge her beauty then, her soft black hair and green eyes, and the way she moved as though she could never tire. Throughout the game he watched her, the delicate way she smoothed her skirt as she turned after a cheer, then sat so lightly on the cheerleaders' bench, her whole body so weightless, yet charged with expectation as she followed the game.

But he had never been so foolish as to fall in love with the unattainable, or even the difficult to obtain. His life had been a series of practical decisions, most of which seemed shortly afterward to have been wrong.

He did not forget her; he followed her life without ever having to ask a question. How she married at nineteen and had a child a few months later. He knew that it was not really his business.

At home he would respond in kind to his wife's complaints. That they were legitimate made them unbearable. He took to buying a six-pack or two every night, or a pint, and once in a rage threw all the living-room furniture out onto the front lawn. When he was forty he stopped drinking, but his wife and daughters had by then given him up entirely, and treated him with all the care they might have shown a grenade: If he was quiet, they were satisfied.

His daughters married as soon as they could, and one February his wife developed a fever of 106 degrees. He took her to Northlee Hospital, and she died that same night. No part of her, they told him, was not full of infection. It was a general septicemia. They couldn't reduce her fever in time, and she burned out like a match. He rarely saw his daughters after that.

When Swift & Co. closed down the plant in Leah, he rented the building and started his own freezer-locker service. In four years he owned the building, and sold not only meat but home freezers, refrigerators, stoves and washing machines. He did little but work, and when he was fifty-five he found almost to his surprise that he was fairly well off. That was the year Wilma's husband, drunk at ten o'clock on a Sunday morning, drove his car straight into the side of a moving Boston & Maine streamliner at the foot of Water Street and was killed.

In their relationship that was the year when it all began. They loved to remember how it all started with them, how shy and yet direct they could afford to be with each other.

Now, with the floating dock moving beneath them, they looked across Lake Cascom to the eastern shore, a mile away, where cabin lights shone out through the black woods.

Wilma laughed. "Do you remember?" she said.

Of course he remembered; whatever it was made her so happy could not have happened more than five years ago. It pleased him to hear her make gentle fun of him, to tell him how she had waited and waited for him to change the subject of their conversations. He had taken to stopping in at the lobby of the Public Service Co., at first only when he paid his electric bills, then often, to talk about her son in the Navy, or anything else he could think of beforehand, and she'd answered him as though she liked to talk to him. One time it was near her lunch hour, and she invited him to lunch with her at the Leah Inn. It was a fancy place, a dressy place.

She was one of those women who, even though they've married a ne'er-do-well, keep themselves up. She had always been the main support of her home, had kept up the house and dressed her son. When her husband worked, he kept his money back from her, and finally she never bothered to ask for any of it. It was actually her car, paid for by her, he'd wrecked when he killed himself. To see her at her desk at the Public Service Co., so neatly dressed, so cheerfully civilized and competent, no one would have suspected that at home she was often afraid for her life, and that her attempts to have a living room with some effect of graciousness, with pictures on the walls, nice lamps and end tables, and a piano, quite often ended in broken glass and splintered wood. Like Harvey's daughters, her son had escaped as soon as he found a way.

"I'd always watched you with half an eye," Harvey said. "I remember everything because I wasn't doing anything else but work."

"Remember when I invited you to the inn?" she said.

"I'd never been a customer there," he said. "They were always *my* customer."

When she brought him in from the hard sunlight of the street, into the darkness of the inn, it struck him as magic to be suddenly in the intimate

ILLUSTRATED BY RAY PROHASKA

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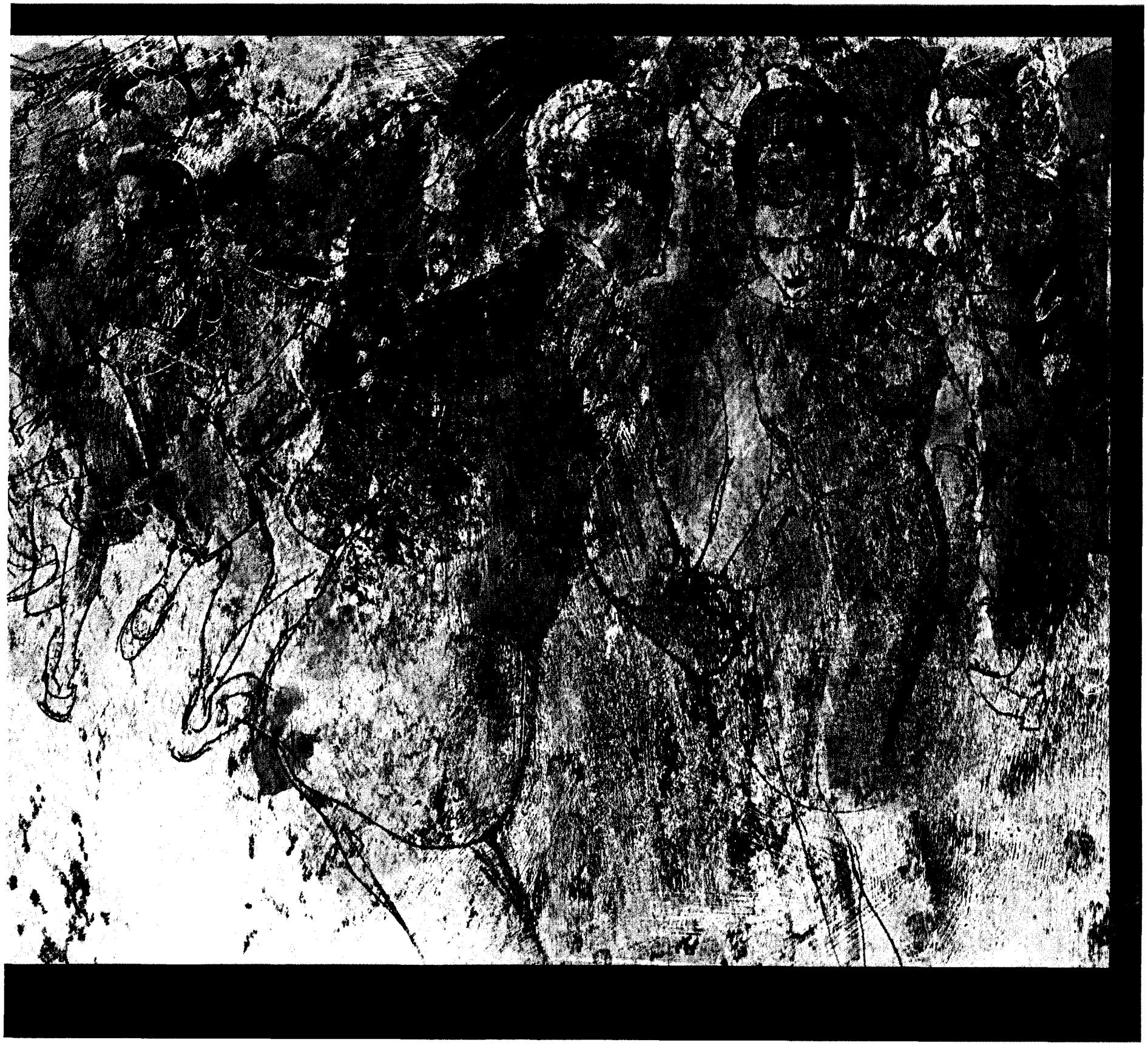
Happiness found late in life is doubly sad: For what has been for so long missed may soon again be lost.



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dark where their voices could be heard only by each other, though they were in a wide room. Right at noon, in the middle of Leah, a door opened and closed and it was night.

"You had a chicken-salad sandwich," he said. "I didn't know what to have."

"You were very distinguished-looking," she said.

"You told me that then, and when I went home that night, I looked in the bathroom mirror."

"You became positively vain."

He laughed, and then said, taking hold of her hand, "Your hand's cold. The intermission's nearly over. Should we go in?"

They got up and walked, holding hands as they crossed the tippy boards, back toward the Blue Moon. The band had already started to play a fast number—a gallo. They didn't care; sometimes they sat out the fast ones. At the entrance to the ballroom they were not asked to show proof they had paid. Everyone else had to put his hand under the black light, to show the luminescent stamp of admission, but Wilma and Harvey were always remembered.

After the gallo the little five-piece band played an old fox trot, *Sweet Eloise*, and Harvey took Wilma lightly by the waist. From the revolving globe suspended in the center of the ballroom, steady little flecks of light, in all colors, turned across the dancers, across the walls and back up through their orbits where they were lost, found, lost across the high roof rafters. So smoothly they danced. She was there before him, yet was never there in the space into which he moved. He hadn't been a natural dancer, and she had taught him everything. It was a duty that had changed, as he learned, into a terribly precarious pleasure, as though he danced along a tightrope a hundred feet above the ground. He had never been an athlete, even in school. He had always thought of his body as a dull thing, heavy and stodgy, although he had admired lightness and grace in others.

"Can you make a plow horse into a trotter?" he'd asked her once. This was in the year of their courtship. He had wanted to take her out, but didn't know where to take her.

"I love to dance," she said. "At home I dance by myself."

He snorted, and laughed ruefully. "I never even danced in school! Sometimes I went to dances, but I just sat there like a lump."

She asked him to dinner at her house, and after dinner she put some records on her phonograph, and began to teach him to dance. It was so strange for him; he thought there must be something wrong, something sinful and ridiculous for Harvey Lake, a rigid old man with false teeth and heavy shoes, to be holding this bright, soft woman in his arms. Her fragrance. His memories of her as a lovely child; the police should come and lead him away.

His dead wife had never been so feminine and full of color. He had married her because it was easy, and because she was nice enough. He had never been led to expect frivolity or enchantment from a woman—that was the stuff of movies, not of his life. He did remember with mild sadness that his wife once had smooth arms and was young. She seemed persecuted, always persecuted, used up in menial service until her arms, her face, her clothes—everything about her turned darker. If it were his fault, the solution had been so far beyond his understanding he could not find himself guilty. He would come home and cry out to his family that he had worked. "I worked all day! I earned money! I worked!" The faces of his daughters and the face of his wife became one face, impoverished and secretive.

After the set of fox trots Wilma suggested that they sit out the next set, which would be more modern and violent. So they walked down onto the dock again, and sat on the farthest bench, with the black water rising in little mounds against the sides of the moored rowboats, yet never staining their white strakes.

"I felt awfully tired all of a sudden," she said.

He put his hands on hers and felt her tremble.

"Are you all right? Are you cold?"

"No, no, dear. I'm fine. It's so warm tonight."

"Maybe you're coming down with something. I ought to take you home and put you to bed." Her hands had stopped trembling, but his worry died slowly.

"The water must be so warm," she said. "The wind's so warm coming across the lake."

"Look at all the stars," he said. As he looked up, the stars were so clearly separate from one another he had the sense of space, knowing there was no down or up out there in that magnitude, and he might fall straight up out of the world forever, through the vast indifference of the universe.

"The water seems so deep," she said. "It seems as deep as forever. It's like a coverlet. You can't see into it, but you can feel it, so deep."

His first inclination was to reassure her, to tell her that the water wasn't all that deep right here, maybe only a few feet. But he was wiser than that, and didn't say it.

After they had seen much of each other for six months, and he had been sure she was seeing no one else, he had asked her if she would consider marriage. He was aware that she had spoken all around this question, as though her words were little scissors that had snipped away each possible doubt in his mind as to her answer. Even so, when her answer came, nothing had been taken from its force, and he was full of joy and gratitude. It was like a stab in his chest. An old man, he kept thinking then. An old man with rust on the backs of his hands, to be given that answer.

His house was in a quieter part of town, so they sold her house and used part of the money to redecorate. Two things he gave her, a small upright piano that cost $2,000, and a thing he kept more or less secret from her until it was finished, his best inspiration: a large bathroom and dressing room just for her, with indirect lighting and real tile, plenty of storage space and deep cabinets. He wanted no traffic jams in those places where they must go to repair, where they must deal alone with the ugly things. At his work he sometimes helped with the butchering, although he had a butcher and a salesman working for him, and he had to come home sometimes in soiled clothes, with blood under his fingernails. At work he peeled meat from bone; at home he treated his aging body with lotions and ointments. And so did Wilma, he knew. Being a woman, she tried to hold onto her youth more than he ever thought of doing. She needed more time and privacy than he.

The moon was about to rise from behind the hills across the dark lake. From the casino came the diminished, short blares of horns, the high pings of the vibraharp, and the stamp of a foot that was louder than all the other noises. A girl laughed suddenly on the balcony, and the parts of her laughter seemed to fly out over their heads like night birds that had called and then flown silently over.

Wilma trembled so much, all at once, that she couldn't pretend to him that it was nothing.

"I'm not cold," she said.

"But you had an ague. I could feel it!"

"Yes. I don't know what it was."

She was lying, and it frightened him.

"You're coming down with something, and I'm going to take you home." As he stood up, the dock moved sluggishly, and water sloshed, with a metal noise, inside one of the floating drums. She was so much younger than he, he hadn't thought of her ever being in real danger, but at that moment he remembered his wife's death, and for the first time thought of Wilma in that context. It was true that they were both women, and mortal, and that what he needed could be taken away from him as easily as what he did not seem to need.

With Wilma's hand on his arm they walked down the dock and stepped to the sand, where, if she didn't step lightly on her toes, her tiny heels would sink out of sight. She laughed for no apparent reason, and squeezed his arm.

"It's nothing," she said. "You're so concerned."

He wouldn't be put out of his seriousness. "You wait here, and I'll get the car." He didn't want her to leave to step over the beer cans in the parking lot, or to hear the coarse laughter. Once they had heard a girl crying in the back seat of an old car, and the brutal purr of a man.

He drove the big car down the boat-launching road to where she waited, then got out and went around to open the door for her. This ritual of the door was one he had initiated, and they both smiled at it. They had so many little formalities that gave them pleasure; their lives passed in little gifts and rituals. What they had never done before in their lives they invented, or imitated from movies—her straightening his tie before they went out, his hand beneath her elbow at a step.

They drove home in their big black Chrysler Imperial, the radio playing softly from both speakers, the powerful headlights making the road ahead brighter than daylight, as though the trees and turns were painted white. Below the windshield, behind glass so clear it seemed not to be there, the great orb of dials glowed.

He wanted to make plans for putting her to bed, with something hot to drink; he tried to remember what his wife had done when her children might have been coming down with something, but he had never really joined in that activity. His wife had done it all. Before he had time to think of something, they were home. Wilma got out quickly and went into the kitchen. He closed the garage doors and went inside, expecting to find her; she wasn't there, or in the dining room or living room. She must have gone straight upstairs, but he heard no water running in the pipes.

She wasn't in any of the bedrooms, yet he heard no noise from her bathroom, and saw no light beneath the door. He had been turning on all the lights; he didn't want to call her, hoping that nothing was strange. He tapped on her bathroom door, then tried the handle, and it was locked.

"Wilma?" he said into the smooth surface of the door.

No answer.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"To be pushed aside like that!—After all those years! It just don't seem fair. That's no way to treat Yogi Berra."

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"Wilma?"

"Oh, oh," she said from within.

She was in there, in the dark. He couldn't understand, and tried to keep himself from theories. He did not want to go inside. His palms were wet because of the strangeness of it, and his pulse knocked dryly in his throat. He had chosen the locking knobs for the door, and knew how to open them; in the center of the outer knob was a little hole, and he needed something like a nail, or a big pin, or an ice pick to insert into the hole. Desperately he looked around the room. He didn't want to take the time to go down to the kitchen, where he would be sure to find something suitable. But then he remembered that often, in the morning, he would see on Wilma's pillow little black metal things as long as a kitchen match. Little bobby pins, made of crimped metal with their tips dipped in plastic. He found several in the drawer of her night table, took one and bent it apart as he came back to the door. It worked; a little click and the knob turned. He brushed on the silent light switch as he went inside. Black into soft color, blues of towels, orange-buff tiles, the deep rug of the same color. A white girdle with a fringe of garter snaps hung from a clothes bar. Wilma sat at her dressing table, still in her dancing dress, and he saw her back and the back of her black head, yet at the same time her face, open, white, blue eyes staring back from the mirror; the blue grew wider in her eyes as her pupils shrank into dots.

"What's the matter? What's the matter?"

She didn't answer him. Her face was surrounded by black hair, as though she looked out of darkness.

"Wilma?"

"I've got something wrong with me," she said.

He had nothing to say. He was all dry inside, in his mouth and in his throat. Finally he heard his own harsh voice: "Where?"

Wilma just shook her head, as if to say, What does it matter? "I'm probably dying," she said.

"Why do you say that?" He stepped forward as though to touch her, and she drew back from him. She was trembling all over. Her shoulders shook, then stopped shaking, then shook again.

"How do you know?" he said. "Have you been to the doctor? Have you had an examination?"

"Oh, I know, I know," she said.

"Wilma!"

She shook her head.

"What do you think is wrong with you?"

"What do you think?" She tried to smile. "The worst thing there is."

"That isn't something you can tell by yourself."

"At our age," she said. "The symptoms. I have a list."

"We'll go to the doctor," he said.

"No!" She really meant it.

"You've got to go to the doctor to find out."

"No. I won't be examined. I won't be looked at. I don't have to."

"How will you ever find out for certain?"

"It doesn't matter. There's nothing they can do anyway."

"Symptoms can be for anything," he said. "What symptoms? You can't tell by yourself."

She shook her head. "Inside me," she said in a small voice, and pulled her knees together. "I didn't want to tell you, but sometimes I get scared and I can't stop shaking."

"Tomorrow I'm taking you to a doctor."

She looked at him closely, squinting out of her mirror at him. In her fingers she kneaded a Kleenex—narrow red fingers, with her rings loose and twinkling, and the tissue pulped, with streaks of black mascara on it.

He felt that it would be wrong for him to plead or argue any longer; he couldn't afford to waste the strength of his position by using up his words. Although he could argue with her, and in the arguing feel that he had a point to make, he knew that he must delay his arguments, and go through the terrible fright he could feel waiting in his body. He had to face that while she was not in front of him, and then he could make his plans. He must be careful with her now.

Then things began to go his way; she slipped off her rings and opened a small jar of cream.

"We'll talk after we've changed," he said. She nodded without looking at him.

He shut the door as he left, and stood quietly on the bedroom carpet, listening to see if she would lock the door again. In his pocket he squeezed the slippery bobby pin.

He went to his bathroom, took off his jacket and shirt, and washed himself, his face moving in the mirror but not quite looked at. He never looked at himself very much, and he felt that if she were gone, it would be as if he were no longer seen at all; he would be invisible. He could not help considering the possibility that she might die, and his fear was so great he was nauseated, and his stomach hurt badly. What part of his life would be left without her? His mouth opened and he saw his false gums.

No. She didn't know what was wrong with her.

He put on a fresh shirt and the scarlet smoking jacket she had given him, and went downstairs to wait for her. The possibility of her death was like a lens through which he saw their home. She had done everything. The white drapes across the front windows, the low davenport in a dark pattern flecked with gold, the deep carpet. Her piano. The marble coffee table, the tall, warm lamps on the end tables. The console phonograph with the little ivory Buddha on top of it, next to the ti plant in a terra-cotta bowl. All these things had meaning only because of her, that he see her among them. Without her he wouldn't even have known their names. Without her the lamps would never be turned on, the piano and the phonograph would be forever silent, the ti plant would die of thirst. The very light would grow yellow and dusty, soiled like the lobby of a cheap hotel.

No. He would be strong with her. For her own good he would take over, and make her see a doctor.

When she came downstairs, she had put on a pair of gold-colored slacks and a sweater, and wore a white silk kerchief around her neck, its flossy ends gaily floating over her shoulder. She came over to him and kissed him.

"I don't want you to worry. It's all in my mind," she said. "Let's forget it." And so they didn't mention it again. They played honeymoon bridge while the phonograph played a stack of records, and his remembering of it came in waves, faded out so that he was happy, then came back with a force that twisted in his stomach. He hadn't lost his resolve. He would make her go to the doctor.

On Sunday they didn't mention it, but on Monday he made an appointment for her to see Doctor Winston. When he picked her up after work, he told her that he had made the appointment, and that she was to see the doctor in an hour. She didn't answer, so he started the car and drove toward home. He thought, I don't care what she says or what she does, she's going to see the doctor. When they got home, she went upstairs without a word to him, and after fifteen minutes he went up after her.

He spoke to the closed door of her bathroom. "Wilma?"

As if in answer she sloshed some water around in the bathtub. He thought she wouldn't answer, and so he said again, "Wilma?" But as he said it, she said something he didn't catch, and he had to ask her what she'd said. The water splashed.

The water calmed; he thought of a woman's body in a bathtub, suddenly immobile, and the water moving silently up and down her skin as she breathed.

"You already made the appointment," she said. Her voice was hard because of echoes, and cold. "You're forcing me to go."

"Yes," he said. The water began to run out of the tub. "It won't do any harm to find out," he said, louder, so she would hear it over the sounds of water.

"You knew I'd have to go."

"I knew you wouldn't break the appointment," he said. "Not keep it after it was made."

"Don't be too sure," she said in a voice he wasn't sure of—did she mean she would go this time, or not?

"I'm not sure of anything," he said. "Wilma?"

"What?"

"I'm scared, that's why I had to do it. I'm scared of you being sick. Thinking you've got cancer. You probably haven't got it. I was reading in *Reader's Digest*...."

"I read that."

"Well?" he said. Then she came out, wrapped in a bright robe, and put her hand along his face just for a second. Sweet, humid air enveloped him. She went to a closet for a dress.

"I'll be down in a few minutes," she said, and he went back downstairs to wait for her.

When she came down, they went to the car without a word. He took her to the doctor's office and sat alone in the waiting room while she was inside. He thought, Now what will I have to do? She has gone to the doctor. He tried to look at magazines, but they all seemed to be for children, or they were thick as catalogues, and his eyes could never settle anywhere in them, as though he were responsible for turning every single page.

After a long time Wilma came out. She seemed not to see him; her face was disorganized, abstracted. Her eyes were deep—they seemed to have receded into her eye hollows, so that he noticed wrinkles and brown skin. The white collar of her dress was just slightly askew. When he touched her arm, she pulled away from him, and when he looked straight into her face it seemed full of cracks, like cracks in a mirror.

"Come on home," he said.

"Yes," she said.

"Did he find out what's the matter?"

She shivered, and skittishly drew her arm away from his hand.

"He examined me," she said, her voice growing deep.

At home they had a light supper, which she prepared. She tried not to seem preoccupied with her visit to the doctor, but he read the silences, and after supper he asked her again what the doctor had found.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"My, what a glorious day!"

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The Old Dancers

"He said I probably didn't have cancer. That's what he *said*, but what else could he say? He took a smear. That's what he said, a 'smear.' They have to look at it in Northlee Hospital. He called it a 'Pap test.' I don't believe anything he said. You remember Norma Walker? She used to have that little beauty parlor in her house? He never told her. Her sister knew, and she told me, but they never told Norma. They don't tell the one that's got it."

She got up from the table and walked quickly into the kitchen, then back. She was trembling, but when he got up to comfort her, she moved away from him, hugging herself with her own arms. He felt old and weak; he could think of nothing to do for her.

"They can't cure it," she said. "They just let the air do it."

"Sometimes they do," he said. "They do cure it. But how do you know that's what you've got? Wait till the test comes back, anyway."

"They can't do anything, really. I don't think they know very much. I've known of cases, and heard about cases. You have to do everything yourself." She looked at him seriously—a shrewd expression, as though she'd just figured it all out. "You can't let them get ahead of you. You have to do everything yourself. Everything."

"Well, suppose you needed a little operation. Could you do it yourself?"

"I'm the one to say I need such a thing, that's what I mean. I'm not an animal! Ugh!" She shuddered again.

"In a way you're an animal," he said, he thought reasonably.

"I don't care about that part of me!" she said. "I've been treated like an animal. Oh, haven't I been treated like an animal! I've been thrown down, and knocked down. . . ."

"That's different," he said. "I know about. . . ."

But she ran over to him and put her arms around him. "I'm so sorry," she said. "Oh, Harvey! I don't want to think about it. You're so kind to me. I love you so much. Do you love me? I'm talking too much because I'm frightened about everything. In a minute I'll stop talking about it. I don't mind when you touch me—I don't care what you do to me, you're so kind."

"Yes, I love you," he said.

"Did you love your first wife?" she said.

"I don't think so. I don't think I ever did. It was all sort of practical. I don't think I ever even told her I loved her."

"You didn't!"

"No, I don't think so."

"My God! Why did you marry her?"

"I got her pregnant. And besides, I couldn't think of anybody else."

"I loved my husband. I really did, at first. He did terrible things to me."

"We know all this," he said. "Let's not talk about those times."

"Yes. They're ugly. Ugly."

He thought, Yes, they were ugly. He once knocked his wife down on the kitchen floor. It was Harvey Lake, age thirty-eight or so, didn't like something she said and knocked her down flat on her back on the linoleum, right out there in the kitchen, on the linoleum rug that had been peeled up before the new vinyl tile could be laid down.

He led Wilma into the living room and they sat together on the davenport. She let him comfort her.

"Would you like something?" he asked. "Some coffee? Some hot chocolate?"

"There's some wine. Let's have a glass of wine."

He went out to the sideboard and poured two glasses of the white port they drank occasionally, and later they watched television—one of the few shows they enjoyed—*The Arthur Murray Party*, where the people danced and were happy. When they saw a new step they tried it, too, along with the graceful dancers on the television.

The next morning, after he let Wilma off at the Public Service Co., he called Doctor Winston.

"I don't think it's much," the doctor said. "We'll know more when the Pap test is back, of course. But to me it looks like a cystocele. That's a hernia of the bladder. Not too much to fix. The bladder herniates into the vagina, which gives a certain amount of discomfort."

The doctor was young; his voice was brash and know-it-all. Wilma probably didn't like him. Harvey, too, was a little shocked by his matter-of-factness. As though he were talking about a machine.

"She needs an operation?" he asked.

"Ought to have it fixed," the doctor said. "A week, ten days in the hospital at the most." The doctor was probably busy; he seemed impatient. "I told your wife all this yesterday."

"Thank you, doctor," Harvey said.

That evening while Wilma was getting supper, the phone rang, and Harvey answered it. Doctor Winston said, "I thought you'd want to know the test was negative. There's just the repair that ought to be done. Now, I can schedule her at Northlee next week. Say Tuesday?"

"You'd better let me talk to my wife," Harvey said. "Can I call you back?"

"Not tonight. Call me tomorrow morning." The doctor seemed slightly disgusted at such unreasonable delay.

"All right. Thank you, doctor."

He went out to the kitchen, came up behind Wilma and put his arms around her. His hands were shaking.

"That was Doctor Winston. The test was negative. You don't have cancer," he said.

She jumped, and put her hands over her face. Then she retrieved her paring knife and the potato she had dropped into the sink. She said in a cool voice, "But I have to have an operation."

"Yes," he said eagerly. "A week or ten days in the hospital at the most. A little repair is all. That's what he said."

"Repair," she said thoughtfully.

"Well, it's nothing too serious. You've been in the hospital before."

"Only when I had my baby—thirty years ago this September."

"You've been lucky. Anyway, he wants to schedule you for next Tuesday. I'm to call him in the morning."

"I'll have to think about it," she said.

"What's there to think about? It's not really a serious thing."

"I'll have to think about it. Don't force me again."

She hadn't turned to look at him, and he decided not to press her. She knew the facts; what more could he do? What could he tell her now? He had trouble getting a breath, and he stood there helpless, fascinated by her skill with the paring knife. She delicately peeled the potato in a spiral, so that the skin descended into the sink unbroken, like a little spring.

That night he lay in the dark, his lips slippery and loose over his empty gums. He had never been a man to risk very much. He had never even played poker, and for the talent of risk he had substituted hard work and an honesty that was uncommon, even somewhat cowardly, that had at times lost him money. He had been eager to let the facts speak for themselves.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Not just now, thanks."

For the rest of the week Wilma was moody, and he could understand that. One meal she'd eat too much, and the next, nothing but a mouthful. Sometimes she looked as though she'd been crying, but he never saw her cry. He'd catch her staring off into a corner, or at something a mile away through the wall. And the next moment she would be happy again, as though she had forgotten all about it.

On Saturday she wanted to go dancing, as they usually did, and he thought it a good idea, if she were up to it; it would take her mind off what she must decide.

"How do you feel?" he asked her.

"Fine, really," she said, but a shadow crossed her face.

That night she wore an orange dress made of crisp, luminescent material, and he wore a sport jacket with a loud check in it, and a black bow tie. They always conferred about what they would wear. She sat close to him as they cruised toward the lake in the big car, and he wished the lake were a hundred miles away through the warm night, on smooth, deserted roads through tall pines. But soon they would arrive at the Blue Moon, where they would debark and be seen, and again he would dance as lightly as he could, using all his skill to smooth the way for her. How he worked to be adequate for her! Each step was a danger, but each step could also be a triumph.

They were welcomed, though not spoken to; the manager of the Blue Moon smiled at them and didn't stamp their wrists with fluorescent ink as he did all the others. The young couples noticed them, too, with expressions almost like ownership.

The band played a waltz as they came in, perhaps just for them, and they swung together around the floor in time with the revolving crystal globe, so that for moments the same diamond of blue light touched Wilma's hair, then moved on to be replaced by other colors. She was smiling, and he felt like a magician who must, by wiles almost beyond his powers, protect her forgetfulness.

As the dance ended an ugly sound came from one corner of the ballroom. Hardly definable, it was half thump, half breath, and the room grew tense all at once. Everyone turned to look into the dark corner, and Wilma's fingers tightened on Harvey's arm. It was a fight, now stopped, but two young men still postured, one held back by others. A girl walked too quickly through the dancers, her hips awkward, fright causing her heels to strike the floor.

The manager came to the band's microphone and said gaily, "Folks, there's going to be a dividend! You're such a nice crowd! A Paul Jones! Come on, come on one and all! Join hands and form a circle!" There was something heroic in his false smile; like most managers who want to please, he was despised. Yet he was obeyed with tolerant humor. The band drowned out his last words, leaving him to bob his head, his mouth open.

The circle formed and began to rotate, men clockwise, girls counterclockwise, hand to hand, dip and smile. Through Harvey's hand passed the cold and warm hands of women and girls, and each face noted, with stolidity or apprehension, his age and condition. When the music stopped and began again, his partner was a solid young girl who grasped him firmly around the neck and wanted to lead, as though she had danced before

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only with girls or young brothers. Her smooth white neck was strong, and the movements of her back or hips had nothing to do with him; he could never modify her moves by any pressure or direction. He felt frail and brittle, and he made constant missteps that embarrassed him, and made him feel like a fool. The muscular young girl never seemed to notice. When the music stopped again, he left the circle and stepped into the darkness in order to wipe his face with his handkerchief. His mouth was dry and gritty, as if sand had blown into it.

He had assumed that Wilma was dancing, and at first didn't mind that he couldn't see her orange dress turning on the dance floor. But when she didn't appear right away, he began to wonder if she, too, had left the circle, and he looked carefully all around the room for her, as far as he could see into the dark corners where there were benches. No, she was not there. And she was not out on the balcony, getting a breath of air. She must have gone to the ladies' room. Of course; yet he felt deserted, left alone with all the young animals as strong and ruthless as the girl he had danced with, who had no words for him.

He looked once more, to be certain, walking awkwardly around the edges of the whirling dancers, trying to keep out of their way. He felt that if they touched him they would knock him down and break his bones. Wilma was not there, and so he went back to wait near the door to the ladies' room.

She did not come out. The door opened and swung shut, but never to reveal the warm orange of her dress. Other women went in and out, and girls who seemed too young even to be out dancing, and all of them worthless to him. When he grew desperate he stopped one of them.

"Pardon me," he said as quickly as he could, "did you see my wife in there? An orange dress. She's wearing an orange dress."

"Huh?" the girl said, and he saw with despair that she hadn't understood a word, not a word of his question.

"A bright orange dress. My wife." He pointed toward the ladies' room. "Did you see her in there?"

The girl shook her head and moved away.

Wilma might have gone to the car. Perhaps she hadn't felt well, all of a sudden, and had gone to the car. He walked quickly down the stairs and out into the cool air, yearning to see a flash of orange; he would open the car door, and he planned to find her there. But the car was empty.

From the ballroom above him came the shuffle of feet, and the music that seemed discordant, disorganized. The noise of the dancing came down to him through the soft bundles of the pines, into the dark where he stood. He began to walk around the casino, looking into corners and shadows, and once he thought he saw her, but it was a girl in a darker-colored dress, leaning against the wall being sick. She looked at him with dull eyes, and moved deeper into the shadows.

As he came around again to the main entrance he looked down to the dark lake and was struck by fear. He ran across the gravel and through the soft sand, to the wet sand that was harder, then stumbled as he reached the boat dock. He caught himself before he fell, but the desperate exertion caused him sharp pain in his chest. The boards moved beneath his thin shoes, and because he was dizzy and had trouble getting his breath he walked carefully down the center of the dock.

She was there; he saw orange out in the dark, just a gleam of it. For a bad moment he thought the orange darker, redder than her dress. He walked and walked—the dock seemed miles long; she had never come out here alone before.

She sat quietly on the wooden bench as though nothing strange had happened. They might have had an appointment to meet there, she was so still. He had been terribly frightened, and now that he had found her he felt in himself the possibility of great anger. He sat down heavily beside her, trying to keep his harsh breath silent.

After a while she said, "I'm sorry."

His anger moved inside him with the promise of uncontrolled pleasure and release.

"The water's so deep," she said.

She had frightened him half to death, and it was all so ridiculous and unnecessary. He could turn to her and show her the face of anger, tell her the water was about three feet deep at the most, and not to be a damned fool.

But the lake was wide and black, constantly moving, aware only of its own affairs. The moored boats nudged each other like dull animals, and the sky was deep.

Carefully he arranged his voice. "Do you feel like dancing?" he asked.

THE END

"Knowledgeable service—
from the management level
to the toolbox"

Wausau Story

by GLEN MAXON, Sr., *Chairman of the Board, and* GLEN MAXON, Jr., *Vice President and Treasurer, Maxon Construction Company, Dayton, Ohio*

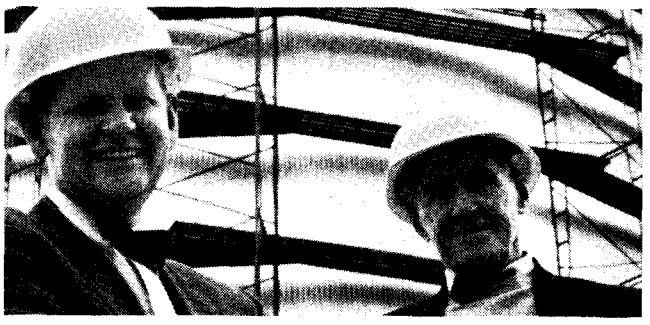
"As a company, we feel a responsibility for the safety of our people. And because an essential part of our business is determining time and costs before undertaking work, we, particularly, can ill afford accidents.

"The answer, of course, is insurance. But simply matching dollars to risks is not enough in this industry. What's needed is an insurance carrier with thorough understanding of our operations and what action we should take to reduce accident frequency and severity.

"Employers Mutuals of Wausau is just such an insurer. They know the construction field inside and out, and our company's coverage needs from top to bottom. They offer sound advice for our administrative personnel, effective guidance for our workers, and fast, efficient claims service wherever we're on a job. Since the early thirties when Employers Mutuals covered some tough Mississippi River dam jobs for us, they've proved to be 'good people to do business with'."

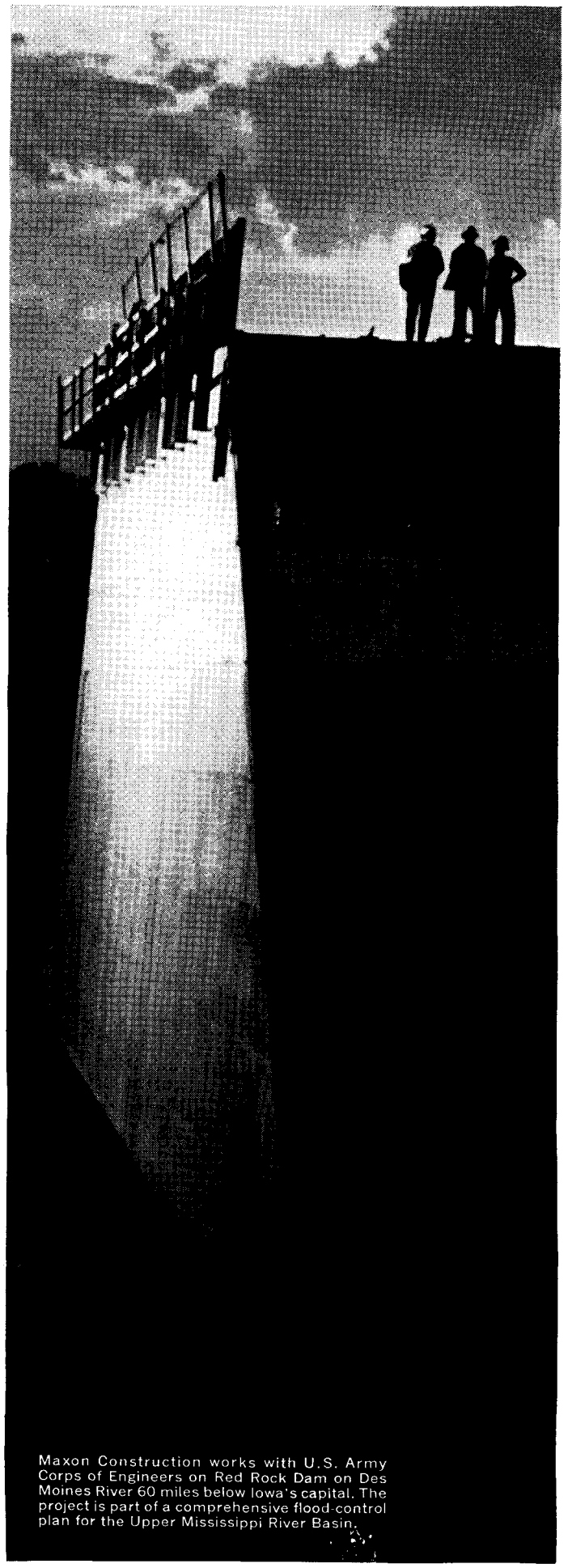
Employers Mutuals of Wausau writes group health and accident plans, fidelity bonds, all forms of fire, liability and casualty insurance, including auto, and is one of the largest and most experienced underwriters of workmen's compensation. See your telephone directory or write us in Wausau, Wisconsin.

The Maxons, Junior and Senior, at site of La Crosse (Wis.) Boiling Water Reactor. Joint project of Atomic Energy Commission and Dairyland Power Cooperative will develop use of nuclear energy for production of low-cost electrical power.



Employers Mutuals of Wausau

164 Offices Coast to Coast
"Good people
to do business with"



Maxon Construction works with U.S. Army Corps of Engineers on Red Rock Dam on Des Moines River 60 miles below Iowa's capital. The project is part of a comprehensive flood-control plan for the Upper Mississippi River Basin.

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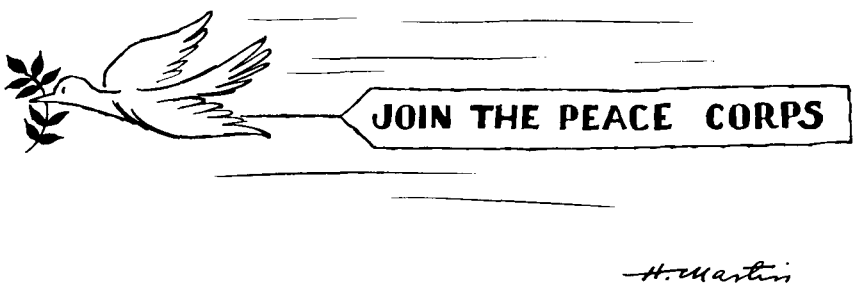
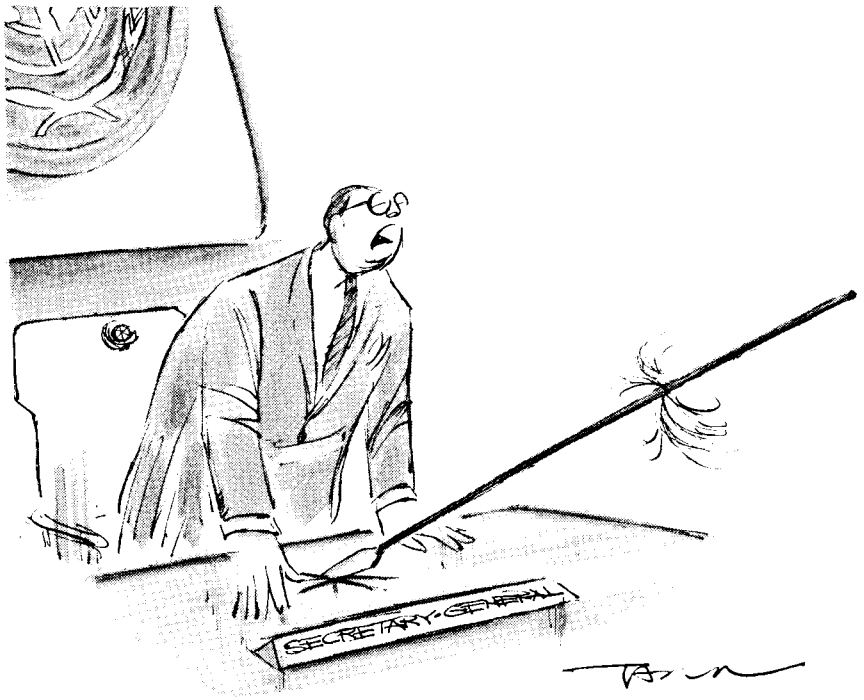
post scripts

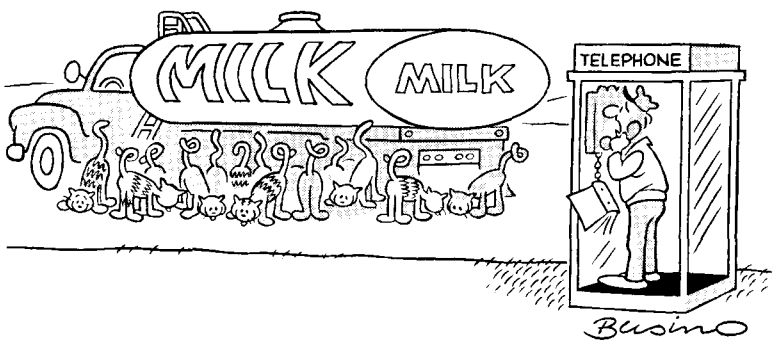
"But I didn't think you'd really mind addressing our Christmas cards this year."





"May I remind the delegate from Watusiland that Article 27, Section 14, expressly prohibits demonstrations in the General Assembly!"

"I knew I should never have trusted you!"



"Boss? I've sprung a leak."

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How can just 1 calorie taste so good?

The Coca-Cola Company kept the flavor in TaB

A toast to a special celebration. And a toast to Tab. The difference in Tab is flavor. You see, anyone can take the calories out of a soft drink. But it took The Coca-Cola Company to keep the flavor in. Tab . . . only one calorie in every six ounces. Keep tab with Tab.

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Sput...Pop...Clank...VaROOOM!

The wrench-spinners' World Series is helping to develop new—and better—auto mechanics.

By CHARLES N. BARNARD

So many things couldn't be wrong with one automobile if it had been serviced by the Marx Brothers. Yet the two teen-agers who threw open the hood were undismayed. This is what they had expected. They knew the car had been sabotaged by experts—that every dirty trick in the book had been thrown at them. Spark-plug wires were crossed, fuel lines were plugged, circuits were grounded, critical factory settings were out of kilter. The boys, each leaning on a front fender, looked across the engine at each other.

"Endsville, man," said one. "They've done it *all* to this one." His partner didn't answer. He was already tugging at a rat's nest of ignition wires, knowing where each belonged, but wondering which one might contain a hidden short circuit. The other boy was now dismantling the carburetor. All the two of them had to do was find the engine's hidden malfunctions and bring it roaring back to life as quickly as they could—while a deadpan judge with the sympathies of a baseball umpire held a stopwatch on them.

These two young mechanics were contestants in a new type of game. If all went well, they would probably diagnose and repair between 15 and 20 problems in 30 to 45 minutes. The game is called troubleshooting. Among automotive-minded high-school youngsters from coast to coast it has become (1) a new way to have fun with a car, (2) an achievement that can lead to instant employment after graduation, (3) a national sport that leads to fame and college scholarships in its own "world series" at Detroit each June.

Perhaps more important for 70 million American motorists who drive 800 billion miles a year, troubleshooting is a small step toward developing a new crop and a new breed of auto mechanics. They are badly needed. One of the automobile industry's gravest concerns is that there are not enough good servicemen to take care of the cars on the road, and that the shortage grows more serious each year.

Automakers have a stake in the problem, because if auto service is not handled honestly and efficiently, the market for new cars is undermined by consumer distrust. All companies supply schools with engines and other hardware for use in training shops. General Motors makes it possible for teachers to attend courses in its regional training centers. Ford brings vocational instructors to Detroit for a two-week course at its technical service laboratory each summer. Volkswagen of America has announced a three-year apprenticeship program to train young mechanics. Shell Oil, which must sell service along with gas and oil, has opened a $750,000 diagnostic clinic and repair facility near Detroit that may be a pilot for similar facilities coast to coast.

Chrysler Corporation, for its part, sponsors the troubleshooting contests on a nationwide basis. While not all the 11,000 troubleshooters who have competed have gone on to become mechanics, 74 percent have received job offers and hundreds are already working their way up to be service managers. Over 300 are with Plymouth dealerships across the country. Hundreds of others have been snapped up by Ford and General Motors dealers who don't mind at all cashing in on a Chrysler-Plymouth promotion.

"If it hadn't been for this contest," says Jim Lee, a winner in 1959, "I don't think my salary would be up to nearly $10,000 in only five years. I know dealers who'd be happy to pick up *losers* to work in their shops."

Troubleshooting began in 1949 in Los Angeles when George J. Cutler, a regional service manager for Plymouth, tried to solve a personnel problem. His dealers had been telling him they couldn't find enough well-trained mechanics.

"There were openings for 150,000 new mechanics in the U.S. then," says Cutler, "yet high-school officials were complaining they couldn't persuade enough boys to take vocational training in auto service. They all thought they ought to be nuclear physicists or something."

Cutler pondered the paradox and got an idea. Why not sponsor a contest for student mechanics—booby-trap a group of identical cars with identical well-hidden malfunctions, then turn the kids loose to find them. The first team of two boys to put their car back into running condition would win a prize.

Seventeen high schools in Cutler's territory sent 50 of their best boys into the competition. The winners ran through the mechanical obstacle course in only 38 minutes—and a new sport was born.

Troubleshooting spread from California to Boston, Buffalo and Detroit in 1958, and went national in 1962, when regional winners from 42 cities were brought to Detroit for the first U.S. championship finals. This year 38 cities, 1,107 schools and 3,215 boys were involved; 98 finalists competed for six top prizes worth $9,000 in college scholarship money plus about $5,000 worth of tools and other equipment.

The finalists learned that there is a vast difference between winning a local contest and tackling the kind of problems that factory engineers can hide in an engine. "It took our men over fifty man-hours of work to bug the cars we used this year," says a contest official. "Those kids don't get off easy. In fact, sometimes we worry that we've done the job so well that nobody will get an engine started and the whole thing will have to be called on account of darkness."

With troubleshooting in its third year as a national game, great ingenuity is beginning to develop on both sides—among the students who refuse to be stumped by the most diabolical tricks and among the men who must come up with variations on malfunctions that were used the year before. Since troubles are limited to the under-the-hood variety, the game of wits becomes more refined each year.

To stay as neutral as possible, Plymouth gives the responsibility for conceiving an annual set of problems to Herbert E. Ellinger, a professor of automotive technology at Western Michigan University. It is a perverse sort of assignment. "Automotive engineers are usually concerned with how to make an engine run better," says Ellinger. "But once a year I have to get together with some of my senior students and we cook up some new ways to make an engine die a thousand deaths. I mean, we really strain to think of devilish things."

This year the booby traps, which are the same on each car, consisted of a plugged fuel line, shorted distributor points, shorted condenser, blocked needle-valve seat, plugged idle jet, plugged main jet, blocked acceleration pump, missing inlet check ball, closed points on one spark plug, open crankcase vent, scrambled plug wires, disconnected starter neutral switch and a missing battery ground strap.

These troubles are as complicated as they sound, and to make things even more difficult the workmanship employed in setting the traps is highly precise. Tiny pieces of foil, shreds of copper wire, unseen drops of lead solder, strips of clear plastic tape—these are the tools of the engine saboteur. His results must be so slick that the practiced eyes of contestants will not see that a part has been tampered with. On the other hand, nuts and bolts may be deliberately loosened and tightened again to leave traces of wrench work and mislead the troubleshooters into thinking something has been deranged when it hasn't.

Instructor Lloyd S. Lyda of Medford Senior High School, Medford, Oreg., took his third trip to the finals with a pair of troubleshooters this year—the only teacher in the U.S. to have made it every year. His two boys were a 17-year-old junior, John T. Hughes, and an 18-year-old senior, Chip Buffington, both enrolled in Lyda's industrial-arts course in auto repair. Like an athletic coach getting a team ready for the big game, Lyda

Finalist in this year's contest dismantles a carburetor in race against the stopwatch.

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Like surgeons bent over their patients, the nation's top teen-age mechanics struggle to revive crippled engines at the National Troubleshooting Finals.

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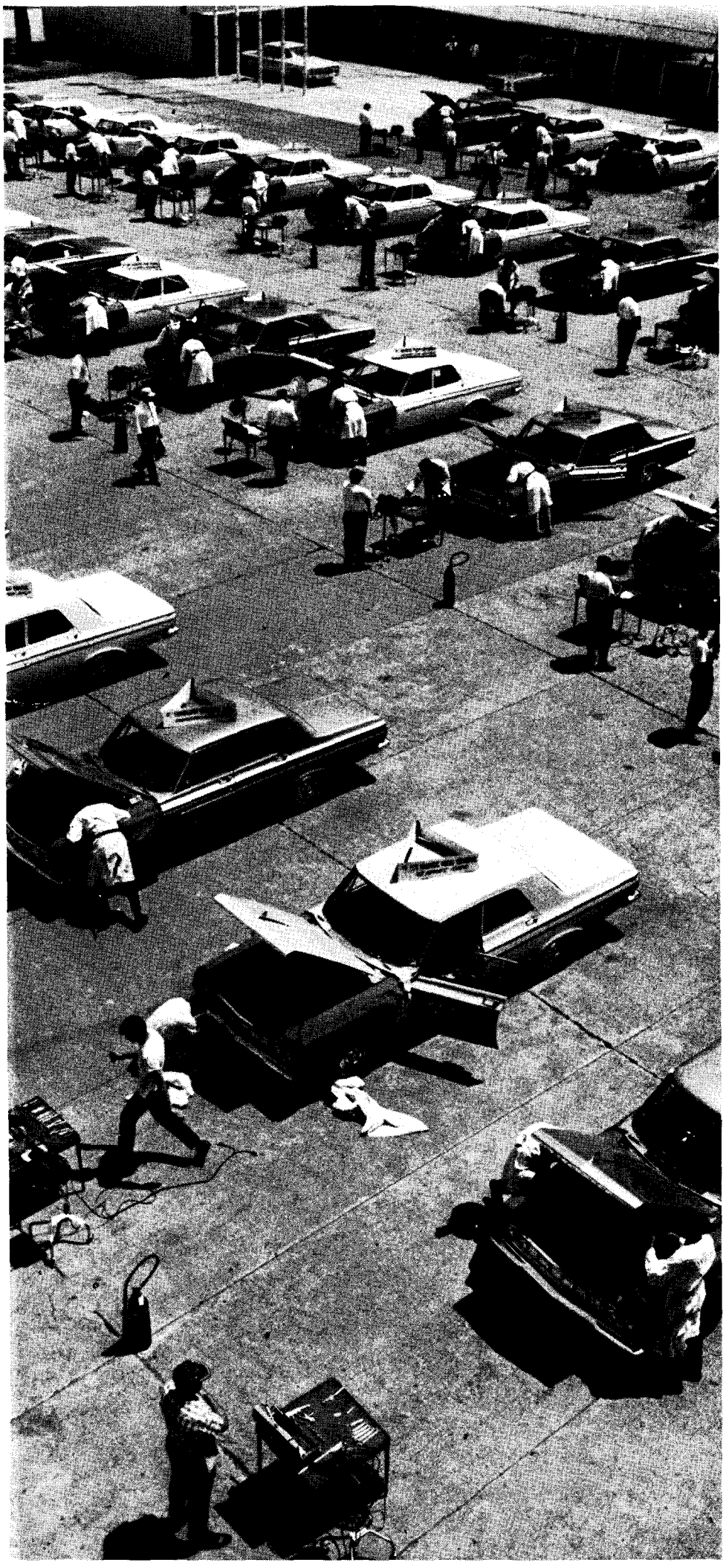
One boy works to get gas to the engine, the other to get a spark.



Judge in front of each car supplies necessary parts—if asked for them by name.

tries to bring his boys to a peak in the 48 hours that precede the final action.

"On the plane from Oregon we had three hours to review all the malfunctions that had been used in earlier contests. I told my boys they could expect some to be repeated—but there were bound to be new ones. I have records of at least 50 different things that have been done to the engines in recent years. I teach my boys how to spot 'em all. John and Chip can pull a carburetor and distributor in less than six minutes; they can remove distributor points in two minutes."

Lyda carried a bulging airline flight bag with him when he arrived in Detroit. It contained distributor and carburetor parts from a 318-inch Plymouth V-8, the engine to be used in the test.

"We'll have one final session with these babies just before bedtime," he said, tapping the contents of the bag. "The boys will have dinner and then I'll let them roam around town a bit, but about midnight we'll get together in the room and they'll take these things apart and put them together again a few times just to make their hand movements more habitual, more sure. We can't afford any fumbling with unfamiliar parts once that clock starts ticking."

The final battle between the old-pro engineers and the young mechanics is joined on a large concrete parking area at the Michigan State Fairgrounds outside Detroit. This year 49 factory-new but totally dead cars were lined up in front of 98 young wrench spinners. Each boy crouched in a racing start as stock-car champion Paul Goldsmith fired the starting gun.

Within seconds, 49 gleaming hoods flew open and the boys flung themselves to work. Because most of the troubles would be in the fuel or electrical system, most teams attack along these lines, one boy working to bring fuel to the engine, the other trying to provide spark. Experience and training have taught them to make a systematic approach—a helter-skelter search wastes time. The electrical system is checked from battery to spark plugs; the fuel lines from gas tank to cylinder ports.

There is no teacher to help now; instructors must sit with hundreds of other spectators in bleachers that face the action. Under the yawning hoods, white-smocked troubleshooters look like young interns doing an emergency operation on an open-mouthed whale. Their instruments, bright and stainless, are arrayed on a small table in front of the car. Their talk, when there is any, is operating-room terse. The smell of gasoline spreads like an antiseptic odor. As time ticks by, tension begins to show: "I found a closed plug. Do you think they'd short more than one?" The reply, short and almost angry: "Check it. Check 'em all. Don't tell me your troubles. I got my own." Although competing teams work only a few feet apart, there is no rubbernecking at what others are doing. After all, *they* might be doing the wrong thing.

A dozen troubles may be located and repaired in the first 10 minutes. These are the old favorites, like crossed-up plug wires. Then the going gets tough. When a malfunction is found that seems to require a replacement part, one of the boys asks the judge on his car to come up with it. The judge holds a bag in which the needed parts are hidden. If the contestant asks for the right thing, he gets it. If what he asks for isn't needed to make the car run, the judge just shakes his head.

Judges, spectators and contestants know that almost any time after the first half hour, an engine will come to life, a hood will slam shut and two boys will drive their car out of its place and onto a test road. If the car seems to run according to specification, its team will dash for the judges' stand to stop their clock. If something isn't right, they will return to their place in line for more work.

This year the silence was broken by Curt Freeman and Mike Seybold, two 18-year-olds from Point Loma High School, San Diego, Calif. One by one, they had found the traps and fixed them. After 39 minutes they began to flip tools back into their toolbox as if they didn't expect to need them anymore. With only a vacuum gauge and tachometer still connected to the engine, they made the final tests: "Now. Now. Now. Hit the starter . . . hit it." The engine began to crank over dryly. When fuel reached the carburetor there was a roaring cough, a puff of blue exhaust and a cheer from the crowd. The engine settled down to a smooth idle, then roared and sighed again as the boys revved it up and down, studying the test instruments. Satisfied, they slammed shut the hood, poured into the front seat and headed for the finish line and $1,000 each. Their winning time: 42 minutes, 35 seconds.

Later, when their car was checked by experts, it was found decimal-point perfect. As one judge put it, "It may even run a little better than when it came off the assembly line."

As for Lloyd Lyda and his boys from Medford, Oreg., no amount of preparation had been enough. They failed to find a short circuit in the electrical system in time and finished out of the money.

The personal decisions of this year's top finishers aren't final yet, but in 1963, two thirds of the contestants had job offers within a few weeks. One of the winners had to sort out 11; two others had seven each.

Troubleshooting isn't attracting only dealers seeking good mechanics. U.S. Army motor pools have asked Plymouth how the game might be adapted to military training. The Boy Scouts may use some form of troubleshooting in their merit-badge program. The Peace Corps has two contest finalists doing service in Brazil and is asking for more volunteers.

If this sort of thing keeps up, there may be a new day of hope dawning for the long-suffering American motorist. Troubleshooting's finest hour of public service could come when some local Jesse James wearing mechanic's coveralls and a triumphant smile estimates eight hours' labor for an engine job—and his customer answers, "Eight hours? Get serious. Those high-school boys did the same job in 45 minutes last year." THE END

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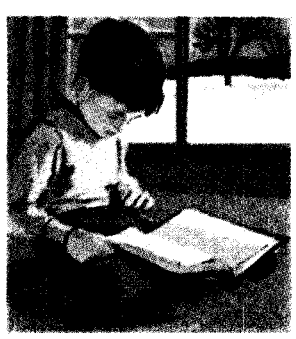

LP-GAS FOR HOME HEATING

LP-GAS FOR ENGINE FUEL

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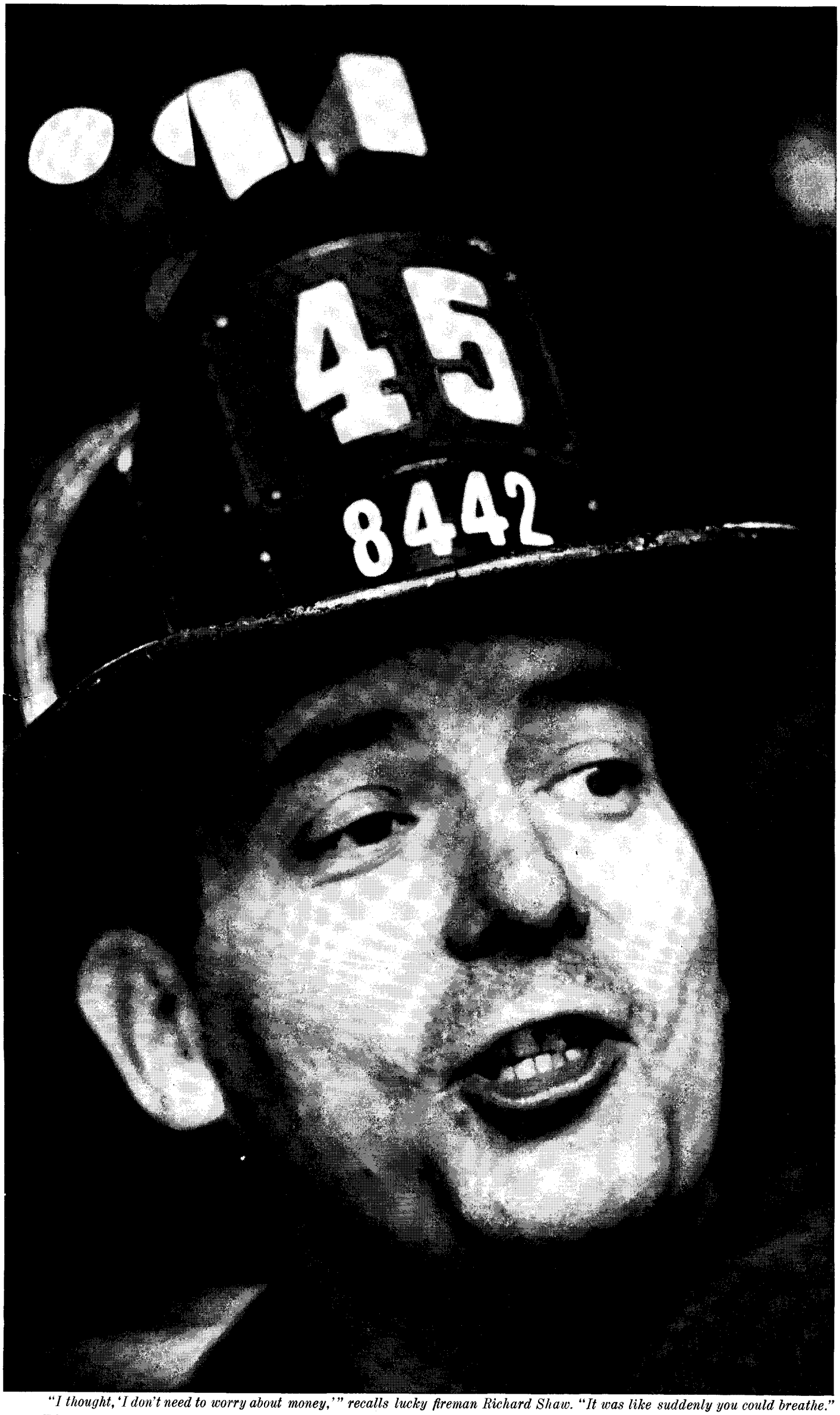

"I thought, 'I don't need to worry about money,'" recalls lucky fireman Richard Shaw. "It was like suddenly you could breathe."

By Richard Lemon

On the night of Thursday, September third, a 34-year-old New York City fireman named Richard Shaw was augmenting his income, as he often did, by driving a cab. "I had stopped for coffee at the firehouse," Shaw recalls, "and the captain came in and set down this *Daily News* and said, 'Is this you?'"

Looking up at Shaw from the coffee-stained table was the headline, RICHARD, YOU'RE RICH; COME GET IT. Underneath, the New York tabloid's story told of a will in which an estimated $250,000 had been left in trust to a man whom the lawyers for the estate had been unable to find. The will was that of a man named Bushnell Dimond. The man he had left his money to was named Richard Gregory Shaw. As Shaw recalled later, his reaction was instantaneous. He said, "Oh my God, it was Bush. Holy gee, that's me."

For the next two days Shaw was known in the newspapers as the "250G Fireman," but Shaw and the money were only half the story. Until the *News* story, Bushnell Dimond had been as anonymous among New York's millions as the man he enriched. He was 76 when he died, and Shaw had not seen him in almost 13 years.

Bushnell Dimond, a.k.a. (the abbreviation for "also known as" used in his will) Asa Bushnell Dimond, was a solitary sort of man who lived for a number of years in the Washington Heights section of Manhattan in New York City. He had been raised in Springfield, Ohio; Philadelphia; and New York, and had gone to the University of Pennsylvania, without graduating. In his earlier days he had been a movie and theater critic for Philadelphia newspapers, and he still wrote pieces for King Features Syndicate, but few people who knew him knew that. Some thought he edited a trade paper, some thought he wrote books or articles, and none of them wondered about it much. He lived in an expensive apartment group called Castle Village, which has doormen and overlooks the Hudson River and the George Washington Bridge, but it was his only sign of affluence. Though Dimond came from a well-to-do family, he usually wore an old trench coat, and his clothes were respectable but uncared for. He walked in a cautious shuffle as a result of arthritis and a broken hip, and he spent most of his evenings in Duffy's and McGow's, a small, dark, family bar where he sat in the next-to-last booth, smoking, and drinking rum-and-Cokes. He liked to order a double rum and Coke, drink half of it, and send it to the bar for another shot of rum, so that by the end of the evening there was almost no Coke left.

Dimond had few friends, but he enjoyed young people, and got to know a number

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■ Richard Shaw was earning $7,800 a year as a New York City fireman when he learned from a newspaper that a casual acquaintance he had not seen for almost 13 years had died, leaving him his entire estate.

THE $250,000 BONANZA

of the young men and women who hung out at Duffy's and McGow's. He bought them an occasional beer, lent them an occasional dollar, gave them advice and spent many evenings talking with them, about everything under the sun. The young crowd liked Dimond, because he was interesting to talk to. One of them would walk him home in winter, when he worried about falling, and every now and then he would take a couple of them to the Museum of Modern Art, where everybody seemed to know him.

In the early 1950's the young crowd started getting married, moved away, and soon lost track of each other, and of Dimond. Some time toward the mid-1950's, Dimond moved to a hotel in midtown. When he died on June 6, this year, his death was not reported in the papers. Most of the Duffy's and McGow's group had not seen him for more than a decade; his sister, a woman named Henrietta Quinn who lives on Park Avenue, had quarreled with him and had not seen him for 17 years. The lawyer who had drawn his will was dead, and the will itself, dated October 6, 1949, was an impersonal legal document. The estate consisted mainly of Dimond's own inheritance.

The lawyer for the estate, Eric Malm, spent much of the next three months trying to find out who Richard Gregory Shaw was. He wrote to 31 people whose names and addresses he found in Dimond's apartment, but none of them had heard of Shaw. Neither had anybody at 500 Audubon Avenue, Manhattan, which the will gave as Shaw's 1949 address. Manhattan-area phone books yielded just one Richard G. Shaw, and he had never heard of Dimond. Notices in the *Times* and *Herald Tribune* brought no response. Malm decided that Dimond might have known Shaw during his college or reviewing days, but Actors Equity said Shaw was not an actor, the Library of Congress said he was not a writer, and the University of Pennsylvania said he had never gone there. Malm finally hired a missing-persons agency and moved to have the will probated without Shaw, whereupon the *Daily News* ran its story.

It turned out that Shaw was living in The Bronx, and he had previously lived at 550, not 500 Audubon Avenue. Shaw had been one of the Duffy's and McGow's group, and he had not seen Dimond since the group broke up.

During the years they both hung out at Duffy's and McGow's, Shaw often saw Dimond half a dozen times a month. Nonetheless, they accumulated remarkably little factual information about each other. Until quite recently, Shaw did not know Dimond's occupation, or income, or marital status, or political views, or credit rating, or religious affiliation, or place of residence, or family, or friends. Dimond could not have known much more about Shaw. Many people would hesitate to eat lunch with an acquaintance on whom they had no more information than that, but Dimond's legacy had clearly been based on a simpler system of appraisal: personal estimation.

Shaw is a tall, hefty man with graying, crew-cut hair and an air of restrained enthusiasm. He makes $7,800 a year working as a fireman, a job he loves, and another $1,000 driving a cab, a job he hates, and he lives in a four-room apartment in Woodlawn, for which he pays $57 a month. The apartment is dark and narrow, and Shaw got it from his in-laws six years ago. His wife, Tecla, grew up there.

Financially, the Shaws and their two children inhabit the great gray area which is a long way north of poverty and a good bit south of comfort. All the Shaws love to read, and they own a number of expensive National Geographic books, an unabridged Webster's Dictionary, and about a hundred paperbound books. Shaw is a Civil War buff, and his wife likes mysteries, but their love of reading stops short of the newspapers. "Politics is nonsense, right?" Shaw says. "Everybody's got his hand in the till. I don't read the papers because when things are this way it aggravates me. And I just don't want to aggravate myself."

Shaw is also enthusiastic about food. He buys S. S. Pierce's canned goods, which he introduced to the small grocery store next to the firehouse; he browses the shelves there, pointing out baby carrots (49 cents a can) and maple syrup ($1.49 a small can) with the relish of a gardener. Shaw spends carefully, in spurts, His oldest son, Stevie, 9, owns a $20 baseball glove, and Vance, 4, has a fine, British-made castle which Shaw found for about $15. "I went out one Christmas and bought Tecla seventy dollars' worth of perfume," he says. "When I buy something, I like to buy it complete. I'd bought her thirty dollars' worth when we got married—but nothing in the ten years between. She still doesn't have an engagement ring. I could've bought one, but it would have taken money from the house. I went five years without one single suit. I had no need of one."

Not surprisingly, Shaw's initial reaction to the story of his sudden wealth was one of skepticism. "At first I thought it was a joke," Shaw recalled recently. "These guys at the firehouse are very ingenious, anything for a laugh, and there's a printer right around the corner. They could have a trick paper with one item for each guy, and they'd let you go out looking for the lawyer, laughing all the time. Right away your mind says, 'No, it couldn't be you'—right? And then I saw Bushnell Dimond and I knew it was me.

"I felt lousy because the guy had died, and I was trying to keep from smiling because of all the money. But in a fraction of a second I thought, 'I don't need to worry about money.' It was like suddenly you could breathe. And then: 'Maybe the guy died alone, under what circumstances, who knows? Maybe nobody was there, which is a crime.' But it wasn't in words. It's by emotions, three or four at a time, they amalgamate themselves and you feel just that one sensation.

"Later, driving home, I thought, 'Now don't get in an accident, you've got the minimum amount of insurance but you got all this money, and somebody'll sue you for everything.'

"I came home. I saw the wife here, she had her hair up in curlers and she was talking on the phone to her mother. I told the kid (Stevie), 'Take care of the little guy.' I told her, 'Put on your coat.' I wanted to take her out. I had got over my friend's death—we're human, let's face it. You're feeling very magnanimous, you can help some people. You can get your wife out of this apartment she's been in 27 years—27 years, ahh. I thought, 'Let's be romantic.' Where am I going to go around here that's romantic? Well, there's this candy store. It used to be called Weller's, and it had the best malted milks. When we were first married, we'd go to Weller's and then to this theater that showed old movies.

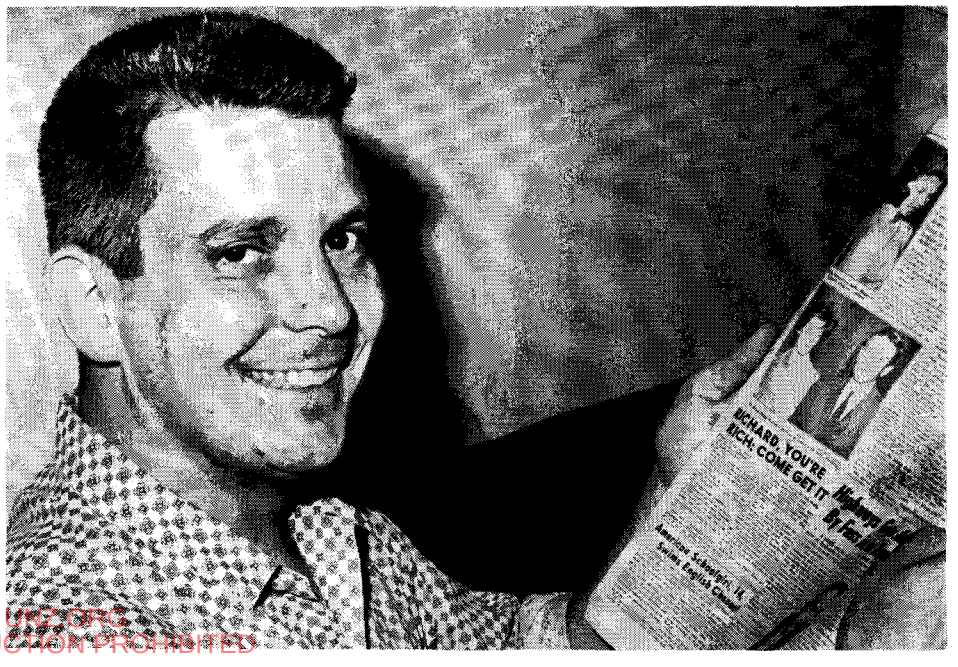
"So I took her to the candy store. We used to sit in the back, but the booths were all gone so we had to sit at the counter. We got a Coke or something because malted milks are too fattening now. She knew something was wrong. She thought I'd wrecked the car. I don't know why—I'm not a car wrecker. I said to her, 'I've got the finest present I can give you. Read the paper.'"

Shaw paused. "She didn't say a thing," he said. "She didn't say a thing. She just put her head on my shoulder."

The Shaws went home to tell their children, but Shaw had told the men at the firehouse to call the *News*, and a reporter and photographer were waiting at the apartment. When the reporters left, the Shaws celebrated with a drink of Scotch, and then, Shaw says, "It started to get out of hand. I guess I was hopping around, and suddenly I saw the kid. He's looking at me with shining eyes, as though I did something. I didn't do anything, right? I took him aside and said, 'Look, son, you can thank this man Dimond—I did nothing.' I didn't want him thinking I had done something big and then getting a jolt later. Who wants false admiration? It sticks in your throat, right?"

The next 24 hours were hectic. At two in the morning a wire-service reporter called. After that, Shaw took the phone off the hook, but he couldn't sleep, so he decided to go down to the firehouse. When a reporter showed up there at five, Shaw went home again, dodged two more reporters, and moved his family to his sister-in-law's apartment. By midmorning there were several dozen reporters and a TV truck outside the firehouse, and when Shaw called the lawyer, Malm said, "How do I know who you are?" "I said, 'Well, I know who I am,'" Shaw recalls. "'You can call me at the fire department and ask for ladder 45.' He said, 'I'll call in about an

Shaw displays the tabloid that announced the news of his surprise inheritance.



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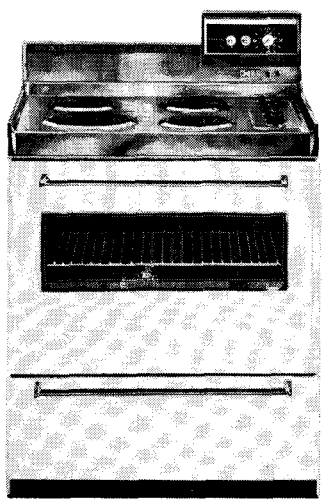

Tappan had you in mind when they designed the new Silhouette Electric Range. They took the strain and scrape out of cleaning an oven by giving you removable chrome oven liners. Liners you can slip out easily and clean off quickly at the sink, because food won't stick to their hard chrome surface. Liners that sparkle and shine and control over-all cooking temperatures. Even the oven door lifts off for easy cleaning.

Then Tappan added dozens of other quality conveniences. Top-mounted controls, for easy reach. A timing clock and see-in oven. A controlled oven thermostat that eliminates pre-heating problems.

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The final result of this custom-designing is waiting for you at your Tappan dealers. It's called the Silhouette Range, and is available in both gas and electric models. See it soon. The Tappan Company, Mansfield, Ohio. Tappan-Gurney Ltd., Montreal.

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'You are not going to pieces,' said Shaw firmly, 'or lose your grip.'

$250,000 Bonanza

hour, because right now I have another Richard Shaw on the telephone.'"

When Shaw faced the press, the photographers wanted him to pose throwing dollar bills in the air (or, in Shaw's words, saying "*Whee*, my friend is dead"), but they had to settle for a smiling picture with his fellow firemen, and they didn't get that until Shaw had ruined a number of pictures by thumbing his nose at the cameras. The next day there were no reporters at all, and the Shaws' life got back to normal.

Shaw is now collecting affidavits from several members of the Duffy's and McGow's group who knew both Dimond and himself, and there is little doubt that he will collect his inheritance. The only people who could conceivably contest the will are Dimond's sister and two sons of Dimond's deceased brother, and all three have signed waiver-and-consent papers. "It was his will," Mrs. Quinn says. "Naturally, it has to stand." Under the will Shaw will get the income from the trust for life, and at his death his children will get the principal. The trust should bring about $10,000 a year.

Since the newspaper stories appeared, Shaw has received about 35 letters from people seeking loans or business deals. Phone calls were more of a problem, and Shaw got sick of them. "Occasionally you get so many you feel like playing a little farce on somebody," he said recently. "One Sunday night a broker called and said he wanted to talk about investing my money. I told him I'd spent it. He said, 'What, you mean you've gone through all that capital *already?*'—not money, '*capital*,' and it's *his*. I said, 'Yes, I'm on the last ten thousand now. In fact, I have to go, it's somebody at the door, it's probably a good bargain.'" The more mundane truth is, the Shaws' biggest celebration was a dinner in midtown Manhattan. "We spent thirty dollars, then we went window shopping," Shaw says. "The last time we went out to dinner was when Stevie was born. Nine years ago, can you imagine? That'll stand as a record."

Since he first read of his inheritance, Shaw has spent a good deal of time thinking back to his friendship with Dimond, trying to answer the question, "Why me?"

"The reason we got along so well is that we were so much alike," Shaw said recently. "He was impulsive; I'm impulsive. We were both a little reticent when we first meet people. You're meek, right, until you find out how they play the game on this particular little corner? He was a kindred soul—you can feel it right away—you feel *sympathique* with a guy like him right away. I remember he always said I had a fine analytical mind. He always said to me, 'It's a shame you couldn't go to college.'

"After a great deal of thinking on the subject," Shaw said on another occasion, "I seem to recall that one time in his apartment, after I walked him home one night, he showed me my name in the will. It wasn't like I was insulted, but I felt hurt. I wasn't worried about money at nineteen. I made him promise to change it and he said, 'Yeah, OK.' It was a minute's discussion—and it was over. I remember saying to myself, 'Gee, Bush shouldn't have done that. It wasn't called for.' I want to impress this on you. I wasn't his protector. There were guys I thought knew him better than I did. The guys would be ready to go bowling and he'd say, 'Dick, would you walk me home?' And I'd be torn. I'd do it, but I'd be freezing and saying, 'Damn, that's the last time I'll walk this guy home.'"

What Shaw remembers most vividly is the long hours of talk, and Dimond himself. "He'd smoke, puff-puff, and drink, more than normal, let's say. But he never got drunk or sloppy. He had a great smile. He used to talk and we'd listen, because he was a student of life. He'd say something and you'd listen because you might go through your whole life and never understand that. He was a philosopher. You wonder how this is going to sound in print because there's so many pseudophilosophers in the bars. But this guy was the genuine article.

"To me, an intellectual is a guy who can talk with anybody, on any subject, on any plane. He can talk with a plumber, and he can talk with an atomic physicist. Bush was like that."

The Shaws were married in 1952. Mrs. Shaw never met Dimond. "I invited Bush to the wedding," Shaw says. "He sent a card, 'Sorry, can't make it.' I felt he didn't want to come because he would feel out of place, perhaps. You get older, you get out of the habit of doing things like that. It's easy to say 'no.' I wasn't going to push him. I never saw him after that."

The money which Dimond left will change the Shaws' life in some important ways. They plan to buy a house, but not immediately. "It was always so much in the future," Tecla says. "I've lived here so many years, I'll live here another year or two and take my time to decide."

The money will also affect some other people's lives. The Shaws' first project is to get Tecla's brother a cab of his own—he now lives in Fishkill, N.Y., works in Hastings on Hudson, and drives for a cab company in the city—and there are friends whom Shaw would like to help. "We said, 'Let's make every nickel count,'" Shaw says. "This is such a far-fetched thing, you're going to do as much as you can with it for the members of your family and the people you respect. It's a job you've been given to do."

Shaw himself will continue to be a fireman; he is a chauffeur, or driver, on a 52-foot engine, and he likes it. "You get satisfaction," he says. "You feel part of a team. There's a lot of *esprit de corps*. Everybody's depending on everybody else. There's a fireman killed every six weeks in the city. You take a lot of physical punishment. There's a lot of life in it, a lot of go in it." He put his hands palms-up in a gesture of finality. "I've found my place. If I were forced to justify my existence on this planet, it would be driving. That's what I've done since I was seventeen."

Shaw may even continue to drive a cab from time to time, to keep his hand in. "But not so much the hand," he explains, "as the head—to remember who I am." Actually, he is not worried that the money he will inherit will make him forgetful. "You're not going to go to pieces or lose your grip," he said, one recent afternoon. "You're not going to change your basic concepts of life."

"Some people would," a visitor said.

"I know some people would," Shaw said. "But they never had anything to begin with." THE END

Shaw, Tecla, sons Patrick, 4, and Steven, 9, stroll through their Bronx neighborhood.

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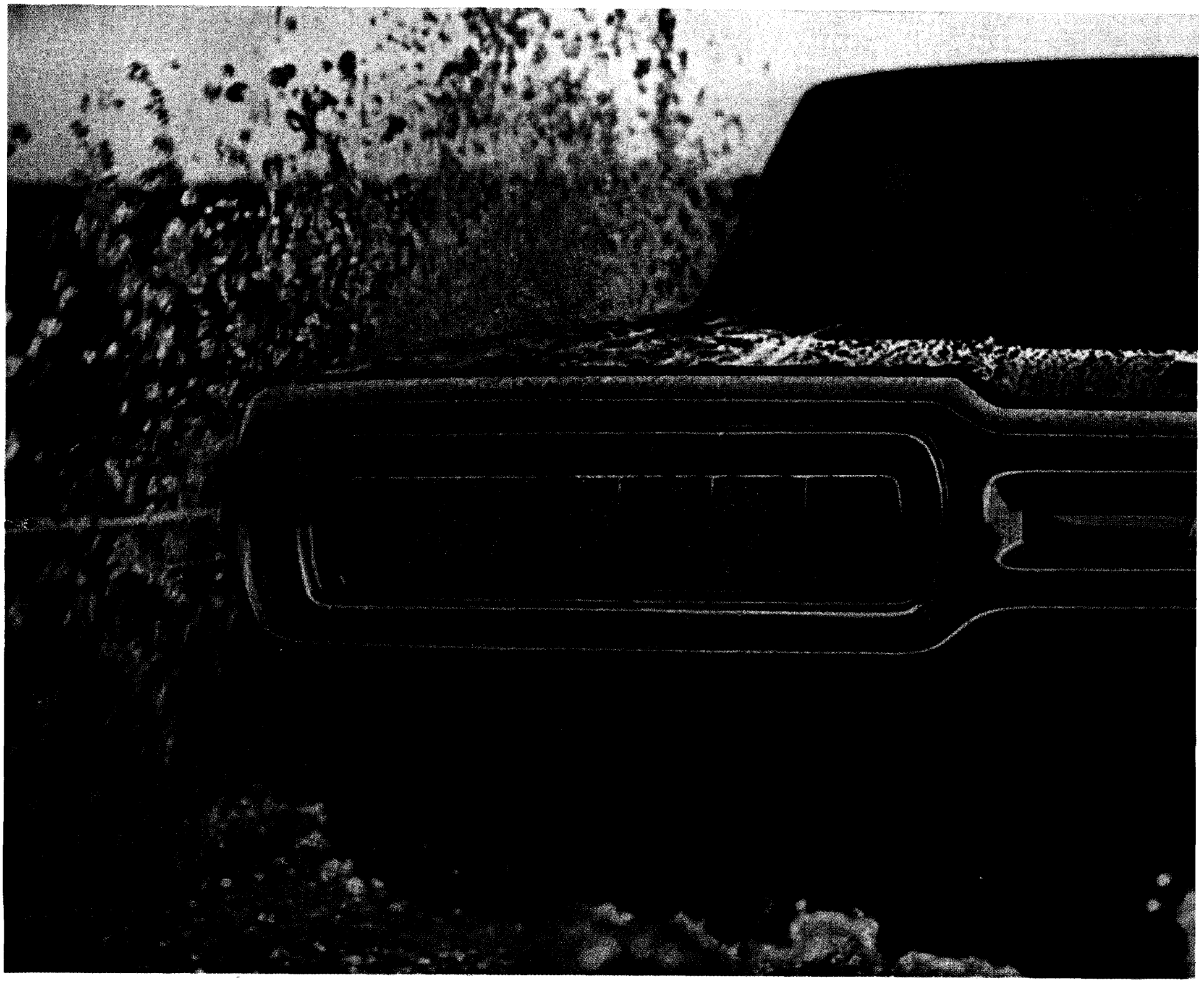
Ford Motor



putting salt on a bird's tail.

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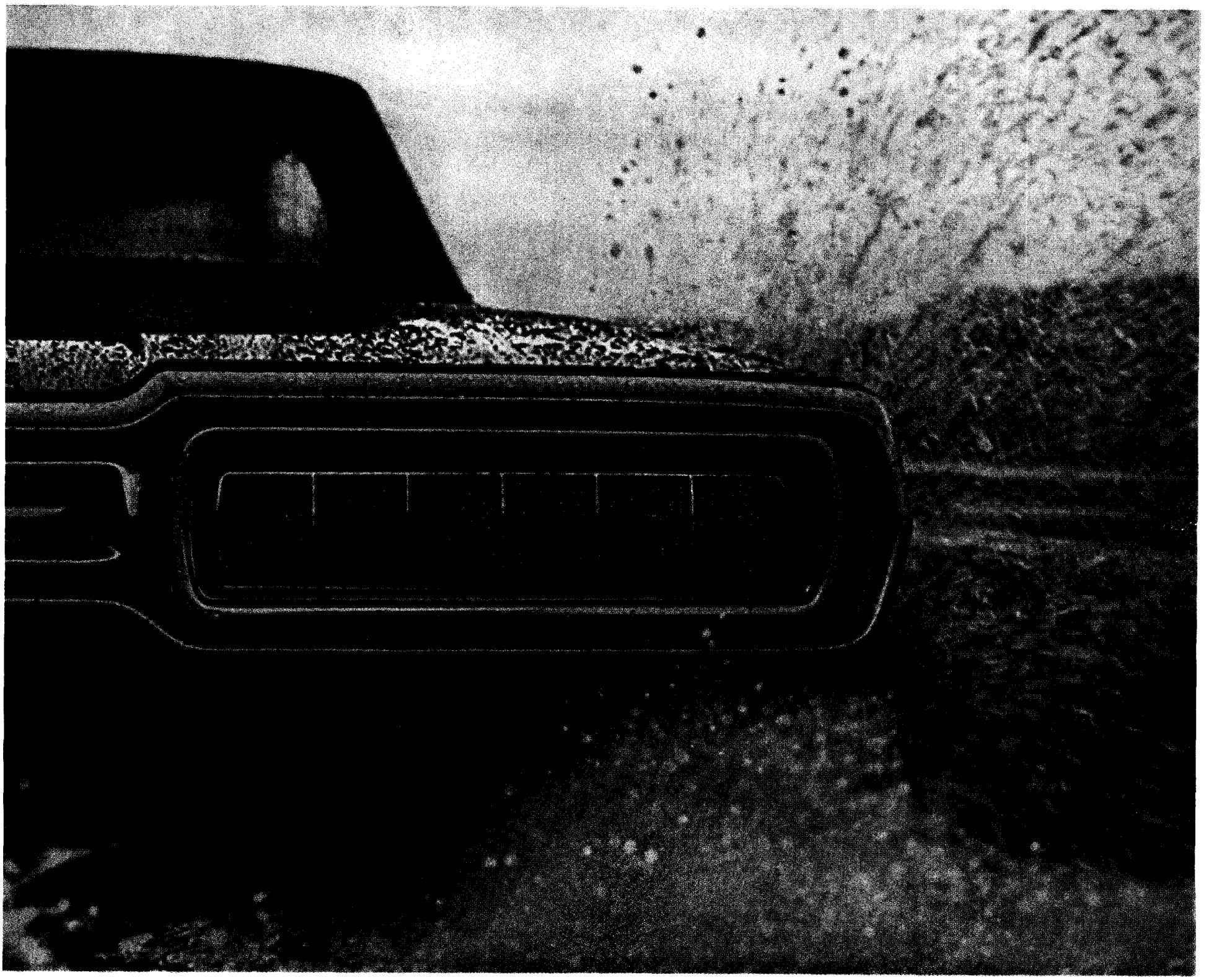

›lash!

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She is 71 years old,

but coming up

to see the grandma of all

sex goddesses

is still a big event.

Mae West with Joe Bardo at the Peppermint West, a twist parlor in Los Angeles. Bardo, an ex-bootlegger and circus strong man, is one of the few escorts with whom Miss West can be seen in public. She rarely leaves her secluded home except for night-time walks

Let me tell you about Mae West...

By LEWIS H. LAPHAM

HOLLYWOOD
THURSDAY MORNING

Dear Carolyn,

I have been up to see Mae West, and I thought you should be among the first to know. I am reminded of the evening we went to see the lady in an old movie at the Museum of Modern Art. Afterward, drinking plum brandy with your intellectual friends in that dismal coffeehouse, you said you thought she lacked sex appeal. "Amusing, yes," you said, or words to that effect, "but no magnetism, no animal urgency." We argued the point for at least an hour, and you refused to speak to me on the way back to East 74th Street in the taxi.

You were wrong, Carolyn; stifled, as usual, by your New England inhibitions. That was always the trouble between us. You considered me a vulgar peasant, easily attracted by the obvious. You ridiculed my weakness for perfume and other sensual things. Your manner, as I remember, was almost condescending, as if I were a child believing in witches and Santa Claus. With you a love affair was either a treaty to be negotiated (both signatories agreeing to certain, well-defined responsibilities) or an operation to be undergone as quickly and as cleanly as possible.

If you persist in that attitude you will end with a boring marriage to a proper young man about whom everybody says pleasant things but whom nobody ever remembers to invite for the weekend. I know that you are made of finer stuff, Carolyn, and for that reason I am writing to tell you of Mae West. Perhaps I should begin at the beginning.

The magazine asked for an article about her. "The original sex goddess," said the editors, "an American institution. . . . Go up and see her."

Going up to see her, however, is no longer the simple activity it apparently was in the good old days, when (according to the newspapers of the period) she issued invitations to entire audiences. She lives in a large house on the beach at Santa Monica, aloof and inaccessible, avoiding the company of Hollywood society (a group to which she refers as the "sodden, gilded people").

The conventional avenues of approach (theatrical agencies, movie and television studios, etc.) led nowhere. It was explained that Miss West remained a law unto herself and required no publicity. An autocratic woman fond of plots and intrigue (so said the gossips on Sunset Boulevard), a lady who lived as she pleased and sometimes employed private detectives to spy on people and bring her news of the town.

Daunted by these reports, and at a loss to proceed further, I mentioned the difficulty one afternoon at lunch to a gentleman named Joe Bardo. We had come together to discuss another matter. A man of many resources, Bardo has operated at various times in his life as a photographer, an editor of a girlie magazine, a movie actor (under the name Brick Bardo), a chauffeur, a bootlegger and a strong man in a traveling circus. His acquaintances are numerous and talkative; his information is always of the best. I won't bother with a detailed description of his appearance. Although handsome, heavyset, about 30 years old and with dark, wavy hair, he is not your type, Carolyn. He doesn't know the names of any eighteenth-century composers for the harpsichord.

"Leave it to me, kid," he said, when informed of the situation, "the lady happens to be a friend of mine; if anybody can fix it, Bardo is the guy."

I left it to him (I had no choice), and for two weeks we carried on a devious negotiation. Several appointments were arranged and then abruptly canceled. (Miss West was busy with real-estate deals, or she was feeling out of sorts, or she had to pose for photographers.) I submitted a list of questions and several published articles; I sent testimonials of my honorable intentions.

All this, of course, was part of the performance. Miss West does not give of herself lightly. "The trouble with those things," she once remarked, refusing to do a television series, "is that some clown in Omaha can turn you on and off. . . . A woman like me must be an event."

The repeated delays intensified my curiosity. Maybe you will scoff at the ancient device of playing hard to get, Carolyn, but it is infallible. Be wary of going too soon to see some young man's collection of stuffed tropical birds.

Growing anxious and impatient, I rode aimlessly around Los Angeles in Bardo's automobile. I bought him chocolate sundaes at Blum's in Beverly Hills; I bought him beer at the joints in Malibu. We talked of nothing but Mae West. I read and reread her autobiography, *Goodness Had Nothing to Do With It*. I began to think that I already knew her. Although not the sort of thing assigned in English 104 at Vassar, her history deserves your time and earnest study. So that you can properly evaluate her point of view, you should know about a few of the main events of her history.

She first appeared before the public in 1900, at the age of seven, on the stage of the Royal Theater in Brooklyn, billed as the "baby vamp." Thereafter, encouraged by her father (a reckless and gregarious man known in Red Hook as "Battling Jack West,"), she started in vaudeville, regularly winning first prize money of $10 on Friday amateur nights with such songs and dances as *The Grizzly Bear*, *Movin' Day*, and *My Mariooch-a Make-a da Hoochy-macooch*, a comic dialect number.

When she was 17 she married a song-and-dance man named Frank Wallace (her only marriage) and stayed with him for the duration of one road tour through Pennsylvania and Illinois. Ever since then she has usually had several men attached to her at the same time, more often than not brawling over her in bars and hotel rooms, a state of affairs she considers both natural and appropriate.

From the beginning she always wrote her own material, whether for stage productions or the movies. Her first play, *Sex*, caused a national sensation in 1926 and gained her an eight-day jail sentence on Welfare Island in New York. (Otherwise resigned to the discomforts of a cell, she insisted on being allowed her own silk underwear, a dispensation that attracted considerable notice in the local newspapers.)

Two years later, during Easter Week, she opened at Teller's Schubert in Brooklyn as *Diamond Lil*, the play for which she is best known, and the role with which she has long identified herself, both on and off the stage. Nearly all of her subsequent roles have been variations on the same theme—that is, the dance-hall queen as the eternal female to whom all men pay court and tribute.

She came to Hollywood in 1932. In the process of making a series of successful movies (meanwhile establishing box-office records and discovering Cary Grant in a chorus line at Paramount), she introduced several one-line remarks that have since become part of the language.

Of these, "Come up and see me sometime," is probably the most famous, although the literati in New York (I am thinking of your friend, Adalbert, the critic) prefer "Beulah, peel me a grape." Another line, not often remembered these days, Carolyn, but one embodying a valuable principle and therefore worth mentioning, goes as follows:

A confidante in a theater tells Miss West at the end of a performance that 10 men are waiting for her at home. Miss

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Mae West looked like this in a 1936 Paramount version of her stage play, "Klondike Annie," for which she also wrote the screenplay and dialogue.

West languidly replies, "I'm tired, send one of them home."

After 1941, the year the pilots of the R.A.F. named a life jacket in her honor, the record becomes less well-documented and therefore less clear. At irregular intervals she toured the country in her own lavish productions, inevitably playing opposite guys with names like Jack La Rue. She also played in nightclubs, most recently in New York in 1956 at the Latin Quarter, where she again surpassed all previous attendance records.

Of late, however, as Bardo explained one morning as we sat listening to a jukebox, her public appearances have been infrequent. Her only scheduled performance this year is as a guest star for one night on the Mr. Ed show, a CBS television series about a talking horse. Otherwise, said Bardo, she seldom goes out, and walks on the beach only at night.

Thinking of all these things and wondering about the mortality of the flesh, I was staring out my hotel window at a gigantic plastic girl whose head at night blossoms into a neon sign, when, early yesterday afternoon, Bardo telephoned to say that Miss West would see me within the hour. His voice sounded ominous and far-off, the voice of an impassive company commander radioing his last message from a besieged headquarters.

"This is it, kid," he said. "Nobody's backing out; I'll be over in ten minutes."

In the car driving west toward the sea he briefed me for the 17th time on the proper questions to ask (flattering), the names not to be mentioned (those of other actresses and W. C. Fields), and the correct manner to adopt in Miss West's presence (that of an attentive young man teetering on the edge of reckless infatuation). Under no circumstances, he said, must I address her with the breezy familiarity common to journalists, press agents and B-girls.

"It's Miss West, see," he said. "Nobody calls her Mae."

Her house, protected by a high wall, is on the Pacific Coast Highway, about a mile north of the Santa Monica Pier. Bardo announced our arrival over a telephone embedded in the wall. The heavy gate, controlled by an electronic device within the house, opened with a polite, swooshing sound. As we walked through a narrow courtyard overgrown with vines and weeds, Bardo seized me nervously by the arm.

"Don't louse it up," he said.

We were met at the front door by Grayson, the butler, who, smiling through his gold teeth, showed us into a large room presumably fronting on the ocean. I say, presumably, because, although early in a bright, sunny afternoon, all the curtains had been drawn. The room was illuminated by electric candles set in gilded sconces. There were a lot of mirrors in gilded frames; also a number of Louis XIV chairs covered in white satin, assorted cream-colored sofas and couches and a white fur rug on the floor. On the white piano stood a sculptured nude (Miss West in the 1930's); photographs and paintings of herself decorated the walls and tables.

Before sitting down to wait, Bardo led me into an adjoining room, almost as large, and furnished in the same style, to see the woolly monkeys. The two of them (named "Baby" and "Pretty Boy") dangled from a parallel bar (such as those seen in gymnasiums), swinging languidly around in circles at the end of expensive chains. Their thin, sour smell pervaded the lower floor of the house. The only sound was the tinkling of their chains.

While we sat in the living room, Bardo fidgeting with his tie and I trying to remember the questions I had submitted, he talked to me of monkeys. Miss West has kept a series of them over the last 30 years; once sending a particular favorite to Bullock's to be fitted for a camel's-hair coat and a beret. Bardo pointed out the broken porcelain lying in small heaps on a sideboard.

"The monkeys busted it," he said. "Very valuable stuff, but she never gets mad at them."

His tone, which was wistful, implied that she often got mad at other people. He said that next week somebody was bringing over a pet gorilla for Miss West's amusement. The gorilla supposedly had been taught how to perform Hawaiian dances.

After about 20 minutes Grayson came to conduct us into Miss West's presence. We followed meekly up the circular stairs, like captives being brought before a barbarian queen. Bardo gave me the thumbs-up signal considered *de rigueur* among fighter pilots taking off on bombing missions during World War II.

I hope this will not upset you, Carolyn, but at the age of 71 Miss West still possesses overwhelming sexual force. It comes and goes, like distant music heard across a fairgrounds on a summer night, but it is there.

She received us in her bedroom, seated on a gold chair in front of her round bed. Over a pink satin nightgown of the type preferred by movie stars of the 1930's she wore a negligee of fine lace. Her corsets held her figure rigidly in place. She wore a long, blond wig and exaggerated false eyelashes. The only sure marks of her age were the deep wrinkles in her throat and the lines around her eyes and wrists. Sitting motionless in her chair, she conveyed an impression of immense strength and solidity, almost as if she had been carved from stone.

"How are ya?" she said, grandly extending her hand.

Her voice was slurred and rough, the same suggestive drawl with which she always delivered her most successful ripostes and asides.

At first, of course, I was aware of the props—the cosmetics, the contrived lighting effects, the artificial glamour. But, after five or 10 minutes, such is the force of her will and the penetrating intensity

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'Sex is like a small business; you gotta watch over it.'

Mae West

of her eyes (still brilliant blue, hardly the watery, faded color usual in a woman her age) these things recede and cease to make the slightest difference. The prospect of flirting with her no longer seemed to be ridiculous.

The room, a boudoir of the old school, continued the decorative motif established elsewhere in the house. There were gilded cupids, ormulu clocks, more Louis XIV chairs and mirrors, satin hangings on either side of the bed, another fur rug, and fresh roses sent by admirers. The room was heavy with the scent of the flowers and a sweet perfume. The chairs and the satin quilt on the bed had been covered with cellophane, a protection against the monkeys. When she is alone, Miss West allows them to wander freely about and sometimes takes them to bed with her, like Teddy bears.

Bardo and I sat awkwardly on the indicated chairs, both of us trying very hard not to break anything. I need not have worried about what questions to ask. There was no interview in the usual sense of the word. Miss West spoke only as the spirit moved her, revealing whatever she thought within reach of our masculine—and therefore, limited—intelligences. One took what one was given and was grateful, like a medieval explorer receiving a trinket or a final word of praise from his benevolent sovereign before being sent off to find the sea route to the Indies.

She wasted no time with the customary preliminaries, assuming that if I had come up to see her then I must be interested in only one subject. After 50 years of conversation with reporters, she knew precisely what they had in mind. Their haircuts might change, also the cut of their suits, but the questions remained the same as always.

"With me," she began, "sex has always been a natural thing, part of my personality, you know what I mean?"

I nodded in numb agreement.

"My basic style I never changed, but I've always had a dignity and a regalness. Half the women in the world have copied me. I stimulated 'em. Those other actresses, those imitators, who are they? What have they done? Who ever heard of 'em? They just walk around on a stage lookin' dirty. Where's the humor? Where's the laugh in back of it?"

"Nowhere," I eagerly agreed, "no laugh, nothing but common drabs tricked up in tight skirts."

"Young man," she said, "I see you understand a few things. I used to go for guys with fancy rings, or a watch fob, or a natty suit, but I learned to be more particular.

"I was the first person to bring sex out into the open. Before I came along nobody could even print the word on billboards. I was walkin' on the West Side in New York one day with a certain party when I saw a girl in a satin dress wearing a ninety-eight-cent hat and feathers from a bird of paradise. A low and vulgar girl accompanied by sailors, but the feathers were worth a lot of money at the time, being, of course, illegal. So I said to the party I was with, where did that girl get that bird of paradise? I figured she got 'em from the sailors, who must have smuggled 'em into the country. That was the inspiration for my play, *Sex*. A catchy title and the basis of all life."

She looked at me through narrowing eyes, as if, in a moment of impetuous folly, I might contradict her. Bardo, offering no help, stared at the ceiling, smiling peacefully, like a top sergeant in the presence of his commanding officer and therefore relieved of all responsibility.

To demonstrate my good intentions and remove any taint of suspicion, I asked, in my most literary style, whether in these modern and degenerate times anybody still played the great game between the sexes with the old grace and charm, or whether, like the language of ancient Crete, the art of love had disappeared without a trace. She replied that here and there (her dispirited gesture summoned up visions of haggard soldiers holding out in lonely bunkers against heavy tanks) a few players still observed the old rules.

"But with most of 'em it's like handin' over a package of cigarettes. Sex is like a small business; you gotta protect it, watch over it. A matter of timing."

She explained that although she had carried on with a number of gentlemen over the years, she had never been promiscuous or cheap; neither had she suffered twinges of guilt or regret.

"The score never interested me," she said, "only the game."

I know you enjoy gossip, Carolyn, and I would like to provide you with a comprehensive chronicle of Miss West's daily comings and goings. But, as has already been pointed out, such a thing is impossible. During the course of her soliloquy, however, she did disclose a few miscellaneous details. These are herewith appended in the hope that you might find one or two of them useful.

She rises every day at 10:30 A.M. and exercises briefly but rigorously on a contraption presented to her by a former Mr. Universe. Her favorite materials are velvet and satin; in the mornings she wears a light perfume but switches to progressively muskier stuff as the day passes into night. She neither drinks nor smokes and will not permit anybody else to do so in her company. Her extraordinary vitality she attributes to regular diet, strict personal hygiene and a third thyroid gland, discovered by accident in 1959 when she was X-rayed in Las Vegas.

She indulges her passion for hats and will spend hours in front of a mirror trying on one after another, a diversion that soothes her. As a young girl she massaged herself regularly with cocoa butter and then bathed in cold water. She avoids fried foods and fats. If she feels unwell she eats vegetable salads. She has never been able to sleep in the same bed with another person, requiring a full-sized bed so that she can lie in the middle of it and extend her arms in both directions without their being obstructed.

A wealthy woman (having bought real estate in Hollywood in the 1930's) but sometimes querulous, she is often involved in lawsuits and speaks contemptuously of "the jabberwocky of lawyers." Although adept at the manipulation of temporal affairs (being as sly and ruthless as a Borgia princess), she also feels attracted toward things spiritual. Since the late 1920's she has surrounded herself with yogis, seers, authorities on extrasensory perception, fortunetellers and other holy men. Under the tutelage of such a person she once heard voices; a small, angelic voice in her inner ear and a deep, masculine voice in the pit of her stomach. The latter voice advised her in a legal matter and saved her $100,000. She eventually quit listening to the voices, however, because they interfered with her sleep. Her politics are decidedly to the right of Goldwater.

At the end of what Bardo later told me was an hour and 20 minutes (I had lost all count of time), Miss West abruptly stood up, thus signaling the conclusion of the audience. I was surprised to notice that she is a small woman, hardly more than five feet two inches tall. Bardo and I shook hands with her and began backing out of the room. To my alarm he mentioned the name of an actress whose name he had told me was anathema.

"Oh yeah?" said Miss West. "How's the bum doin'?"

Standing in the doorway, one hand on her hip, the other leaning against the door above her head, she instructed Grayson the butler to give us both photographs of herself (in a glamorous pose from the early 1940's) and also something to drink in the bar downstairs (the room with the monkeys). Once we gained the lower floor, however, Bardo told Grayson to forget about the drinks. He had seen a large man identified only as "The Moose" lumbering through the halls.

"The Moose doesn't like me," he said.

He offered no further explanation, and, as you may remember, Carolyn, I have never been one of those reporters who ask prying or inconvenient questions.

On the way back to Hollywood, Bardo congratulated me on my good behavior. I had not raised any embarrassing issues; neither had I broken any furniture.

"You were OK, kid," he said.

He let me off at my hotel, promising to call me if he ever came to New York. I thanked him for his kind offices and wished him luck. The man at the desk in the lobby, apparently thinking I looked pale, recommended the steam room.

This morning, between reviewing my notes and ordering my thoughts, it occurred to me to write you a letter. At the risk of seeming pompous (or, even worse, pedantic), I will state in plain words what I consider to be the moral lesson of this instructive tale.

Miss West achieves her effect by the force of her will. Her face, even in 1912, could never have been thought beautiful. Yet she understood the need of artifice and humor (ignoring the blather about feminine equality) and so forged the image and personality of Mae West, a creature of her own invention.

That image of woman is something toward which all young men strive, groping for it through the dim mists of their adolescence with the blind unreason of lemmings en route to the sea. Their spirits cry out for silk and champagne, and what you give them is cardigan sweaters and serious talk about the schism in the Republican Party.

Alas, Carolyn, what else can I tell you? The game is appallingly simple. Men are like children; indulge them in their foolish fancies, and they will start blurting out the half-remembered poetry they read at school. I think you might begin by resigning your membership in at least one or two of the political organizations to which you belong. Go out and buy roses and negligees; stop reminding yourself in department stores that all your decisions must be sensible.

Always your friend,
LEWIS

"One hundred and forty-three calories."

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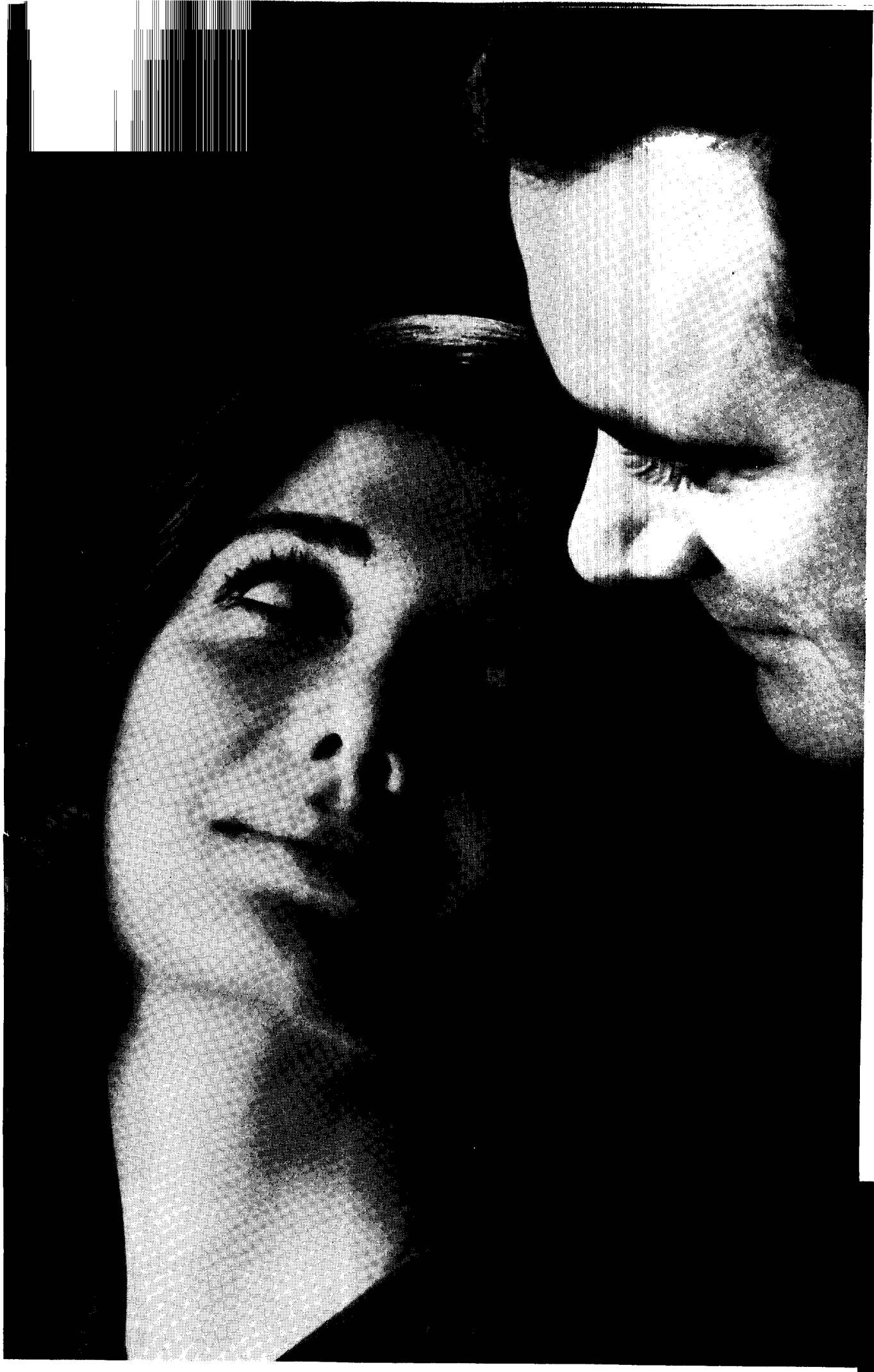

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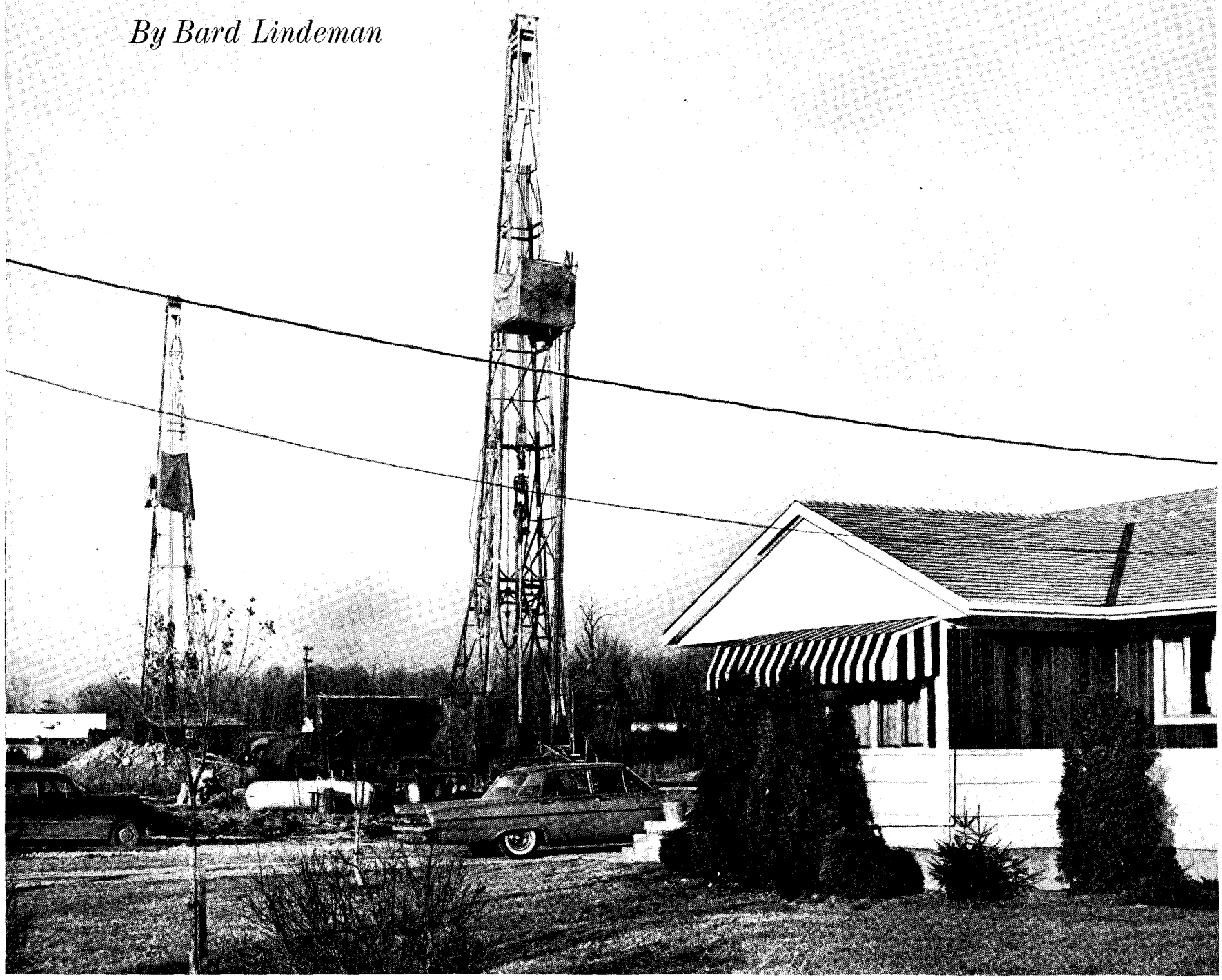
OHIO'S MAD OIL BOOM

Drilling in fields, lawns and schoolyards, the good folks of Morrow County have shattered their rural peace in a scramble to get rich quick.

By Bard Lindeman



An oil well on the property is the only sure way to keep up with the Joneses in Cardington, Ohio. One housewife moved her doghouse to make room for the drillers.

On both sides of the narrow blacktop, the farms slip away, flat and green, turning to brown. Soybeans still hug the ground, and the stubbly remnants of harvested corn stretch for acre after acre. Clumps of giant elms and poplars, and occasionally a weather-scarred windmill, are about all that break the landscape of central Ohio's Morrow County.

Thirty-five miles north of the capital city of Columbus, Morrow County has long been isolated and unchanging. It is a county of 20,000 people, without a single city. In Mt. Gilead, the county seat, where the movie plays only on weekends, the local paper prints school menus, news of a rabid skunk loose in Congress Township, and a report on the largest mushroom (13 inches around) found last spring. Mainly, Morrow County is farms—230,000 acres of corn, soybeans, oats and hogs and feeder cattle.

For more than 100 years the county was chary of anything that was new ("The farmers were suspicious, even of the railroad," says a Mt. Gilead villager), and while neighboring counties grew and industrialized, Morrow County remained unchanged. As the local economy failed to keep pace, more than half the farmers were forced to take second jobs, and almost a quarter of the families struggled to subsist on less than $2,500 a year.

But then, a little more than a year ago, Morrow County came alive. Three thousand feet under the hard-worked farms, in porous rock millions of years old, there was oil—and its discovery shook the crossroads villages of Mt. Gilead, Cardington, Harmony and Marengo. The oil boom became the county's antipoverty and urban-renewal programs rolled into one. It brought new ideas and building, new industry and new money: $35 million in 1964 for the oil alone. Most businesses along Main Street in Mt. Gilead increased gross receipts 25 percent; bank deposits were up almost that much; real-estate values soared, and there were 90 new businesses, most of them allied with the oil-gas industry, meaning new jobs, payrolls, taxes and rent money.

Although Ohio had been an oil-producing state before the turn of the century, it was producing only a trickle before the current boom, and there was almost no exploration. In Morrow County, only 63 permits

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Three producing wells have occupied half of the Edison grade-school playground. The Board of Education counts on 1964 oil profits of $150,000.

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'If I don't come out of this as fat as a goose,' said one boomer, 'I'll go back to selling used cars.'

Ohio Oil Boom

to drill for oil were issued in the past 115 years, each ending in a dry hole. The last man to try was a farmer named Noel J. Monk. With money he raised from neighbors, Monk brought in a small well in 1959, but then drilled two dry holes and ran out of money. "Most people wound up thinking of Dad as a nut," said Jack Monk, his son.

The story of Noel Monk's oil dreams was grist for the idlers who sit in the Mt. Gilead village square and smoke, spit and gossip. Two years later, however, the county stopped laughing. The United Producing Company had routinely drilled several exploratory wells in Morrow County, and at 9:30 A.M. on Monday, June 26, 1961, a well blew in on a farm west of Mt. Gilead belonging to Orrie Myers. It took Orrie Myers out of debt and made him the first of the county's oil-rich farmers. The well already has produced 480,000 barrels of oil, bringing close to $175,000 in royalties, and it may provide Myers with income for 20 or more years.

Drillers searched for other oil pools for two years without success, and Morrow County people lost interest, saying the Myers' well was a fluke. Late in the summer of 1963, however, two good wells were struck near the villages of Cardington and Edison, seven miles apart, establishing for geologists that the Morrow County field extended over a wide area and warranted full-scale exploration. The drilling was stepped up and then, early this year, went completely wild.

By late August there were 325 wells in the county producing 32,000 barrels of oil a day. Promoters, wildcatters, geologists, oil-field roughnecks, lease brokers and camp followers came scrambling to get rich in Ohio, which soon became the biggest and wildest oil play east of the Mississippi. They flooded into Morrow County from Illinois, Texas, Oklahoma, Kentucky and Colorado. They carried rolled lease maps showing the land under contract and the acreage still open for bidding, and they huddled on street-corners or whispered their deals over coffee in restaurant booths. They crowded into little Mt. Gilead (population 2,920), using up all the parking space, tying up the long-distance phone lines, taking all available rooms and beds, and putting a strain on the four small restaurants.

There were boomers like tall, big-talking Dave Law, a former used-car salesman from Parkersburg, W. Va., who drove a lavender Cadillac and handed out cards identifying himself as the LARGEST OIL AND GAS LESSEE IN U.S.A. ("Let them prove I'm not," says Law.) Some said Dave Law made one million dollars buying and selling leases around Mt. Gilead. Complaining that there was no place for oilmen to work and eat, he pointed to the Virginian Restaurant and declared, "I'm going to buy that." He did, and then spent $250,000 converting it into the Ohio Petroleum Building (with 30 office suites) and the Petroleum Club of Ohio (a dining room and bottle club, with dancing on Thursday nights).

"Daddy always told me to get your money up because it don't grow in your pockets," Law said, "and this boom is so good I don't want to go anywhere else. If I don't come out as fat as a goose, I'll go back to selling used cars."

"Everyone caught the boom fever from watching and listening to the oilmen," observes Mt. Gilead Mayor Sid Tenant, a local dry cleaner. "They told people how rich they were going to get. But I bet many won't make a dime and some will get hurt real bad."

After the oilmen, came the heavy flatbed trucks hauling the drill structures and pipe, tank trucks carrying water and acid, and other trucks with drilling mud, cement and the chemical additives needed to produce a well. Overnight an industry on wheels rolled into Morrow County, and 30-foot rotary rigs became a part of the landscape.

The boom spread quickly. Farmers, housewives, doctors, ministers, lawyers and shopkeepers were caught up in its excitement. In the restaurants and stores you could hear the boom talk.

"How far they down on your place?"

"They should be down to pay load Tuesday."

"I hear they're blowing gas out on the Barber farm."

There was drilling in backyards, in alleys, up against the town water tank in Cardington, along the once inviolate midway on the county fairgrounds in Mt. Gilead, through septic tanks (forcing families to build outhouses), and into prize flower beds and vegetable gardens. A Cardington housewife chased her dog out of the way, picked up his house and waved to a drilling crew to move in their rig. The yard wasn't big enough for both the doghouse and the big rotary drill.

"People used to yell at kids or dogs if they so much as came up on the lawn," said K.L. Jenkins, former county engineer, "but now they're ripping up lawns and bushes to get an oil well dug. They're driven by greed and they're oil-crazy."

A dry hole was drilled so close to a Mt. Gilead cemetery—the state attorney general ruled there could be no drilling in the cemetery—that when the wind tipped over the rig, it fell into the graveyard and smashed a tombstone. Many people seemed to forget about questions of safety. Storage tanks, holding several thousand barrels of combustible crude oil, were located amid homes, trailers and businesses on the edge of Cardington and Mt. Gilead. And directly behind the Edison grade school were three wells pumping 1,200 barrels a day, the nearest only 150 feet from the classrooms. Half of the playground for the 300 elementary-school children was given up for the wells. The sour gas from the open flares by the wells blew in on the school, causing children to become sick.

Mt. Gilead School Superintendent Ray Mills insisted that all this was perfectly safe and was approved by the state, although he admitted that "the gas is a distraction, especially in warm weather." The board of education expects its 1964 oil profits to total $150,000 and believes this will eliminate the need for a school-tax increase, which Mt. Gilead voters have rejected three times in recent years.

The county owned an interest in a well, as did Mt. Gilead village, the Cardington Fire Department and the town's school superintendent, the Mt. Gilead police chief, the county fairgrounds, several local churches, a court clerk, a retired minister, waitresses, merchants, farmers and a gay widow who, when liquored up, shouted that she was the "Oil Queen of Morrow County." One evening, quite sober, she barged into a crowded Laundromat, saw that all the machines were in use, threw her dirty clothes in the air and marched out, boasting, "I'll buy new ones; it's easier than waiting."

A Mt. Gilead minister "moonlighted" as a lease broker, lining up acreage for oil producers; a farmer who had recently bought a new $12,000 tractor let it stand idle because there were oil wells in his fields; people had to wait to make wills or get divorces because lawyers were too busy with oil business, and a nine-year-old announced to the fourth grade that he wouldn't be coming to school anymore since there were 10 wells on his farm and he was "rich as a millionaire." A 20-year-old secretary named Sharon Newell began writing a first novel called *The Black Plague*, hoping it might become another *Peyton Place*. The best business and professional minds formed an investment club which promptly bought into a half dozen dry holes and quietly disbanded.

Along U.S. Highway 42 outside Cardington the gas flares and the lights from the drill rigs working around the clock light the night sky. And on Sundays the six-mile route from Mt. Gilead south to Cardington often is a solid line of traffic. But the view which draws sightseers from all over the state makes responsible oilmen shudder. "We're just lucky Cardington hasn't burned down," one of them said. "All it would take is a fire in one of the wells, or even a cigarette tossed by one of the tourists. And have you seen the kids running around the open sludge pits? This is why it's never worth the risk to drill on small lots inside a town."

But the people of Cardington wanted the close-in drilling and were willing to take their chances. When the village council passed an ordinance restricting the hazardous town-lot drilling, 300 citizens loudly protested and forced the council to rescind the local law.

For those not lucky enough actually to strike oil, a local gagster offered a substitute on cards circulated around the county: HAVE YOUR OWN RIG. BE THE ENVY OF YOUR NEIGHBORS AND ENJOY THE STATUS SYMBOL. NO MESSY STINK WITH OUR FALSE OIL DERRICK. LIGHTS OPTIONAL. $500.

In the midst of all this, a few weak and scattered voices, belonging mainly to elder citizens, lamented that the oilmen were taking over, breaking down roads, trucking mud onto town streets, drilling on town lots and interfering with old, accustomed routines. A Mt. Gilead merchant grumbled that before the boom he could have coffee in the Copper Kettle with Irma Smith, the owner, anytime. Now, he said, she's too busy waiting on oilmen to sit down. The high-school basketball scorer complained that no one asked him for the scores anymore. "Our values aren't the same," he said. "Something has been lost." Pete Dalrymple, the freckled, easygoing county farm agent, said he couldn't keep the farmers' minds on business. "At meetings we talk oil for two hours," he said, "and we talk cows for twenty minutes."

When the first strikes occurred, there

First farmer to hit big money, Orrie Myers still grows corn where his wells came in.

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With neighbor set against neighbor, some think Morrow County will be lucky to get through without a murder.

Ohio Oil Boom

were no state laws in Ohio controlling the spacing of wells or limiting the amount of oil that could be pumped. The local governments were powerless to control the boom, and the oilmen were unwilling to police themselves. After first holding to a voluntary production limit of 400 barrels a day, they began pumping 1,000 barrels, or whatever the well would stand. One oilman said his well paid double his $35,000 drilling costs in six weeks and gave him the capital to drill several more wells. "It's the only place I've been," said the boomer, "where you can get rich off one well."

At the height of the drilling, Secretary of the Interior Stewart Udall wrote Ohio Gov. James A. Rhodes condemning "the outdated, wasteful, profligate practices" in Morrow County. The Secretary said it was inconceivable to him that the willful disregard for conservation which characterized the early Texas booms was being repeated in Ohio.

On March 10, Governor Rhodes imposed emergency regulations and, following public hearings, they became the law in May. The town-lot drilling was stopped, and the fever went out of the boom. It was then, when everyone was taking a hard, second look around Morrow County, that the greed and distrust came boiling to the surface.

Six miles outside of Cardington, K.L. Jenkins, 59, a gruff-voiced and crusty former county engineer, operates his engineering and oil businesses (he has drilled a half dozen wells himself) in a one-story building surrounded by low, rolling hill country. For six generations the Jenkins family has lived on this land, first granted to them by President Thomas Jefferson.

"I've seen things since this boom began that make me ashamed to be living here today," said Jenkins. "I've seen greed, green-eyed jealousy and vicious gossiping, some of which my wife and I have suffered just because I bought two new cars and an airplane with my oil money."

Jenkins and others tell of husbands and wives quarreling, of neighbors who no longer speak to each other. An Ohio State student was pressured by neighbors to join in a civil suit against his father after a squabble over a dry hole. In the casebooks of Common Pleas Court at Mt. Gilead, actions filed in the first six months of 1964 were double the normal rate and two of them, each claiming that oil under a particular lease is going to the wrong parties, are the first one-million-dollar suits ever filed in Morrow County.

A well owner in Edison took a shotgun when a rig was moved onto a site bordering his, and he was on his way to shoot the drillers when horrified friends stopped him. Even though the practice of drilling close by a good well, known as "offsetting," is legal and prevalent in a boom, the indignant citizen regarded all the oil around his well as a private preserve.

There was a melodramatic moment in the normally quiet lobby of the Hotel Harding in Marion one night not long ago. Under a handsome oil portrait of President Harding, who is probably the most famous native of Morrow County, two young boomers seized a thin-faced, bespectacled older man and stood him against the wall.

"That check you gave us was no good," one of the young men shouted. "You're nothing but a damn crook!"

"You're a crook too. You sold me a dry hole," yelled the man in glasses.

Bystanders broke up the quarrel, but it was obvious that the Common Pleas Court had still another case on its hands. Looking at the picture on the wall, you recalled the troubles of the Harding Administration, with its graft, thievery, and its Teapot Dome oil scandals.

K.L. Jenkins puts some of the blame on the oil boomers for capitalizing on people's greed, ignorance and naïveté. "They're out to get every nickel and they have no conscience as to how they get it. They show a farmer big books of pictures with oil running over the ground and then they tie him up with a five-year lease for one dollar an acre."

Late one night last winter an old farm woman who lived alone in a trailer was being fast-talked into signing a lease. At what the oilman judged was the decisive moment, he whipped $3,000 from his coat and threw the bills into her lap. "Here, it's yours. All of it." There were wells all around her property, and the lease was worth 10 times that much. The woman, who never had seen so much money, began to shake and finally in a trembling hand signed the contract. Three weeks later the promoter struck oil. "That's one I'm not proud of," said the lawyer who helped bring off the deal.

Jenkins thinks that Morrow County has been so warped by greed and jealousy that it "will be lucky to get through the boom without a murder."

Most of his neighbors, however, would not agree. They like the new chamber-of-commerce road signs that proudly proclaim MORROW COUNTY, OIL CAPITAL OF OHIO. They are proud of the new motel and swimming club, and the new professional building going up in Mt. Gilead along with the Petroleum Building, and the new $1.2 million gas refinery which will process the gas now flared from the oil wells. It is, after all, the first gas refinery in Ohio. New wells are still coming in each week, and big firms like the Ashland Oil Co. have moved in to buy up leases and producing wells, lending an air of respectability to things. "This little town and others in the county like it didn't have much faith in themselves," says editor Ward Conaway of the *Morrow County Independent*. "Well, the boom forced people to look around and take stock. I think if we can keep from fighting among ourselves, we'll start to grow and catch up with the twentieth century."

It may be that oil money can change Morrow County without really changing Morrow Countians. Reporter Dan Clancy of the Columbus *Dispatch*, assigned to write a feature describing the oil-rich farmers whooping it up and throwing their new wealth around, finally gave up and went back to the capital. Most of the new well owners, he found, had not bought things like private airplanes. They were more apt to follow the lead of Orrie Myers, who declared he would not spend his money in a way that "would give people reason to talk." After paying off the mortgage, Orrie repainted his house and barn, bought a combine and corn picker and spread $2,600 worth of fertilizer. A 6,000-mile motor trip he took through the South with his wife this year was his only splurge.

Emmett Brinkman, who had worked at two jobs for 17 years, quit both of them to study geology. As the owner of 10 new producing wells, he is not doing it for the money—it's just that the subject interests him.

John Newsom, Mt. Gilead's 61-year-old chief of police, was another man who struck oil big. Newsom hadn't been getting along well with the mayor, and when his first well roared in one morning last December he turned in his gun and his badge and told City Hall to keep its $4,400 a year—his well was producing this much in royalties every six days.

"Resigning was the biggest thrill of my life," says Newsom. "But I'm humble about my good fortune and I don't plan on changing my ways. I'm going to be the John Newsom I've always been. I'll pay my bills, redo the house and cut down all the dead elms on the place." THE END

The backyard of Eston Bachelder in Mt. Gilead was soaked with spring rains when the ground was prepared for drilling. But the well sunk here turned out to be a dry hole.

Daniel Cochran's four sons watch night drilling operations on Cochran farm in Mt. Gilead. The well struck oil early last mo

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Needed: A China policy that makes sense

Wong Tsen, the soft-spoken lathe operator who was Edward Behr's host during his visit to Communist China (p. 21), typifies both the tragedy and the opportunity of America's relations with China. Wong is in many ways similar to most Americans—engrossed in the welfare of his wife and four children, and in getting ahead in his job. He is a kindly and gentle man, but when he hears a one-sided Communist account of American military action in the Gulf of Tonkin, he is filled with hatred. Once he has performed symbolic verbal gestures against the United States, however, he is relieved to scamper back to his own personal preoccupations. He would be a man of goodwill, if any goodwill were permitted by Mao Tse-tung's own implacable hatred of America.

It would be matter enough for concern if 700 million people were being systematically taught to hate America—that and no more. Now, however, the paranoiac leaders of Communist China have an atomic bomb, crude though it may be. It may take them five years, or even 10, to develop a workable weapons system to deliver the bomb. But we can take little solace from this fact. The Chinese bomb may not have altered the world's balance of terror for the moment; nevertheless, nothing in world affairs will ever again be quite the same. The fateful clock which appears on the cover of the *Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists*—the hands showing five minutes to midnight—is now ticking inexorably closer to possible world disaster.

This period of grace, whether five or 10 years, must not be wasted. The U.S. can no longer postpone the scrapping of that patchwork crazy quilt—full of internal contradictions—which is misnamed a "China policy." We must replace it with a coherent policy worked out by the coolest and ablest brains at our command. We can no longer afford to drift, for time is running out. Unless Communist China can be brought within the framework of a dependable system of international guarantees—of arms control, nuclear test bans, inspection, and so on—the world may face a new kind of aggressive Hitlerism, its madness reinforced a million times by nuclear power.

It is possible, of course, and devoutly to be hoped, that the achievement of even a crude atomic weapon will bring to Communist China—as it has already brought to the U.S. and the Soviet Union—a sobering sense of responsibility. It is paradoxical but true that Communist China, without atomic weapons, could take greater risks of major war than either the U.S. or the Soviets—knowing that both these powers were restrained by this very sense of nuclear responsibility. China now loses this curious immunity, for the sense of dwindling time will make both the U.S. *and* the Soviets more inclined to risk a showdown with China now.

The time is here when all these contingencies must be clearly faced, when we must prepare a policy that is both tough enough and flexible enough to anticipate events rather than greet them with surprise.

No one can prescribe what the precise details of our China policy should be. To be sensible and coherent, however, it must face these broad necessities:

- It must decide, once and for all, that Chiang Kai-shek's government cannot continue to claim to be the government of mainland China, which none of his officials has even seen for 15 years. Instead of maintaining this legal myth—rather like the Count of Paris's claim to being the King of France—we should concentrate on protecting the freedom and self-determination of Chiang's stronghold, Formosa. That land must not under any circumstances be handed over to Red China.
- It must abandon the folly of trying to keep China's 700 million people perpetually isolated from the normal avenues of trade and diplomatic interchange. We should be prepared, at the first sign of decreased belligerence and hostility on China's part, to meet it halfway with offers to assist its internal development with trade and technical cooperation. The more we can engage China in long-range international obligations, the less likely it would be to run amok.
- It should make an imaginative effort to lift the existing disputes between China and the U.S. onto a higher and different level, which would acknowledge China's right to be regarded, and treated, as the great nation it has always been. While fearing its development of nuclear rockets, we must remember that China invented rockets in the first place—and paper and printing as well, for the Chinese proudly remember that they were highly cultured when the West was barbarian. We might consider such imaginative gestures, for example, as inviting China to join with the other great powers in the exploration of outer space. We must try, in every honorable way, to break through Mao's hatred, to reach the Wong Tsens and the younger leaders of the China yet to be.
- At the same time we must be prepared for a showdown if the Chinese leaders show increasing signs of preparing for war, and inciting their peoples to readiness for war—if, in short, they clearly move in the direction of neo-Hitlerism. We must not repeat the Anglo-French failure to stop Hitler when there was yet time. We must be prepared, regardless of possible Soviet intervention or United Nations condemnation, to knock out China's nuclear capability by pinpoint-bombing its reactors and arsenals before its power becomes indestructible. Terrible as this alternative is, we must not exclude it from our planning, or fail to warn the Chinese that we do soberly include it. To do otherwise would place America's own survival in jeopardy.

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